Saturday Review

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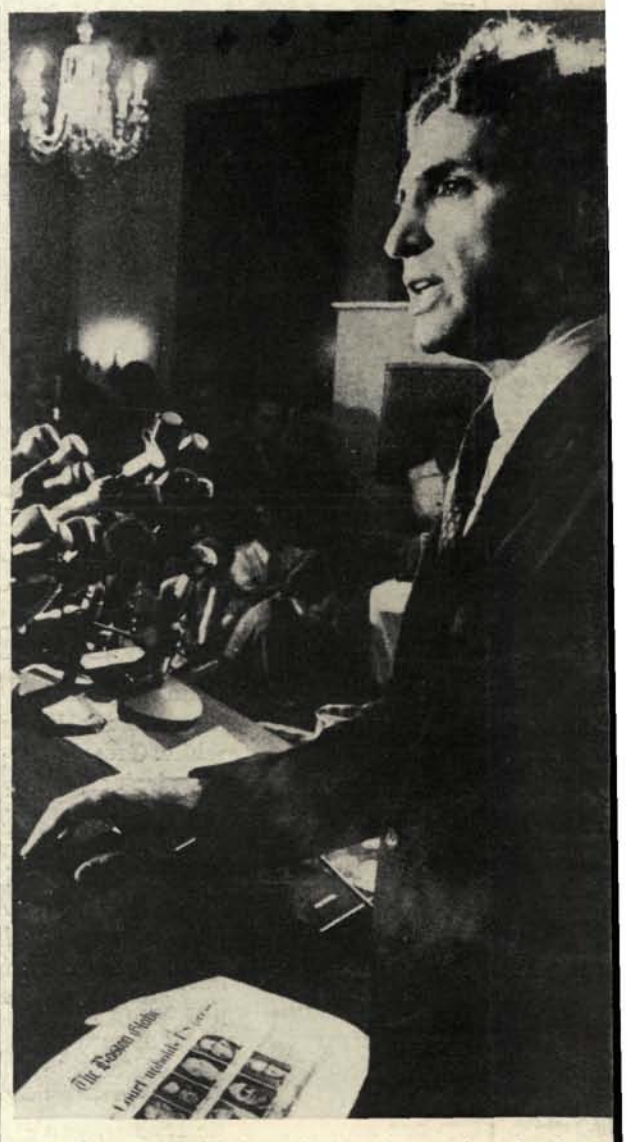
THE ELLSBERG AFFAIR

by PETER SCHRAG

It is still difficult fully to describe his act, or what it means, or where it will lead. Five months have passed, and the ugly secret called the Pentagon Papers is now available in three different versions, one of them published by the government itself. The man who divulged the papers stands indicted for high crimes by the same government, and the war, the militarism, and the deceptions go on.



And still, perhaps because of him, something may yet change. As much as any individual, Daniel Ellsberg seems to symbolize the conversion of that generation of people who had always been ready, as he says, "to obey the boss" and who would never feel quite the same way about the boss again. In this age that began with Camelot and closed at Mylai and Attica, he was always the shining example: Bundy's man, McNamara's man, the military intellectual in the Defense Department, the researcher at Rand, the Marine lieutenant, the symbol of a time whose representative form of national service began in the military and may well end in prison. He is too perfect, perhaps, too compulsively eager to be correct, too intense, too committed, too illiberal with himself. Yet each time I saw or spoke with him—in New York and Washington and Chicago—I thought I saw in him a piece of *us*, a piece of a generation once cocksure that whatever it was doing someone else might do more brutally or at greater risk—that for every Johnson there was a Goldwater, for every napalm attack an atom bomb—and which now is no longer sure even of itself.

Ellsberg fits none of the conventional patterns of dissent; he is not a man of gestures, a burner of draft records, a self-immolator, not a marcher or a signer of petitions. He is, rather, a man who took it upon himself to commit the highest crime of all: breaking the rules of the club. He stole their secrets. That he should, as a consequence, become something of a national hero—should be honored by Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace (BEM), or with extensive interviews on the talk shows, or with invitations to meet with members of Congress—deserves some note.

He was once, and may still be, the unimpeachable man, an attractive forty-year-old, a former rising star of the military-intellectual complex, a man once photographed by *Life* holding a submachine gun in Vietnam, a person fully credentialed by Harvard and Cambridge. His major academic interest had been the theory of bargaining, perhaps the most fashionable subject of the Cold War intellectuals. *Doctor* Ellsberg. To divulge the secrets associated with the series of decisions that produced the Vietnam War was therefore the most unlikely and—simultaneously—the most appropriate act. It fell squarely at the place where the war, the government's policy of managed information, and Ellsberg's own involvement all intersect. Someday someone may conclude that in his heart of hearts Robert McNamara, who had commissioned the study, wanted it made public, and that it was Ellsberg (without complicity or involvement by his former boss) who understood.

Clearly Ellsberg [illegible] the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and later to *The New York Times* and other n[illegible] will ever k[illegible] Prometheai[illegible] tity of othe[illegible] volved. To c[illegible] carry them[illegible] Ellsberg re[illegible] every Cong[illegible] stuff aroun[illegible] them didn't[illegible] the extracts[illegible] sified lies a[illegible] tice Depart[illegible] establish a[illegible] has two g[illegible] mony; almo[illegible] berg's fami[illegible] neighbors [illegible] questioned,[illegible] naed. What[illegible] own accou[illegible]

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Not likely. Their time will come, but not before they've really worked at it for awhile. Growing into the Ninety-Eight isn't something that happens overnight.

Living rooms on wheels.

Youth has always scoffed at the big cars, calling them rolling palaces. Or living rooms on wheels. Sooner or later the scoffing stops and one begins to see what the Ninety-Eight is all about.

Everything is so comfortable inside, including the ride. To find out how rough the road is, you have to look. You're supported by 6 inches of contoured foam in the front seat, as you drive. Armrests and ashtrays surround you. Power steering and power brakes, with discs up front, are standard.

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This year's Ninety-Eight 455 Rocket V-8 emits, on the average, 80% less hydrocarbons and 65% less carbon monoxide than engines of 10 years ago. So we can all breathe a little easier.

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When you were younger, a car that didn't lurch and rumble dramatically was devoid of power or status. The 1972 Ninety-Eight neither lurches nor rumbles; you can scarcely hear the engine from the driver's seat. Or feel the incredibly smooth automatic transmission at work. Yet, the Ninety-Eight performs better than anything you drove in your youth, and it does it in a quiet way, which is most satisfying now that your priorities are different.

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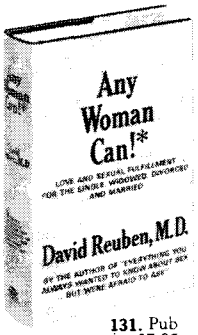

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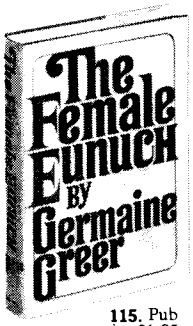

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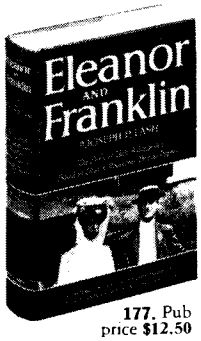

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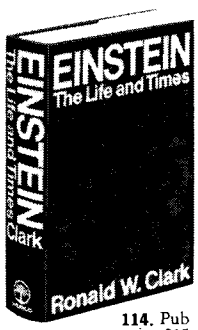

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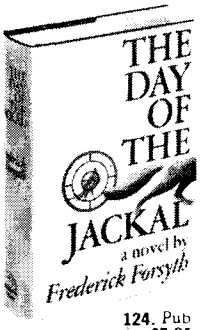

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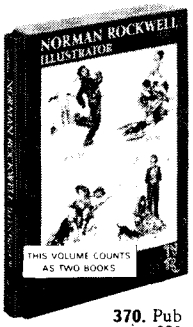

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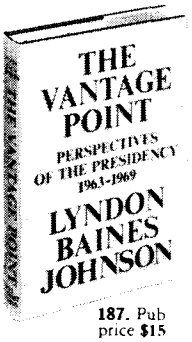

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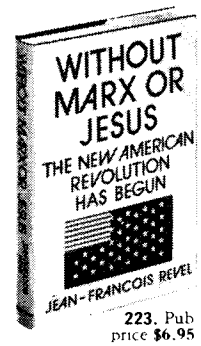

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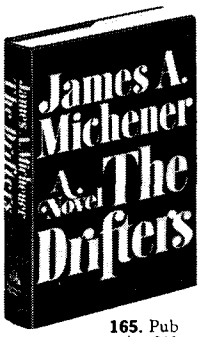

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by Peter Schrag

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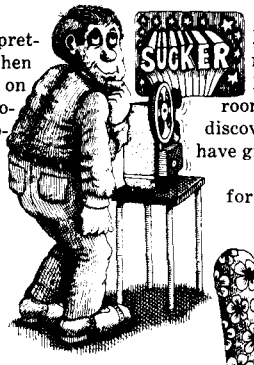
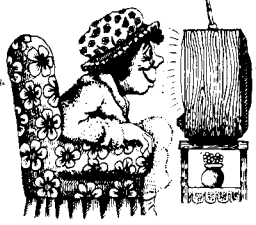
Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

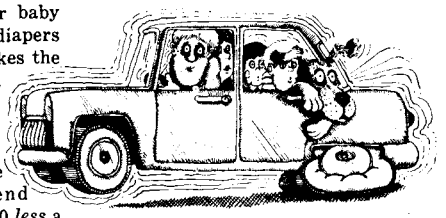
Al thought he was a pretty shrewd shopper when he got a $30 discount on on his new movie projector. When he happened to see the model he could have had for $73 *less*, he just felt silly.



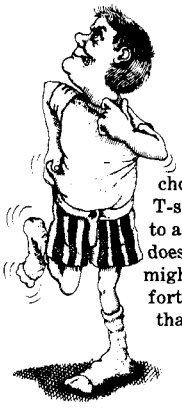
Dotty loved the late TV movies, so she bought a 19" portable for her bedroom. It's too bad she didn't discover the set that would have given her a better picture *and* a private ear phone for $10 less than she paid.



Florence put her baby into disposable diapers because she likes the convenience. What she hasn't learned is that she could spend about $1.20 *less* a week than for the brand she now uses.

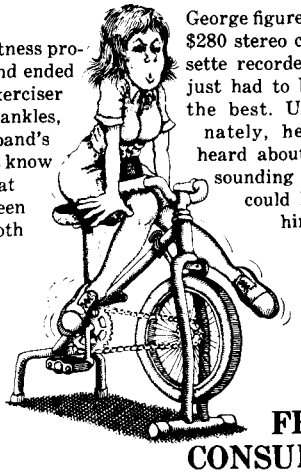


Harry loved that comfortable 'big car ride' when he test-drove his new sedan. But when the family piled in for their vacation trip, his beauty became a beast.

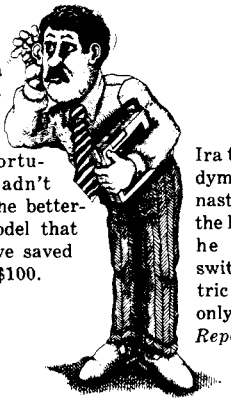


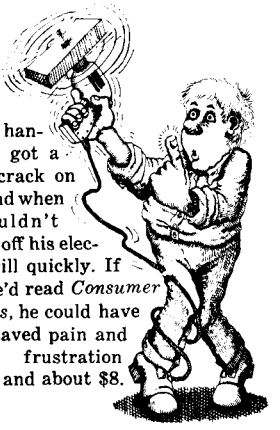
When Bill felt choked by his $1.50 T-shirt, he switched to a $1.75 brand. He doesn't know that he might be just as comfortable in a brand that only costs $1.

Ellen's 'family fitness program' began—and ended—with a cycle exerciser that bruised her ankles, banged her husband's knees. She didn't know about the one that would have been right for both of them.



George figured a $280 stereo cassette recorder just had to be the best. Unfortunately, he hadn't heard about the better-sounding model that could have saved him $100.





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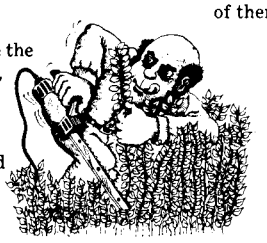

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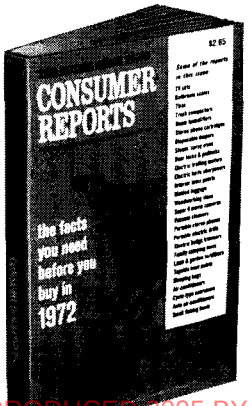

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Rocking-Chair Trip

IT ALL BEGAN in early September. It always begins in early September—the post cards from friends and acquaintances who have flown to London, Rome, or Paris on their summer vacations.

There they are—picture post cards of the Buckingham guards, of Cathedral No. 1, of the Eiffel Tower. Mostly of the Eiffel Tower standing tall and erect against a clean blue sky, with green grass growing neatly all around. In picture post cards everything stands tall and erect against a clean blue sky with green grass growing neatly all around.

Sending post cards to the stay-at-homes is a ritual no traveler neglects. They are intended to make you feel a) thought of, or b) envious. The messages are always the same: "Having a grand time," "Busy seeing the sights," "Busy visiting museums," "Busy shopping." It has always been a puzzlement how they find time to write all those cards.

One husband confided that his wife buys an extra supply of cards in all the cities they visit, brings them home, then, on the following year's flight over, busies herself filling in the messages to get them out of the way so she can busy herself sightseeing, shopping, visiting museums, and having a grand time over there.

Following the cards come the little gifts travelers bring from abroad to their friends. That's where the trouble started this year in our pad. My roommate began to ruminate. Being stay-at-homes, she ruminated, is nowhere. It's high time, she said, we went on a trip and sent gifts to these people who sent us gifts.

She began reading those full-page ads offering bargains on flights to Europe. She displayed them along with some brochures. In living color there was the Eiffel Tower again, tall and erect. Everything in brochures is also neat as a pin, with green grass growing all around.

"You want to go to Europe to buy gifts for friends?" I asked.

"Not only that," she replied. "What we need is a trip to get the cowwebs out of our minds. We need a change of scenery. Like Paris."

It was easy to see that "a change of scenery like Paris" is a euphemism for a change of wardrobe. They don't mention that in the ads.

"We could go to Paris, London, and Rome, and Paris. Did I say Paris? Yes, I think I did. And we would even go to Monaco. You know," she added, giving it a touch of glamour, "Grace Kelly."

"No, I *don't* know Grace Kelly," I said.

"Neither do I. But it will be nice to see her."

"Again? I keep seeing her all the time on TV with Cary Grant."

"We should take a trip," she continued to continue. "We simply can't let these bargain prices get away without paying them and saving all that money. And with the money we save we'll be able to buy gifts for our friends."

"You want to take a trip abroad to buy gifts for our friends? If you will forgive my sounding repetitious."

"That's all right, dear. We're married. And look at this," she said, waving a brochure. "Look at that sidewalk café in Paris. Doesn't that make your mouth water?"

This from a woman who lives three blocks from a chic New York sidewalk café, which she detests. "All those flies," she says.

Nevertheless, I was detailed to phone the airlines and get the information. "I've been doing all the work," she said. "Now it's up to you to get off your feet and make the arrangements."

I spent the next morning making inquiries and came home that evening with facts and figures.

"That bargain flight you saw in the ads is a 'group flight.' A group, they said, is fifteen persons. Can you think of thirteen people you want to be with for seventeen days?"

She took pad and pencil and after some hours came up with "one definite," "two maybes," and "four 'if we have to's." Six short.

"What I have to go through just to go to Paris to bring back gifts to our friends," she said.

"If it's the gifts you're so intent on, there is one other way. I saw a shop on East Fifty-third Street, Talbert Boutique. They advertise, 'All the gifts you forgot to bring to friends while you were abroad.' So we stay in the apartment for two weeks, don't answer phones, and let people think we're in Paris. Then we go out and buy these gifts."

"You're going to stay home, not even go to the office? That's another group I don't want underfoot for two weeks."

"Well, you must admit it's the least expensive way to go overseas. Of course, if you can tread water. . . ."

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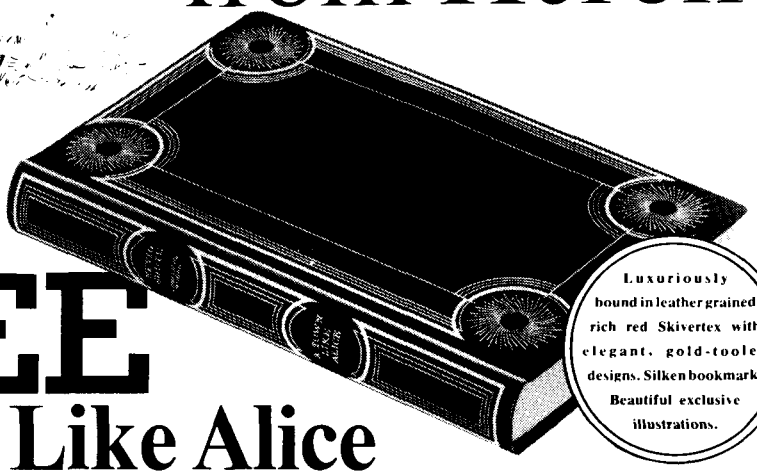

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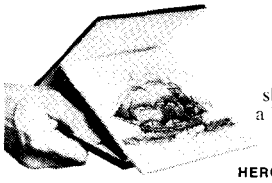

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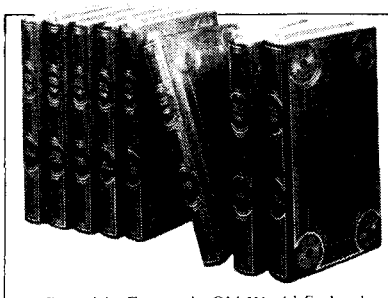

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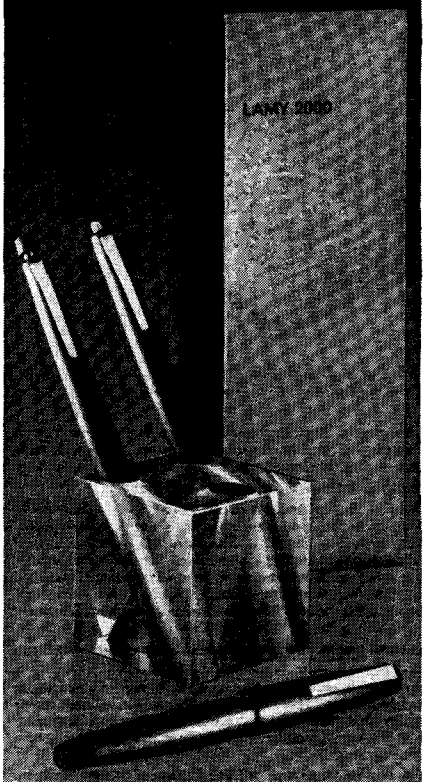
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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Aints and the Am Nots

THERE ARE two kinds of ethnic theater. The first, intra-ethnic theater, is appreciated most by members of the particular ethnic group with which the play deals. The second, inter-ethnic theater, is designed for audiences who are not members of its ethnic group. Although many ethnic plays appeal to both audiences, one suspects that even in these there is a difference in response between the "intras" and the "inters."

A most disquieting instance of the problem created by this differing response is to be found in Melvin Van Peebles's black musical *Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death*, which may very well have lived up to its prophetic title by the time this review appears. The new Broadway show emerges as a montage of song and action numbers depicting colorful yet true aspects of black ghetto life.

The setting is a kind of caged-in, wreckage-filled construction designed by Kert Lundell to provide both the impersonal, metallic feel of stripped-down Harlem and the psychological sense of restriction with which the black poor contend daily. Appropriately, the first song is a black man's complaint that whatever he does he is wrong. For instance, if he walks he is proud, if he runs he's escaping. But having offered us this ironic introduction into the situation, the author is content simply to present a variety of other characters expressing their particular emotions not so much about racial problems as about personal ones. By means of nineteen different vignettes, each actor gets his chance to be heard. Soon we are aware that the performers are not taking us into the magic of song-and-dance land but are voicing compulsively repetitive lyrics that make statements but do not resolve any problems. A woman expresses anger at a man's insult. A pimp beats up one of his whores for holding back $5 from him. A blind man is desperately disturbed because the boy who acts as his eyes can't bring himself to tell him that the "girl" the blind man has fallen for is really a homosexual in woman's clothing. A militant youth is hunted down and shot. A lesbian shouts up from the street to her girl friend in the Women's House of Detention. A convicted murderer is enslaved by his memory of the girl he loved and killed, with the power of this insistent memory expressed by her violent sexual dance. And most brutal of all is the scene in which a policeman forces a young prostitute to service both him and the other cop in the car. The show ends with an old woman singing "Put a Curse on You," which is an indictment not of whites per se but of a whole rotten establishment that can compel a segment of the population to exist in such foulness.

The problem with all this is that, although its stark truth is instantly recognized by black members of the audience, most of the whites find the action so foreign to their way of life that, without denying its probable reality, they cannot laugh at its humor the way they did at the late Langston Hughes's *Simply Heavenly* or weep at its underlying tragedy the way they did at the late Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*. They can only watch in distaste these intense flashes of daily ghetto squabbles and misfortunes and be thankful that their lives are less raw. Although he may presume it, the author doesn't show the whites that Harlem's shortcomings are the result of white neglect or white indifference. Nor does he make it clear to blacks that there is much they can do to improve the situation.

Is it enough just to depict unsparingly these glimpses of black wretchedness? Certainly if a painter caught Harlem life with such vividness he would be highly praised. And so must we praise author-composer Van Peebles, director Gilbert Moses, and the cast for creating such a series of strong stage pictures and sounds. It is splendid, uncompromising work, and the fact that we frequently cannot translate it is perhaps an inevitable result of both our predispositions about theater and our unwillingness to face existence at this level.

Certainly, *Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death* represents a new departure in musical theater and in black drama and should be kept alive. How? It could move to Harlem's New Lafayette Theater, where it probably could play many months to black audiences and white theatergoers interested enough to make the journey uptown. Or it could move to the Negro Ensemble Company, where it would be supported by audiences that are mixed fairly evenly between blacks and nonblacks. Or the enterprising Joe Papp might find room for it at one of his four theaters. Or perhaps the best solution of all for a show that may be ahead of

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its time would be for the producers to store the scenery and costumes, and for Mr. Van Peebles to devise a way to make his exciting material as theatrically effective to a future Broadway audience as it was to a passionate minority of my colleagues.

A very different sort of ethnic drama is to be found in *Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories*, adapted by Larry Arrick. In the three selected tales, Roth explores with a great deal of humor and compassion the conflict between traditional Jewish values and the American Establishment.

In the first play, *Defender of the Faith*, the protagonist is a World War II Jewish master sergeant named Marx, who is faced, on the one hand, by crude anti-Semitic officers and, on the other, by a conniving soldier named Grossbart, who plays upon their shared religious background to get favors. Although the playlet begins poetically with the sergeant telling the audience that this experience has reached down past the anesthetized heart he had developed as a fighting soldier, most of the action is comic. The comedy comes, of course, from Grossbart's outwitting both the sergeant and the military establishment and from the absurdities inherent in a predominantly *goyim* army's pretending to respect the religious laws of a few individual soldiers. The Jewish chaplain tells his small Orthodox flock that they must put up with non-kosher food only to the extent that is necessary for survival. "Eat what must be eaten, and then don't eat!" advises the rabbi in despair. Similarly ludicrous is the bullying gentile captain who asks Grossbart to compare himself with Marx. "Who," he demands, "does more for the Jews? You throwing up, or this man killing Nazis?"

But *Defender of the Faith* turns serious at the end, when Marx finds himself taking a vindictive action against Grossbart. Marx's guilt about having betrayed a fellow Jew is balanced by a feeling that he has asserted his identity as a religiously emancipated human being.

The whole business is warmly played by a cast headed by David Ackroyd, who is most sensitive as the vulnerable sergeant, and Jon Korkes, who convinces us that he is self-deluded about the sincere motives that justify the schemes he concocts.

The second playlet, *Epstein*, is really a vehicle for actor Lou Jacobi, who plays a despairing fifty-nine-year-old husband. His problems begin with the physical deterioration of his wife, Goldie, whose breasts "had funneled down to her middle," and whose thighs and calves are now "veined blue like a road map." Because his only son died of polio, he has no heir to his business,

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and, to make matters worse, his daughter and her guitar-playing, lazy husband annoy him nightly with the sounds of their love-making. To escape, he falls into a sexual liaison with the attractive widow across the street. Unfortunately, he develops a pubic rash, and his wife and family repudiate him. However, his subsequent heart attack draws the family together again, and Epstein is left united and unhappy.

Jacobi manages to make Epstein's sufferings very funny, as he bellows the ironies of his fate. And he is most droll when pretending to take a drive with the widow beside him on two chairs mounted on coasters. Although he doesn't suggest very strongly the pathos of Epstein's life, we are grateful to him for making an inherently grim portrait so entertaining.

The final play, *Eli, the Fanatic*, is the most significant of the three. It deals with a community of newly affluent suburbanites of Jewish descent who discover the presence in their town of an Orthodox Hebrew school for orphans. Eli, a young Jewish lawyer, has accepted the responsibility of threatening the school, which, strictly speaking, is operating in violation of the local zoning laws. When the school's headmaster, Tzuref, refuses to leave, Eli tries to work out a compromise. Tzuref

must promise never to send his representative into the town wearing the black Talmudic hat and coat. As the struggle proceeds, Eli begins to win his point at the cost of recognizing his own traditional Jewish identity.

Roth obviously respects the Orthodox intruders more than he does the Jewish suburbanites who seek to deny their identity. Yet, he also seems to be saying that the need for roots is a sickness just as depressing as the need for belonging to a new way of life. Indeed, Eli and Nathan Marx of the first play are both literary antecedents of Portnoy in that they are embodiments of the same psychological conflict. Michael Tolan shows us a man who is deeply troubled by his own moderation, and Rose Arrick is most amusing as his psychiatry-worshiping wife who interprets everything he says and does as a symptom to be cured by psychoanalysis. And as Tzuref, Lou Jacobi burns steadfastly, a symbol of vengeance to the renegade younger generation of Jews.

Larry Arrick's adaptation and direction owe a great deal to Paul Sills's *Story Theatre* technique, which not only permits the characters to narrate their own actions but also stimulates the discovery of fresh dramatic explorations justified but not created by the original stories. A cursory glance at the *Goodbye, Columbus* collection, from which all three stories are taken, reveals many points at which the actors and their director have improved and expanded the texts to good dramatic effect. Robert U. Taylor's scenery and Roger Morgan's lighting beautifully evoke the atmosphere for each story. The collaboration is splendid, and although *Unlikely Heroes* may intentionally trouble some intra-ethnic audiences, it is unembarrassed and delightful entertainment that should be most welcome to any theatergoer.

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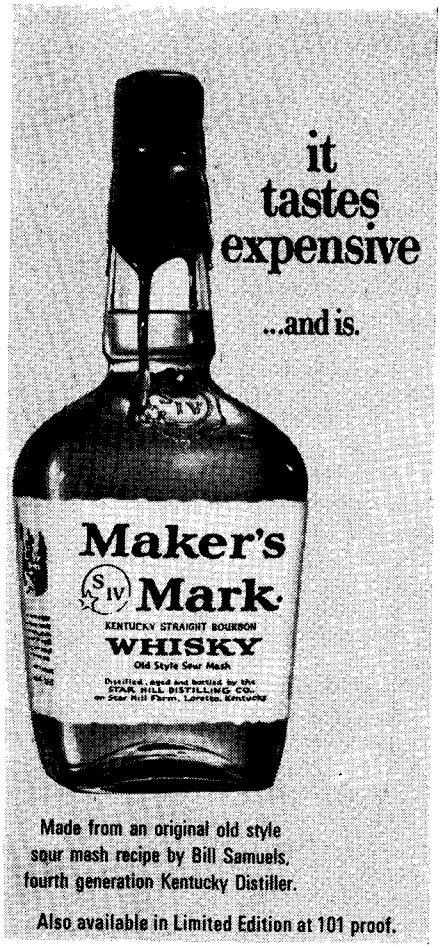
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Poem of the Week—by James Nolan, as found by John MacLachlan of Sidney, New York, in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Tri-Town News*:

> Some folks think it's now we live.
> Others believe your word to forgive.
> But I'm sure you meant it to be
> woedl t udbo eam ees

Well, you know what they say. Good poetry isn't *meant* to make easy reading. Meanwhile, on the military front, Kit Haaland of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, located, in the Knoxville *Journal*, truly disturbing news about the Air Force's arming of 1,352 bombers with nuclear-tipped air-to-surface missiles:

> Propelled by a rocket motor and capable of supersonic speed, the SRAM is intended to knock out enemy defenses and enable the bombers to strike their primary targets. Each B52 can carry up to 20 teachers who have not been paid since last June.

Boy, that ivory tower nowadays sure means business, doesn't it? Elsewhere, Carlton Holte of Davis, California, came across, in the Sacramento *Union*'s "Weekender," our Caption of the Week—for the movie *Drive, He Said*:

> William Tepper, resembling a young Elliott Gould, plays a starring role as a disillusioned college basketball.

The way we see it, it's a whole new ball game. Finally, there was stern business news—as evidenced by the submission, on the part of Irwin Wolff of Baltimore, of the following item from the Baltimore *Evening Sun* about Disney stock:

> Stovall also observed that in many cases investors sell a speculative or growth stock on the day when a long expected development in the stock, like the opening of Disney World, actually comes top ass.

We still think "comes a cropper" would be a nicer way to put it.

Televi$ion—The Business Behind the Box (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is an undoctored documentary by Les Brown, TV and radio editor of *Variety*, and it is also a book that has so far rocked three rocks—30 Rock (NBC), Black Rock (CBS), and Hard Rock (ABC). And, for good measure, it also takes on station operators.

To meet the man behind the business behind the box, without necessarily getting all the way behind him, was surprisingly easy. Mr. Brown, a six-foot-four basketballer of a fellow, admitted that his network executive luncheons these days were going begging. "My luncheon schedule," he told us, "used to be booked two months in advance. Now it's two weeks at best.

"Network people never act," he continued, "they react. That's one of their troubles. My ambassador to NBC told me they had three meetings to decide whether my book was good for them or bad for them. Finally, they decided it was bad for them. Meanwhile, I talked to my personal envoy to Bob Wood, president of CBS Television. 'Damn it,' he said. 'Wood *did* like the book at the beginning. But the trouble was then he went out to the Coast and met other people, and then *they* began asking whether the book was favorable or unfavorable.'"

Mr. Brown smiled. "Well," he said, "you've got to remember those network guys have had so little favorable book stuff that they don't have much basis for comparison." He ticked off Merle Miller's *Only You, Dick Daring* as well as two novels, *The Chameleons* by David Levy, supposedly about Robert Kintner's reign at NBC, and Keefe Brasselle's *The Cannibals*, about James Aubrey's CBS.

Mr. Brown, the son of a small businessman, was born in Indian Harbor, Indiana, but grew up in Chicago. At Roosevelt University, he majored in English and thought he would be a poet. Then, however, came the Army, where he ran camp newspapers in California and Alaska. And so, out of the Army, he tried to get a job on several Chicago newspapers. Afterwards, when none of them bit, he tried *Variety*, and though he got a job there, he was, at first, unimpressed by the STIX NIX HICKS PIX style of writing. "I felt," he told us, "it was at best slightly illiterate. Gradually, though, I came to appreciate it. I came not only to like show business, but really, in some ways, to love it. Really, in some ways, I like the television business. The only trouble is there's more real drama in what goes on every day on Sixth Avenue than they ever put on their screens."

Maybe, we suggested, they should televise themselves. He ignored us. "Honestly," he went on, "there's a ter-

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost—provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is, as you can imagine, in short supply. As much as we'd like to accept all comers, inevitably we will have to disappoint the stragglers.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"

Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

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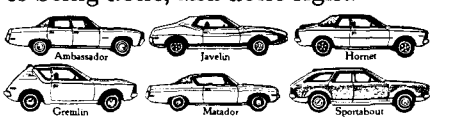

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rific amount of drama. You see a young singer or young actor who has something get a tiny part and steal the show—and the whole thing comes to life. And then there's that pathos—those has-beens who keep trying over and over again to make it."

Mr. Brown admitted that his book has, at least for him, some real heroes. "Take Julius Barnathan," he said, "vice president of engineering of ABC. Among all the guys who have failed upwards, he has really succeeded into oblivion. He is a guy who just loved the body contact of the business. He's a walking actuary table. He got as far as general manager of the network, too—and that was the only time ABC ever pulled up equal with the others. His trouble was he ran afoul of another Hard Rocker." Who, we asked, was that? "Tom Moore," he said. "Before being president of ABC, he was publicity director for Forest Lawn. Afterwards, he was publicity director for Agnew. Do you know what he's doing now?"

We couldn't guess. "He's head," Mr. Brown said, "of Tomorrow Entertainments. I spell it Tom-Moore-O."

Mr. Brown's own favorite quotations from his book do not come from ABC but from NBC. They are, in order, chairman Robert Sarnoff's dictum, "The public interest is what the public is interested in," and NBC president Julian Goodman's declaration that he "could not understand why critics found a shortage of original drama in television, when there was a good drama every night in the hour-long adventure series." Mr. Brown also talked earnestly of the strange coincidence that two network program chiefs of many years' standing, Mike Dann of CBS and Paul Klein of NBC, both left their networks within the same week. "They both gave as their reasons the fact they wanted to do something important," he told us. "*Important*, for God's sake! Here were two guys responsible for the program matter of the most powerful communications force in all history, and they give up to do something important!"

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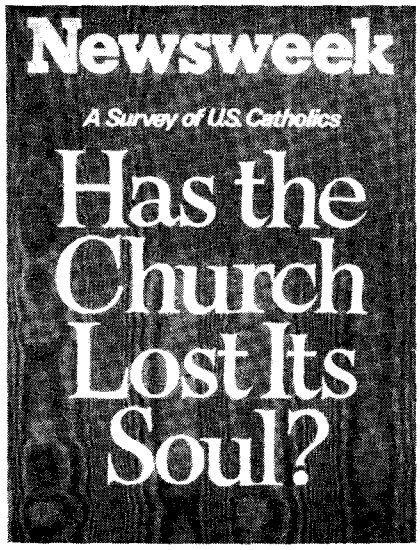

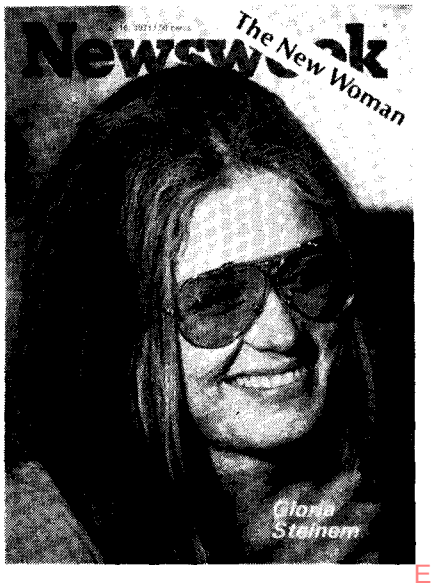

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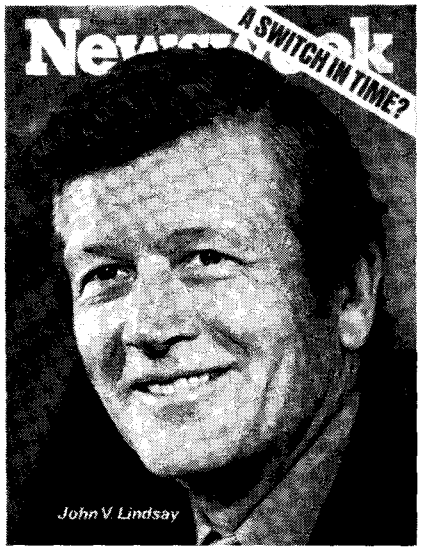

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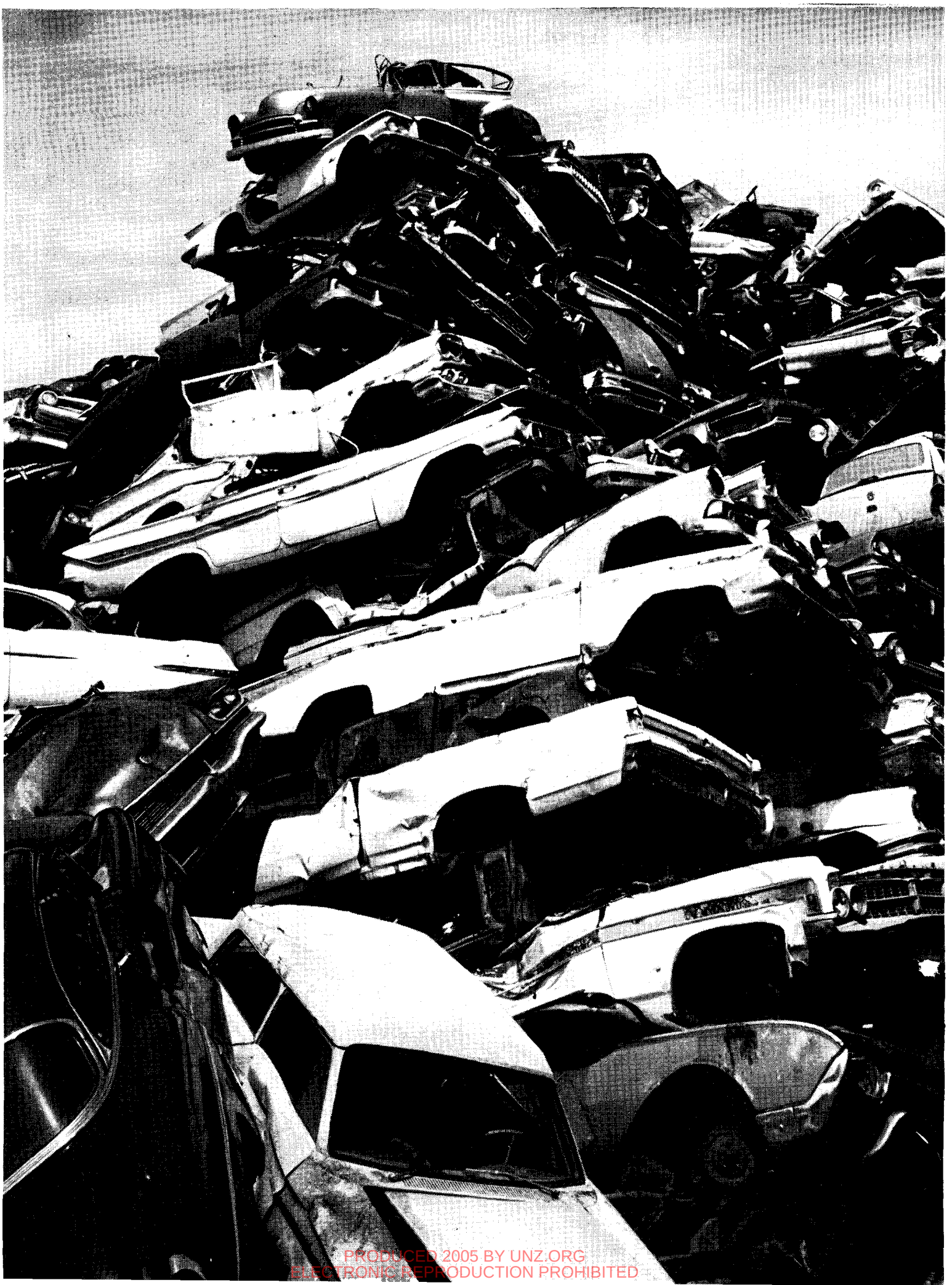

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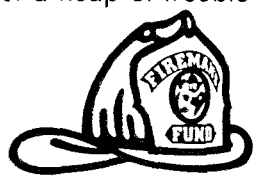

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Bing's Last "Così"; The Ludwig-Bernstein Brahms

FOR HIS FAREWELL to Mozart's *Così fan tutte* (a masterpiece he has done more to promote than any prior general manager of the Metropolitan), Rudolf Bing is presenting a cast of which Rosalind Elias as Dorabella is the "veteran," the rest all new. Beginning with the well-informed, technically secure John Pritchard (of Glyndebourne repute) as conductor, in his debut, the casting blends such estimable Metropolitan persons as Teresa Zylis-Gara (Fiordiligi), Teresa Stratas (Despina), Tom Krause (Guglielmo), and Fernando Corena (Don Alfonso)—all new to their parts here—with tenor Pietro Bottazzo. His exploits elsewhere prompted expectations of an able Ferrando, which he fulfilled in his debut.

Taken together, it was as well matched and euphonious a sextet of Mozart singers as has been heard at the Metropolitan over the two decades in which *Così fan tutte* has advanced from caviar to the general to a feast for all. This time, indeed, the escalation extended to the use of da Ponte's Italian text set by Mozart rather than the English translation previously in vogue. This was clearly to the advantage of such Continentals as Zylis-Gara, whose Fiordiligi has many uncommon attributes, Bottazzo's Ferrando, and Corena's Alfonso. And it was to the collective advantage of Mozart that the Finnish Krause (perhaps the best Guglielmo yet, in this Gérard production), the American Stratas (an impish Despina), and E[illegible] (typically dumb Dora-bella) could accept the language option with no inconvenience.

Pritchard's aptitudes were evident as early as the Overture, which had fleetness without haste and solidity without mass. He passed on to a well-paced succession of solos and ensembles that reached a proper peak in the great concerted segments that bring each of the two acts to a triumphant conclusion. To my way of hearing, he faltered only once, in permitting Zylis-Gara too broad a latitude to indulge her trepidation about the high and low notes of "Per pietà." Ah, for the likes of Eleanor Steber, who broached the issue, whether it breeched good sound or not.

In other respects than the musical, this venture sagged from the still beautifully appropriate simplicity of Gérard's settings to the cum-Lunt, cum-Ebert, come-what-may direction of Henry Butler. This never could quite discriminate between satire and burlesque, with the result that what should be an elegant comedy of character became an inelegant caricature of farce. Elias fluttered her eyebrows and looked imploringly to heaven when "amore" was mentioned; Zylis-Gara took a long, silent-screen "take" in the same none too subtle situation; and Stratas immolated a basically brilliant, saucy servingmaid on the smoldering coals of "personality." The men conformed more to the canons of Mozartean deportment, but the whole tended to ooze out of its dramatic frame.

Between the Liszt and Bruckner of the concluding program of his first, highly successful engagement as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Michael Gielen offered what was described as a Concerto for Cello and Orchestra by György Ligeti. For those not in the musical know, Ligeti is a fiftyish native of Transylvania who broke out of Hungary during the uprising of 1956.

The Concerto is the kind of work in which a gentleman bearing a cello and a considerable resemblance to Sebastian Cabot of TV fame is surrounded by twenty or so instrumentalists, none of whom have much to do between 8:59 and 9:14, except play a *tremolo* here, a sustained tone there, a *pizzicato* now and then. Not all of them do the same thing at the same time, which is why there has to be a conductor. The soloist does not so much play with them, or against them, as amongst them, in fulfillment of Ligeti's pronouncement that what happens is "a gradual metamorphosis of intervallic constellations." Now and then, and particularly at the end, the sound becomes so faint that there is some doubt whether the musicians are actually playing or merely pantomiming the act of playing. It doesn't really matter much, for, as Keats said so prophetically of melodies, "those unheard are sweeter." Siegfried Palm, the cellist for whom the work was compounded, presumably played it well. Ligeti's Concerto isn't long, but it is dull.

Gielen's Liszt was one of the Abbé's very last orchestral compositions, a symphonic soliloquy entitled *Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe*, or "From the Cradle to the Grave." Not unlike some of the piano music Liszt was writing in the first half of the 1880s (he died in 1886), it is more speculative than practical. In its questing, prophetic way it

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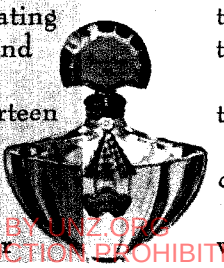

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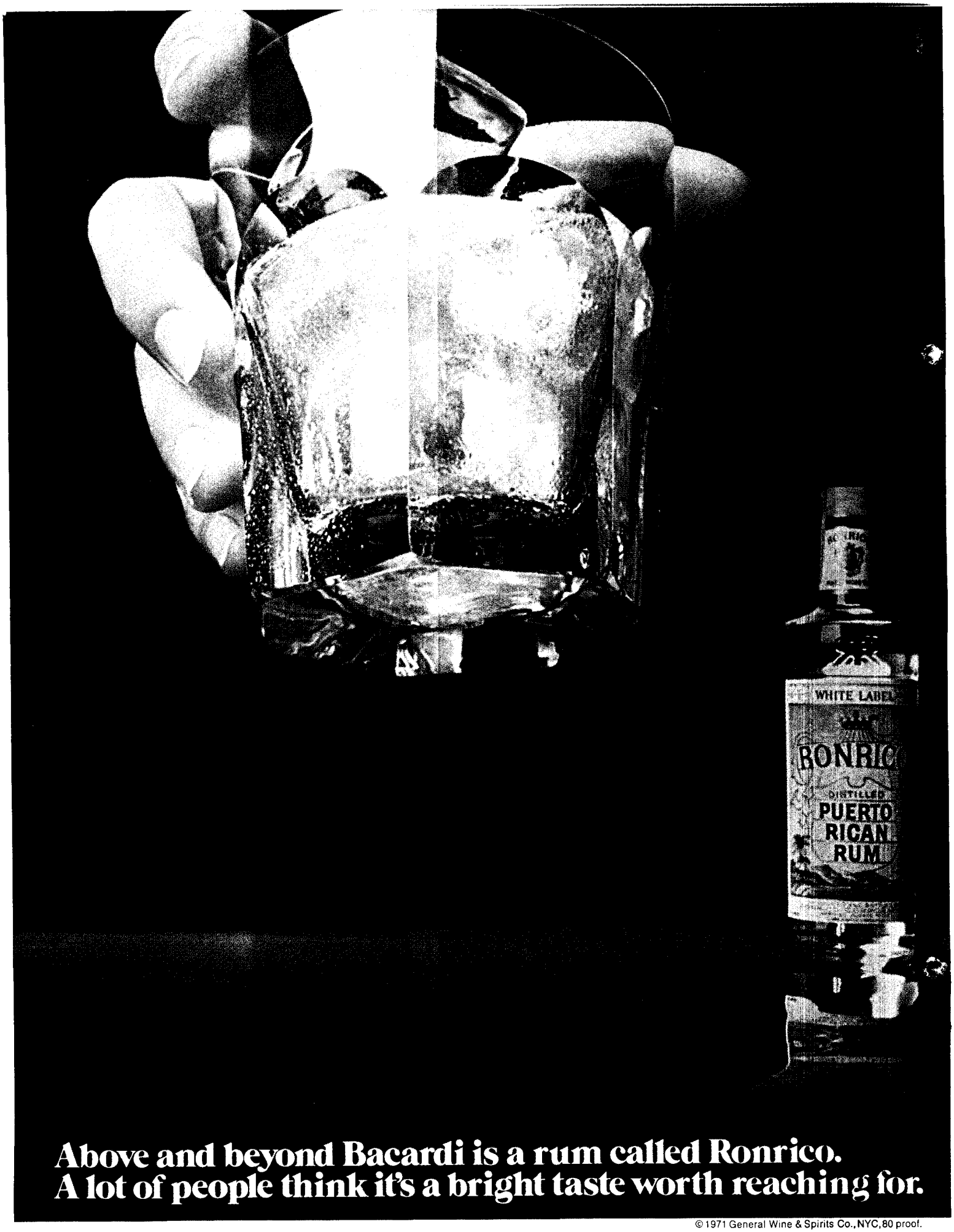

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has interests that were well repesented by Gielen's treatment. His Bruckner was the Second Symphony.

Where shall one look for a parallel to the all-Brahms recital that brought Christa Ludwig as vocalist, Leonard Bernstein as pianist, and Paul Doktor as assisting violist to the stage of Carnegie Hall on a recent Sunday afternoon on behalf of that institution's Student Fund? For musicianship and ensemble, one might start with the memorable partnership of Mstislav Rostropovich and his wife Galina Vishnevskaya when they shared a program in Philharmonic Hall a few years ago (he is a fine pianist as well as a great cellist). But for such a combination of heart and art, one would have to go back to those occasions when the late Bruno Walter as pianist partnered one of his two favorite artists, Lotte Lehmann or Elisabeth Schumann.

There being no easy way to glide into an all-Brahms program, the performers took courage in hand and plunged boldly ahead with nothing less than the *Zigeunerlieder*. As icebreakers go, this is rather a colossus—eight sections without pause, beginning with the wildly exuberant "He, Zigeuner," followed by the equally intense "Hochgetuermte Rimaflut." Miss Ludwig paid the inevitable price with some vocal roughness and less than vibrant full voice at the outset. When she came down to a more comfortable level in "Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen," the true quality of the sound began to shine through, and by the next one, "Lieber Gott," she had put it all together—vowels and consonants, *pianos* and *fortes*, words and notes in beautifully disciplined proportions.

As Bernstein has also much improved his own sense of proportions as accompanist since his first serious venture with Jennie Tourel a few years ago, the inherent musicality of the two performers made for a series of deeply satisfying interpretations. In a sequence of six—in which Miss Ludwig accepted, successfully, the challenge of "Liebestreu," "Feldeinsamkeit," "Sapphische Ode," "Ruhe, Suessliebchen," "Die Mainacht," and "Von wieger Liebe"—she emerged full-fledged as that rarest of musical individuals, a fine opera singer who is also a first-class recitalist. Here and there the full voice didn't respond as it has been known to, but when she matched richness to richness in "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied," it was sometimes difficult to tell which sound came from her own instrument and which from Doktor's deftly fingered viola. Having done so well by Brahms (and Carnegie Hall), cannot the partners be persuaded to make an annual of it, with next year's recital devoted to Richard Strauss?

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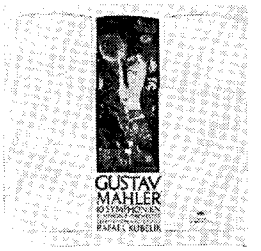

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Big Fiddler

I POSSESS a lonely and, it must be admitted, rather miserable distinction. I have never seen *Fiddler on the Roof* performed on the stage. Thirty-five million people have seen it in thirty-two countries, and I was even in London when Topol was doing it there, but I didn't get to it. But, on the other hand, doesn't this fact qualify me to appraise the film version with more objectivity than all those who will undoubtedly be niggling over who was better, Topol or Mostel, and which was better, Robbins on Broadway or Norman Jewison in Yugoslavia? Nor do I have to bother with such matters as whether Jewison opened up the stage piece sufficiently for the film medium, or whether, by so doing, he destroyed the charming, perhaps fragile, Chagall-like quality (so I have been given to understand) of its theatrical manifestation.

So I found myself liking this big film musical *Fiddler*, charmed by its cast, now and then moved by its stagy pathos, and admiring the careful, skillful management of the project by Mr. Jewison. If he has not treated *Fiddler* exactly with reverence, he has certainly respected it. The evidence is there from its long, opening shots—a blank screen slowly becomes dawn breaking over the little pre-World War I village of Anatevka, a cock crows, the fiddler strikes the theme, and we meet Tevye, that much beset milkman who has five daughters (a mixed blessing) and a lame horse.

It's been two years since we've had a new musical to adorn our screens. I mean the old-fashioned kind of movie musical, all singing, all dancing, all talking. The failure of *Hello, Dolly!* must have cast a chill over the accounting departments of the major film companies; so it took a certain amount of faith and courage on the part of United Artists to invest the large sums necessary to get *Fiddler* onto the screen. One thing sure, there has been no scrimping. All is there that needs to be there. In fact, the film is such a winning combination of frolicsome production numbers, touching rituals (a Sabbath supper, a wedding beneath the traditional canopy), ethnic comedy, and sure-fire poignance that I cannot imagine the investment as doing anything but paying off for years to come.

In casting my memory back over the field of musicals, I cannot remember one that has been done better. *West Side Story*? Sporadic, even stunningly brilliant, at times, but its elements didn't glue together. *Fiddler*'s do somehow, and, for this, credit must be given to the film sense of Mr. Jewison and to the absolutely delightful presence of Topol, an Israeli actor (now all of thirty-six years) with an uncanny ability to play older men. The whole story, the show is hung around Tevye, and he serves as a sort of unifying field. It is he alone who sees the fiddler—marvelously danced and mimed by a gifted Swede, Tutte Lemkow—and it is he who carries on a one-way conversation with God. Anything is possible for Tevye: a rueful complaint to his Creator, a knowing nod at the fiddler, a fantastic dream that he brings to life for his shrewish but tender-hearted wife. When he does break into song, the timing is appropriate, and there's little disturbance to the form and style of the piece, which might be described as nostalgic realism.

In addition, Topol is so absolutely right as Tevye, he acts him with such seductive conviction, that I, for one, was left with a warm afterglow. The film is long, three hours plus an intermission, and there are stretches when one feels the length, particularly during the rather soppy playing out of the romances of the three grown daughters, but in retrospect it seems to come together. And as for the high points, of which there are several, they are not only visually magnificent but remarkably rich with feeling. There is the before-mentioned wedding scene, the amusingly horrific dream number, the engagement celebration in the village tavern, Tevye in a solo song and dance ("If I Were a Rich Man") in his barn. In these, there is no doubt that Jewison's use of his camera and his fluid editing make for superior entertainment.

If I were to quibble, it would be with the choice of the pogrom as the moment for the intermission break. Better to have ended, it seems to me, with the wedding and with the torches still in the distance, if only because we are expecting the pogrom, and sure enough it comes. And if there is a problem with the chosen form, it lies in the downhill nature of the second half. Tevye with his family and the other Jews must leave Anatevka, driven out by Czarist edict, and there is much time given to the leave-taking. But again in retrospect, this seems fitting. The descendants of these villagers became the bones and dust and fertilizer of Auschwitz and Treblinka, and the makers of the show knew this, we know it, and so does that mischievous fiddler. The cast deserves more than a word of praise. Molly Picon as Yente, Leonard Frey as Motel, Paul Mann as Lazar Wolf—they're all just wonderful. Set designs, costumes, musical direction: scrupulous. If this is not the most satisfying musical film ever, surely it is awfully close to it.

Reprinted from SR, March 21, 1959

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"The old girl must be daft! She told me that someday a Rockefeller would ask for higher taxes!"

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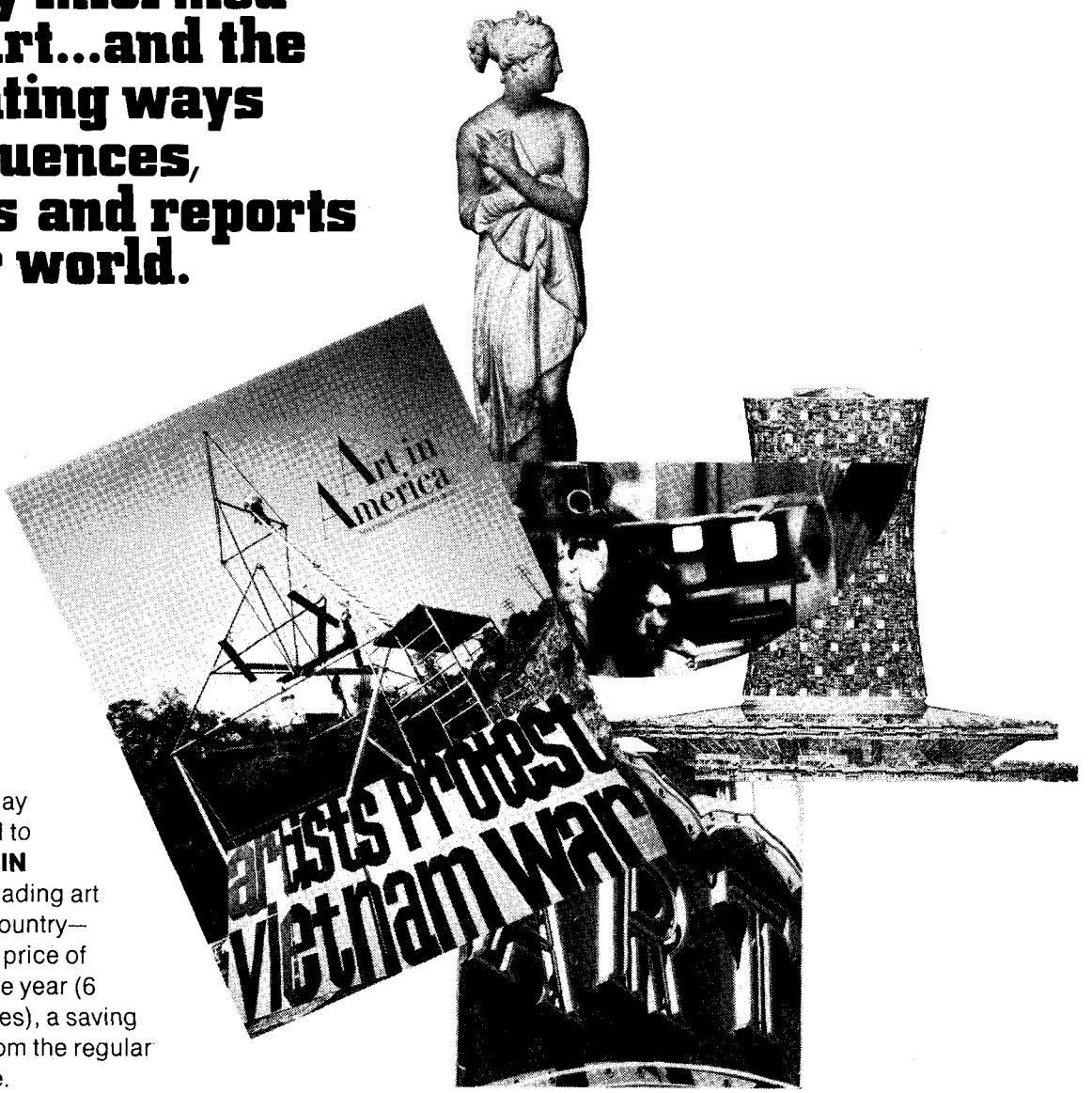

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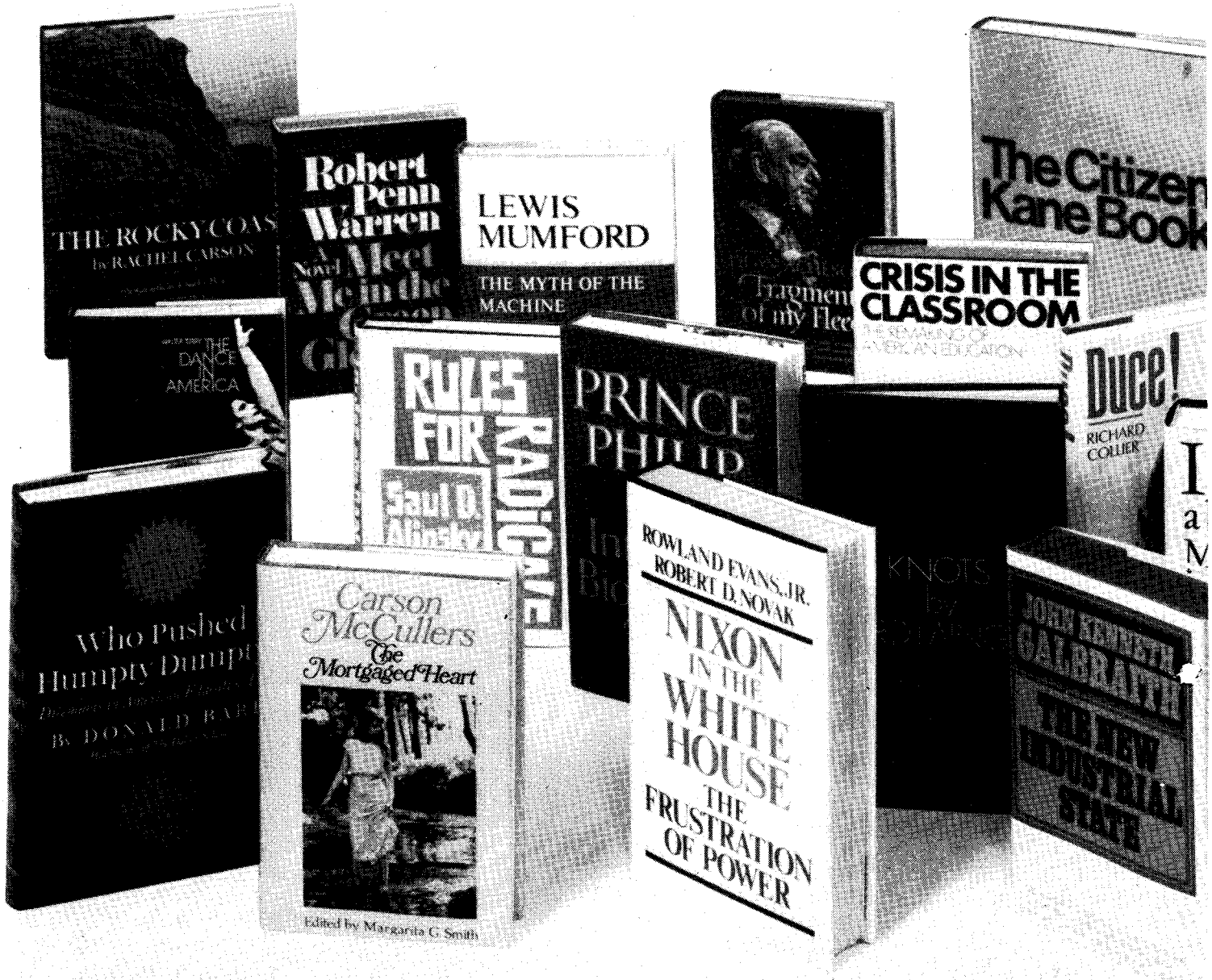

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Saturday Review
November 13, 1971

THE ELLSBERG AFFAIR

by PETER SCHRAG

It is still difficult fully to describe his act, or what it means, or where it will lead. Five months have passed, and the ugly secret called the Pentagon Papers is now available in three different versions, one of them published by the government itself. The man who divulged the papers stands indicted for high crimes by the same government, and the war, militarism, and the deceptions go on.

And still, perhaps because of him, something may yet change. As much as any individual, Daniel Ellsberg seems to symbolize the conversion of that generation of people who had always been ready, as he says, "to obey the boss" and who would never feel quite the same way about the boss again. In this age that began with Camelot and closed at Mylai and Attica, he was always the shining example: Bundy's man, McNamara's man, the military intellectual in the Defense Department, the researcher at Rand, the Marine lieutenant, the symbol of a time whose representative form of national service began in the military and may well end in prison. He is too perfect, perhaps, too compulsively eager to be correct, too intense, too committed, too illiberal with himself. Yet each time I saw or spoke with him—in New York and Washington and Chicago—I thought I saw in him a piece of *us*, a piece of a generation once cocksure that whatever it was doing someone else might do more brutally or at greater risk—that for every Johnson there was a Goldwater, for every napalm attack an atom bomb—and which now is no longer sure even of itself.

Ellsberg fits none of the conventional patterns of dissent; he is not a man of gestures, a burner of draft records, a self-immolator, not a marcher or a signer of petitions. He is, rather, a man who took it upon himself to commit the highest crime of all: breaking the rules of the club. He stole their secrets. That he should, as a consequence, become something of a national hero—should be honored by Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace (BEM), or with extensive interviews on the talk shows, or with invitations to meet with members of Congress—deserves some note.

He was once, and may still be, the unimpeachable man, an attractive forty-year-old, a former rising star of the military-intellectual complex, a man once photographed by *Life* holding a submachine gun in Vietnam, a person fully credentialed by Harvard and Cambridge. His major academic interest had been the theory of bargaining, perhaps the most fashionable subject of the Cold War intellectuals. *Doctor* Ellsberg. To divulge the secrets associated with the series of decisions that produced the Vietnam War was therefore the most unlikely and—simultaneously—the most appropriate act. It fell squarely at the place where the war, the government's policy of managed information, and Ellsberg's own involvement all intersect. Someday someone may conclude that in his heart of hearts Robert McNamara, who had commissioned the study, wanted it made public, and that it was Ellsberg (without complicity or involvement by his former boss) who understood.

Clearly Ellsberg was the perfect man for the act, even if others assisted. A young man named Anthony J. Russo, like Ellsberg a former employee of Rand, helped him copy the documents, but Ellsberg alone takes the responsibility for having delivered them first to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and later to *The New York Times* and other newspapers. Perhaps no one will ever know the details of their Promethean collaboration or the identity of others who might have been involved. To copy 7,000 pages—or even to carry them around—is no easy task; Ellsberg recently said that he wishes every Congressman had to carry the stuff around for a while, even if all of them didn't read it, "to feel how heavy the extracts of twenty-five years of classified lies and brutality feel." The Justice Department would clearly like to establish a conspiracy case and now has two grand juries hearing testimony; almost every member of Ellsberg's family has been called, former neigh-

"The American majority is against the war.
To oppose it involves no risk;
the only risk lies in trying to stop it."

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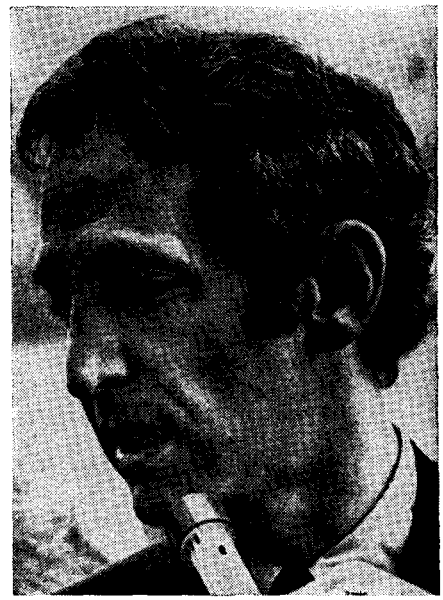
"Ellsberg's conversion did not begin with the immorality of the war but with its futility and with the lies that were used in its defense."



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bors and associates have been questioned, old colleagues subpoenaed. What we do have is Ellsberg's own account of his conversion, his gradual discovery that the war was based on "lies, deception, and secrecy," and his decision that if the Pentagon study, of which he was one of the authors, were not published, the administration would find a pretext for escalating the war again. To his knowledge, he said, he was the only person to have read the entire study who had also had field experience in Vietnam.

The conversion was as gradual as it was absolute, and Ellsberg speaks of a time "when I walked through American society looking for a place to stand." The problem was how to get leverage—to achieve something—not only in bringing the war to an end but in exposing the structure and practices that sustained it. For a year before the Pentagon Papers were published, Ellsberg, now a senior research associate in international studies at MIT, was writing and speaking about the war, trying to demonstrate that Vietnam had not been a hopeless quagmire or the result of poor intelligence, but the consequence of a series of deliberate Presidential decisions, going back to 1946, in which domestic political considerations—particularly the fear of being the President who "lost" Indochina to the Communists—overruled a series of pessimistic and "remarkably accurate" intelligence estimates of the prospects of American success.

Ellsberg's conversion did not begin with the immorality of the war but with its futility and with the lies that were used in its defense. He acknowledges that he is a child of World War II and of an era when most of us took for granted the essential integrity of the American government and the fundamental honesty—if not the wisdom—of its international decisions. "I had thought that winning the war in Vietnam was a way of ending it," he said one day. At one time the tactical immorality of the war still seemed justified by the assumption that the war itself was necessary. Later he recalled his reaction to French practices during the Algerian revolt—the use of napalm on civilians and the common resort to torture: "I told myself at the time that I'm glad that I, as an American, don't have to read this about my own country in the newspapers. And I sympathized with French critics like Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir who were resisting in their own country."

It was the systematic deception, which started at the lowest echelons and ran through the entire government structure from the platoon leader to the President of the United States, that began to place the daily brutality in its ugliest light. Every week, he said, the South Vietnamese Army filed reports that there had been 1,600 patrols that week, or 2,200, or 1,800, "but everyone in Vietnam knew that there had been no patrols—not one. And I said to myself, 'If only the Czar knew.'"

In the spring of 1969, Ellsberg met a young man named Randy Kehler at a conference on war resistance. Kehler, a graduate of Harvard who had joined the War Resisters League, was subsequently sent to prison for non-cooperation with the Selective Service System. "He impressed me a great deal," Ellsberg said, "because he was willing to risk jail for the principle of civil disobedience to the war." The final blow came that fall when Ellsberg read a newspaper account of the case of the Green Berets who had been charged with the murder of a double agent; the charges were subsequently dropped with an explanation that indicated, between the lines, that people at all levels were systematically lying about the war. "I remember very well," Ellsberg told a television interviewer, "thinking that this is a system I have spent fifteen years serving, in the Marine Corps, Defense Department, State Department, Vietnam, Rand Corporation, serving the President. . . . It's a system that from top to bottom has come to act reflexively, automatically, to conceal murder for political convenience by lying." He had said earlier, "All along, I was skeptical of this policy of deception, and yet I helped write some of those lies. I was well aware of them. I did not expose them." On the day of the Green Beret story, Ellsberg decided "to stop lying." And so he called Russo.

Ellsberg delivered the Pentagon Papers to Senator Fulbright, a sampling at first, then most of the rest. There was still some hope of working within the government if the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would, as Ellsberg then expected, launch hearings into the origins of the war, but those hearings were never held. Thus began the search for a place to stand. ("I think," Ellsberg said in one of our interviews, "that the papers may have had something to do with Fulbright's reversing himself on the Tonkin Resolution.") In the eighteen months between the fall of 1969, when he first copied the papers and delivered them to Fulbright, and last spring, when he

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gave them to the *Times*, Ellsberg participated in countless teach-ins on the war, wrote several brilliant articles (in which he acknowledged access to confidential information), and visited scores of campuses. The talks often contained references to the Nuremberg documents and to the memoirs of Albert Speer, who had been sentenced to prison as a Nazi war criminal, and to the matter of war crimes in general. In the last speech he made before the Pentagon Papers were published—but after he had decided to make them public—Ellsberg told an audience in Boston, "It is my own long *persistence in ignorance*—of the history of the conflict and of our involvement and of the full impact of the American way of war upon the people—that I find most to blame.... It is a heavy load of blame. But if that is true for me, how should we weigh the responsibility of those ultimately responsible for informing themselves and the public and to whom recommendations for investigation were made repeatedly, each time to be rejected?" In the Pentagon, he said, "I had discovered that there existed in our armed services people capable of writing, on demand, plans for the Nazi General Staff. . . . These were people easily capable of imagining, in fact writing, plans for the genocide of entire nations. . . . I had the feeling then that I was reading the Nuremberg documents for the second time in my life—and not the last." In making the Pentagon Papers public, Ellsberg said later, he hoped to set an example for other defectors and that "a few other ex-officials would come clean." But the act was also an effort to establish credibility with the people he was trying to reach. The students were always polite, there were no hecklers, but clearly there was also Ellsberg's own unresolved sense of personal complicity: "When I first started facing such audiences and the person introducing me felt compelled to go down the whole list of my past associations, my heart would sink with each sentence." If a man was willing to risk death for the nation in war, should he not also be willing to risk prison to stop a war he regarded as brutal and unjust? Ellsberg thought of himself as a war criminal.

Standing on a platform or sitting with an interviewer, Ellsberg seems somehow smaller than he should be, smaller than the act, smaller than the man on television, and infinitely younger, more boyish, more vulnerable. He appears to be chronically disorganized, missing planes, misplacing notes; one sometimes wonders how he mustered the discipline for the vast logistical task that copying and distributing the Pentagon documents involved. It is only the eyes that mark him: deep blue, intense, at times piercing, looking, it seems, for something inside himself. The snippy people would find it easy to call him an egocentric fanatic, a man "with a strange secret smile, those funny anticipatory noddings . . . and, above all, those eyes —extremely bright, the stare intense— and just behind them a wary look, the look of a frightened deer." It would be easy, moreover, simply to surmise that

> "Even though there are pressures on the President, they do not deprive him of his freedom of choice. There is a matter of conscience not only in the question of lying but in the matter of killing."

he was a nut or perhaps even a tool of the Nixon administration in its efforts to blame the war on a covey of Democrats; no reasonable man, after all, does such things on his own. The charge is comprehensible because Ellsberg is an embarrassing man, because his very presence suggests the question "Why haven't I done the same?" People are now encountering him, he said, "several years into my alienation. I've had almost four years living with those documents. Some of them think that the only person who can make a real commitment is one who thinks he knows all the answers, so they say to themselves, 'I don't have all the answers, so I'm not expected to make commitments!' . . . I don't think the test is a willingness to go to prison, although when I did this I expected to go to prison for a long time. The test is: 'What could I do to end the war if I were willing to risk my job, the adverse criticism of my friends, social ostracism?' " What has the Congress done, he asked; what risks has it taken "against murder"? Every institution of the society, he said, has some complicity in this war. How much does a vote for Hatfield-McGovern mean by itself? Who has been willing to filibuster against the war or against the military? Who has taken what risks? "I've been searching through this society for people who will exercise authority and assume responsibility. The Congress tries to pass responsibility for the war to the President, but the President has the effective consent of the Senate and the House. They have not acted."

It is still difficult fully to describe his act, or what it means, or to guess where it will lead. When the stories about the Pentagon Papers first began to appear in June, the war had already become (in the view of the politicians) a secondary issue. The April and May demonstrations in Washington proved that the peace movement could still bring a quarter of a million people to a march —had even brought to national attention the alienated anti-war veterans of Vietnam itself—yet most of them had long ceased to believe that their presence would make much difference. They had been there before, and the exuberance was gone. The Pentagon Papers, therefore, might have given the movement a shot in the arm, might have produced the Congressional hearings that Ellsberg desired, might have forced people to confront what he regarded as the systematic duplicity of Presidents, Secretaries of State, and White House advisers. Everywhere he went Ellsberg kept saying that he hoped people would read the documents. (The kids and the old militants, of course, said that the Pentagon Papers merely confirmed what they already knew; the revelations were strictly academic.) But headlines are perishable, the Pentagon study is long, the documents turgid, and the summer had already begun. President Nixon's announcement that he would go to China drove the story off the front pages and further muted the issue.

Yet even before the Nixon announcement (which, Ellsberg believes, may have been hastened, or even stimulated, by the publication of the papers), the press focused its attention on the Johnson years, on the charge that in 1964 Johnson was planning to escalate the war, even while he was campaigning as a dove against Goldwater. "That's why I was so desperate when it looked like the Justice Department might succeed in stopping the *Times* from publishing," Ellsberg said. "If it had stopped with Johnson, people might have missed the point—that the seeds of this war were planted in the Truman administration." (Ho Chi Minh had written a series of appeals to the United States asking for American support. The documents indicate that we never replied.) Thus, copies of some of the documents were supplied to other newspapers, producing the series of journalistic brush fires that burned while the cases of the *Times* and the *Washington Post* proceeded through the courts. But even the full resumption of publication produced peculiar effects: There have been no other defectors, the promised Congressional hearings have never been held, the draft was extended, and the war goes on. Ellsberg has received hundreds of letters asking him to head various movements (and many others, most of them anti-Semitic, calling him a traitor); yet, he still seems—despite the

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awards, the speeches, the interviews—the lonely man looking for a place to stand.

People may still be missing the point. The academic controversy about the origins of the Vietnam War is in full swing and is likely to continue for years. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a White House adviser in the Kennedy administration (among others), has launched a full-dress debate with Ellsberg about the quagmire theory. The Pentagon Papers show, Schlesinger said, that Kennedy and Johnson really did get bad advice from their generals, their diplomats, and from a whole panoply of "experts" (despite the pessimistic reports from the CIA); they really did expect that limited American commitments could stabilize the situation in South Vietnam (the definition of "limited," of course, changing with the press of the war) and sooner or later the Vietcong would collapse. It was a quagmire. Ellsberg argues that, in fact, the President always chose Option C, the choice between the extreme alternatives offered by his advisers—something between massive escalation and total withdrawal—an "invented alternative," and that the pessimistic intelligence reports were ignored. The Pentagon study, he said in an interview with *Look*, "taught me that the forces on the Executive, and within the Executive, allowing and prolonging this war are so strong that it can be an illusion to think that the war can be stopped from within the Executive. The President himself cannot escape from those forces. Or he is unlikely to." But, if that's the case, then the personal culpability of each President was limited, and responsibility, as he told me in another context, must be shared by other individuals and institutions. Still, he said, trying to explain the contradiction, "Even though there are pressures on the President, they do not deprive him of his freedom of choice. There is a matter of conscience not only in the question of lying but in the matter of killing." The two considerations—responsibility for escalation on the one hand, responsibility for secrecy and deception on the other—are obviously related, but it is far from clear, despite the faith of most liberals, that absolute Presidential candor with the press and the public would, in all instances, have produced more pressure for withdrawal than escalation. Historically, Americans always regarded war as something simultaneously temporary and total; when the Birchers say, "Win, then get out," they are talking American. Ellsberg, who has started to study data from the Joe McCarthy period, argues that administrative and Congressional fears of reaction in the event of withdrawal were, and are, exaggerated. "The polls," he said, "show that McCarthy did not have any specific political impact. There was strong sympathy for McCarthy, but it did not show up in voting patterns. McCarthy was not an electoral phenomenon." The Presidents of the past decade "may have been slaves" to the fear of McCarthyism, but that fear was exaggerated. It was, moreover, a myth that the Silent Majority supported the war; there was considerable evidence in polls to indicate that hawkishness increased according to education and income. It had been an elite that managed the war, and an elite that supported it. The nation might accept withdrawal—might have accepted it years ago—as cheerfully as it accepted escalation. In any case, "the fear of responsibility kept people who had the power to get us out from using it."

> "Was Mylai something that Americans were prepared to confront, or was it something that generated an overwhelming wish to forget and deny?"

The debate about the Pentagon Papers and the significance of Ellsberg's act touches on a whole series of issues that, when they are raised at all, generally remain outside the mainstream of political discussion: What are the connections between secrecy and brutality? Does it really make any difference if people have access to the sort of information the Pentagon Papers contain? Or is there a national need *not* to know? "There is nothing that McNamara could not have known," Ellsberg said. "He chose not to know. . . . The Pentagon Papers are notable for their total neglect of what we were doing to the Vietnamese. I had thought at one time that people in government were weighing that, but the papers showed they weren't." But if that is the case for people in government, is it similarly the case for all others? Was Mylai something that Americans were prepared to confront, or was it something that generated an overwhelming wish to forget and deny? More and more Ellsberg has been talking about the relationship between secrecy and brutality in Vietnam (on the one hand) and secrecy and brutality in America. A few years ago, he said, he heard Tom Hayden, one of the Chicago Seven and long a militant member of the peace movement, talk about Vietnam as a mirror of American society. "At that time I thought of Vietnam as an excrescence of our policy, as an aberration, and I wanted to say that this isn't what America was like." But now, with Attica, with what he had seen in his visits to American prisons, and what he heard from friends, he wasn't sure. The prison bureaucracy, he said in a speech in Washington, is the perfect bureaucracy; there are no restraints, no accountability, and so Attica becomes the analogue of Mylai, and the Pentagon bureaucracy the corollary of the prison administration at San Quentin. "People are not treated as citizens or even as humans; through those dream bureaucracies, the public approves of the dehumanization of people without restraint."

The connection had been made before—a great deal of what Ellsberg revealed had been part of the case of the underground press and the radical Left—and it was to be made again by many of those who had been among the negotiators at Attica. At the Panther "shoot-out" in Chicago, in the shooting of George Jackson at San Quentin, in the massacre of the students at Kent State and Jackson State, at Mylai, at Attica, the official explanation—an explanation generally accepted as fact by the press—began with statements that the guardsmen or the police or the troops were provoked, that the Panthers fired first, that the prisoners slit the throats of the hostages, that the Vietnamese women and children and babies had bombs and grenades. In each instance, "the perfect bureaucracy" attempted (and often succeeded) in covering the brutality, in justifying murder, and in dismissing the victims as something less than human. Governor Rockefeller issued condolences to the families of the Attica guards but not to the families of the prisoners (who had to wait for days even to learn which of the prisoners had been killed). Vietnamese peasants, black prisoners, American Indians, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and other people's children do not count. Does the perfect bureaucracy, then, function as a mechanism to do what we all want done but which we refuse to acknowledge—a device whose very purpose is secrecy—or is it a self-serving organism whose social product, if any, is incidental? Is Vietnam an aberration or a mirror?

Late in September, Ellsberg went to Washington to address the dinner of an organization called Federal Employees for Peace, most of them middle and junior-level professionals in the departments of Labor, Health, Education, and Welfare, Justice (Civil Rights Division), and Interior. Ellsberg regarded it as a celebratory occasion: Here were a thousand government employees taking some risk for what they believed. Their adulation was nearly unanimous, and Ellsberg was genuinely touched by

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the occasion. "It was the first time," he said later, "that I felt like telling a joke." Yet, several times during the evening people came to me (and perhaps to him) to ask, "What took him so long?" Ellsberg's own answers to that question tend to be apologetic, as if he bore responsibility for the mind-set of his whole generation. There is no way for him to explain himself without explaining for all of us. One could, therefore, just as reasonably (and in more fairness) ask why he did it at all. Ellsberg was fourteen at the time of the bombing of Hiroshima, a kid growing up in Detroit. "Even then," he said recently, "I had a feeling that that was a decision that would better have been made in more anguish than President Truman has ever admitted or indicated." If Ellsberg had that feeling, he was, I think, an exception. As another fourteen-year-old growing up in New York, I had no such sensation; I was delighted we had leveled an entire Jap city, and I don't think I knew anyone my age who felt otherwise. Yet, if one of us was an exception in 1945, we were, for many years thereafter, members of a generation that identified strongly with the actions of its nation, its government, and particularly its President. When I, as a refugee from Hitler, became an American citizen some twenty years ago—long after World War II—I cheerfully declared that I would be willing to serve in the U.S. armed forces without the faintest suspicion that there might come a time or a situation when I would not. Even at the time of Korea, which seemed in its own years a doubtful and perhaps unjustified war, the question seemed absurd. American leadership since World War II, Ellsberg said recently, has tried to portray every enemy as Hitler: "Castro as Hitler, Ho Chi Minh as Hitler, Mao as Hitler," and to "look at any conflict as if they were reliving the all-out war in which they were junior officers, World War II." I doubt that most Americans of our generation really believed that pretense—I think we knew better—but I'm also certain that we had a nearly unshakable faith in the Executive branch. It was the Congress that had been made up of isolationists and America Firsters; it was the Congress that had resisted foreign aid; it was always a recalcitrant legislature that stood in the way of a progressive President. Ellsberg said quite correctly that "political science in America is oriented toward the views of the Executive branch," and he was hoping that the Pentagon Papers might rectify that. Because of Roosevelt, the President had become the heroic figure in a nation that our generation was raised to believe could do no wrong. Despite Eisenhower (whose major flaw, in the liberal view, was not misuse, but non-use, of Executive powers) it was in the Presidency that progress resided.

Many of us now behave as if we had always believed that Vietnam was futile and immoral, but the fact is that most of us did not. (Ironically, the Pentagon Papers will serve some people as another moral escape: If we had known this, we would have done something sooner.) The entire government-style that produced Vietnam—the style of Kennedy and, indeed, of Ellsberg himself—represented the liberal answer to John Foster Dulles and massive retaliation. We were (remember?) going to be able to fight brush fire wars without blowing up the world. A decade ago it was the hydrogen bomb that constituted the ultimate obscenity, not Vietnam or the Green Berets. In Boston, Ellsberg spoke of "an almost inevitable feeling among our 'national security managers' that we can't be doing anything very wrong if we are still refraining from [the use of nuclear weapons]." To some extent we all had the same feeling. Not that we necessarily supported Vietnam—a decade ago few people thought about Vietnam at all—but that many of us were (like Ellsberg, I suspect) committed to a form of reason suspicious of all absolutes. We were no longer living in a world where questions necessarily had immediate solutions or moral certainty, or where one could simply choose between win or get out. We were beyond the end of ideology; every problem was a technical problem. By definition, Option C was nearly always right.

Ellsberg is a mark of how far our generation has come. In Chicago, before the BEM ceremony, a local television interviewer asked him how he felt about working outside the system, and Ellsberg answered that he had joined "a larger system. I left the Executive branch of the government—I acted outside that system. But the Constitution is larger than the Executive branch." The significance of his act lies in that break and in what I suspect is the break of thousands of others like him—people who had grown up in World War II and could not have imagined that there might ever come a time when they felt they might never trust their government again. We learned a lot from the kids; *we* are the alienated people. The kids can't believe that we could ever have been so naïve as to have once believed so deeply in the system. But like Ellsberg, many of us now look for "stimulation from the people who have been right all along." When, he asked, do you stop obeying the boss? It is a question that means much more to a person of forty than to a person of twenty or twenty-five.

The issue is no longer Vietnam but America, and this may be one reason why conventional peace positions now seem so banal, why the Democratic challengers to Nixon have been left without an issue. "By focusing on American costs in the war," Ellsberg said, "you got the broadest audience, but you were vulnerable to the Nixon strategy of reducing costs." But the war and all the things that produced it continue. The Pentagon documents, as Ellsberg said, should force a re-examination of the premises of the Cold War, the domino theory, the endless references to Munich, the idea that each Third World nation is a potential acquisition for someone's empire; but they should also force an examination of the domestic structures and attitudes that sustained them. If the Pentagon Papers reinforced anything, it was the radical argument that it doesn't much matter who was President; whether they were willful or merely misinformed is only a footnote to history. What matters most is not that the responsible people are still in positions of power and esteem—though they are—but that each instance of brutality, each piece of deception, is still treated as an aberration and that the system remains intact. The government's response to the publication of the Pentagon Papers, its attempt to throttle the press, and the current investigation and impending trial of Ellsberg himself make it clear the government (at Attica, or in Washington, or even at the local school board) regards information as a privileged commodity over which it has ultimate control. In the meantime, the government's own pronouncements constitute a network of euphemism in defense, as Orwell wrote, of the indefensible: "Political language . . . designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." Each leak, each new instance of deception and double-talk—Hanoi's intransigence, the prisoners of war, the unwillingness of "the other side" to negotiate—constitutes another element in this pattern. It no longer matters whether some of these pronouncements are true. What

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does matter is that the record of a generation of deception has made it necessary to disbelieve, to assume that, until proven true, every government declaration is a lie. The gradual conversion of Vietnam from an American ground war to a technological war—the end of the acute phase and the beginning of the chronic—represents no change of policy, or structure, or attitude, merely a change of tactics. There will be fewer American hostages to rescue, fewer U.S. troops, fewer American deaths, and thus fewer witnesses to pierce the newspeak veneer. At the same time, the threat of technological escalation will remain undiminished; as Option C becomes politically more difficult, the attractions of A and B increase. There was hardly a ripple of complaint when the Air Force resumed the bombing of North Vietnamese targets in recent months. Americans have become tired of the war, but they have also become tired of opposing it. In the light of the Pentagon Papers, the scenarios of possible future escalation drawn by such people as Clark Clifford, the former Secretary of Defense, appear all the more persuasive.

> "The record of a generation of deception has made it necessary to disbelieve, to assume that, until proven true, every government declaration is a lie."

In the spring, probably in March or April, there will be a trial. Ellsberg expects to make that trial into a major hearing, not only on the legality of the war—an issue the courts have consistently refused to consider—but on the matter of government secrecy in general. "The courts," Ellsberg told the *Look* interviewer, "have been unwilling to adjudicate these issues [relating to Constitutionality and to the violation of international agreements], simply because they do not wish to be in conflict with the Executive branch. This has supported a growing tendency by Executive officials to believe that, in the service of the President, they are literally outside the law. They, with the President, have begun to think of themselves as beyond all law and to act like an outlaw." The questions are endless, and Ellsberg's attorneys expect that the trial—now scheduled in Los Angeles, where the papers were allegedly copied—may last as long as six months. A Defense Committee is being organized under former Senator Charles Goodell of New York, and it is likely that Ellsberg's real fight has only begun. Whether he can force the courts to consider the legality of the war or the extensive system of Executive secrecy that surrounds it is still doubtful. But there is also growing doubt, at least in Ellsberg's mind, that the charges in his indictment in fact apply to what he did. (There is some evidence to believe that the indictment was hastily drawn to reinforce the government's case against the *Times* and the *Washington Post*, and that other charges may be brought.) The Espionage Act does not appear to cover the delivery of essentially historical documents to the press and public, nor does the charge of conversion—using government property for personal profit—necessarily apply to an act in which no goods were stolen and no profit made. Ellsberg has said that whatever he earns as a result of the disclosures will go to a rehabilitation project for Vietnamese children sponsored by the Quakers. (What right to publish, he may also ask, is enjoyed by former Presidents that is not also enjoyed by former Pentagon assistants? "Did you read Johnson's book?" he asked me. "It's a pack of lies.")

However the jury decides, Ellsberg may well be able to use the courtroom as a national platform, a place to exhibit a nearly unimpeachable man who did something unprecedented in American history. There is, he said, a "chance to politicize Los Angeles." There will also be an opportunity to answer the charge—made among even some of his friends—that "I had no right to steal." What that means, he said, "is that I was not supposed to divulge evidence of mass murder." If it is true that Ellsberg ran—and still runs—substantial personal risks in exposing the Pentagon Papers, it is also true that it has never been his style to do anything graceless or unfashionable. After a speech in New York, a member of the audience asked him: "If the war had been popular, would people care about what you did? Can you divorce any possible consequence of your actions from the intensely unpopular sentiments that have surrounded the war?" The gamble of any courageous act is that, with hindsight, the risk will appear justified. "I'm not a masochist," Ellsberg said; he would not have done what he did without expecting to make an impact commensurate with the chances he took. The very fact that Ellsberg was honored by BEM, and that Congressman Paul McCloskey, surely no radical, asked for the privilege of presenting Ellsberg an award for peace suggests that the gamble has a chance of paying off.

The fact is that although the war is unpopular, it continues. Ellsberg's challenge to the system that produced it—the system of politics, its endemic amorality, and its accompanying intellectual assumptions—falls beyond the familiar militancy of the streets and the polite partisanship of the parlor pacifists. What he demands is the risk, the moral courage, of a different intellectual and political style: parents willing to join their children in war resistance, officials prepared to reveal what they know of murder and the plans for murder, people of all sorts willing to jeopardize their careers—as their children have—in order to bring the killing and the lies, foreign and domestic, to an end. The Pentagon Papers represent the most comprehensive documentation of the way the war machine works; their existence as a public document eliminates the last opportunity for people to say that they didn't know. The American majority is against the war. To oppose it involves no risk; the only risk lies in trying to stop it.

"It's a list of our demands."

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Archibald MacLeish, the American poet and critic.*

Mihajlo Mihajlov, Yugoslav writer, watching the human disintegration in the East—"the desperate longing to leave the solitary cell of one's own soul" and run with the totalitarian herd—asks whether there are forces in the West capable of resisting this massive modern sickness. If there are, he says, he cannot make them out from the far shore of the Adriatic.

Mihajlo Mihajlov is not to be blamed for that. If we who live in the West believed our current crop of publicists and politicians—our Marcuses and our Mitchells—we wouldn't be able to make out those forces either. The opposite of the longing to lose one's self in a totalitarian herd or in a deterministic theory or in a vast despair is, of course, the stubborn belief in man. And little is said about that belief in Washington these days or in the universities or in the advanced reviews. Man is out of intellectual and political fashion—so far out that a Sunday pundit of *The New York Times* has published his obituary. Walter Kerr, writing to justify the howling down of a play on the American theme, announces that it doesn't matter anyway because "the old faith" is dead.

And of course it is if you spend your evenings in the Broadway theater and listen to the politicians now in power and read the polemicists most in print. The "old faith" is dead as a haddock to an Attorney General who claims the right to listen in on the telephone conversations of the citizens and to enjoin newspapers from telling their readers what the government is up to. It is worse than dead; it is ridiculous to a publicist who has arrived at the knowledge that man is the pitiful victim of a pointless joke, or the by-blow of the dark workings of economics, or a simple-minded semi-mechanism capable of nothing more remarkable than reaction to punishments and rewards.

But what the disillusioned and tired leave out of account is the possibility that this apparently universal rejection of the belief in man—this wholehearted accord between the most advanced intellectuals and the most retarded politicians—may mean precisely the opposite of what they think it means: not at all that the old faith is dead but that the old faith is very much alive. We are accustomed to drawing the battle maps of our ideological wars with Left and Right in inevitable opposition to each other like Deputies and Badmen in a standard Western, but here, in the oldest and most fundamental quarrel, we find a very different pattern. Right and Left are drawn up flank to flank facing the cottonwoods together. And what is in the cottonwoods? Precisely what is written off as dead.

The common interest of the New Left and the Old Right in discrediting the American cause is far more persuasive to both of them than their theoretical hostility to each other. And for obvious reasons. If the Attorney General can persuade the electorate that the survival of the country depends on "national security" and "law and order"—the Pentagon and the FBI—then those attempts of his to suppress the news by enjoining the newspapers, and to silence the dissent of the young by mass arrests in Washington, and to blackmail citizens by his secret lists of non-conformists may be justified in the end by Nixon's triumphant re-election. And if the leaders of the intellectual Left can convince the coming generation that the United States is the kind of country that nothing can save but censorship of the press and mass arrests and the state police, then the hallucinations of the Leftward intellectuals will come true.

Mitchell and Marcuse play into each other's hands, support each other's flanks, and have nothing to fear from each other, but everything to fear from the cottonwoods. And they know it, for though they rarely mention the American cause, except to ridicule it in words or degrade it in action, they know what it is and what its recognition would do to their sorry game. The American cause is the precise opposite of what their words pretend and their

Man and Nature

by Richard Eberhart

Man is the writing instrument
who thinks that he impresses nature.
He perceives the sense of the sea
As if for the first time.
It was so decades ago.
He sits as a contemplator
In secret frenzies of realization,
The islands are the same,
In the spirit of indifference.

He leans forward in his seat.
He has faced the headlands.
It is a place too pure to be true.
The tensions of his spirit leap
Looking into ultimate ocean
Beyond Spectacle, Pond, and Hog.
There on the horizon Eagle Island
Light and the open Atlantic
Deceive him again with thought.

The summer trees, the birds, the bees
Eradicate fate of timelessness
In high July, but not for long.
The long thoughts are beyond.
As he looks outward to the oceanic,
Beyond a child coming in the door,
Beyond the self, beyond desire,
He breathes the universe,
In, continuance, out, salutations.

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actions declare, and its power has been demonstrated once and for all, in actions as well as words and words as well as actions, as far back as the grand drama of the American Civil War.

Speaking at Independence Hall in Philadelphia on his way to take the oath as President of a country on the verge of destruction, Lincoln remarked that he had long inquired of himself what great principle or idea it was that had created the Union in the first place and held it so long together. It was not, he was certain, what the merely patriotic thought it had been. It was not the Revolution—"the mere matter of the separation from the motherland." No, it was something else, something more, "something in the Declaration, giving liberty not alone to the people of this country but hope to the world, . . . something which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men." To Lincoln, in other words, the American Proposition was the proposition spelled out in the Declaration of Independence, and the survival of the Republic, the survival of the Union, depended not on chauvinism or on "national security" but on the power of that revolutionary commitment to the liberty of all mankind.

The speech at Independence Hall was not much noticed at the time: The country had yet to learn that Lincoln spoke for it as no man, even Jefferson himself, had ever spoken. But when victory at Antietam made emancipation possible and the Civil War changed from a war for the *defense* of the Union, meaning the status quo, to a war *for* the Union, meaning the lifting of the weights from the shoulders of all men, those sentences were remembered.

They should be remembered again in these frightened days and particularly by those who think the old faith is dead. Because the present administration misrepresents the American cause and because the fashionable intellectuals seize upon the misrepresentation, it does not follow that the cause itself is lost. An affirmation is always more powerful than a denial, and the American proposition is the only affirmation left. The one modern political alternative to the belief in man—the Marxist belief in mass—has turned, foreseeably, into the Stalinist reality, the ultimate negation: police state at home and imperial legions abroad. And as for the modern intellectual alternative to the belief in man, Samuel Beckett has found its perfect image: that mumbling man-like figure planted like a bulb in a flowerpot to rot and weep.

Mihajlo Mihajlov should keep his eye on the cottonwoods. What stirs there in the thicket is not skull nor bones.

—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

Letters to the Editor

Attica Afterthoughts

N.C.'s editorial "Attica and Mr. Agnew" [*SR*, Oct. 16] aptly pinpoints the real issues at stake in discussion of the recent trouble at Attica and of correction in general.

Perhaps Mr. Agnew's views are not so un-American as merely out-of-date-American. His attitude as revealed in the quote, "To compare the loss of life by those who violate society's law with the loss of life by those whose job it is to uphold it represents not simply an assault on human sensibility but an insult to reason," reminds me of a similar attitude expressed in a decision of the Supreme Court of Virginia in 1871: "He [the convicted felon] has, as a consequence of his crime, not only forfeited his liberty, but all his personal rights except those which the law in its humanity accords to him. He is for the time being the slave of the state."

It should be noted that in 1944 the changing juridical view on this subject is reflected in the decision of *Coffin* v. *Reichard*, where "a prisoner retains all the rights of an ordinary citizen except those expressly, or by necessary implication, taken from him by law."

Perhaps a degree of backsliding is an integral part of the dialectic, but, in my view, sensibility and logic would suggest this degree stop short of returning to Babylonian (Hammurabian) penal philosophy. If not, our desire for more effective controls, deterrents, and rehabilitation would, it seems to me, of necessity reach and surpass the point of diminishing returns.

I am interested in a subsidiary point N. C. makes toward the end of his editorial: Are we, in our penal methods, attempting to punish or to correct? Maybe we should stop to consider a basic psychological tenet: There is really only one way to *make* a man do something, and that is to make him *want* to do it.

MARY FRANCES CUNNINGHAM,
Clinton, N.Y.

N. C.'s recent editorial deserves an award for humanitarian realism. His question "Can society reduce crime by herding men together in an atmosphere saturated with crime?" should be pondered by us all.

We might also ask what is wrong with a society that produces so many criminals. . . . The viewpoint of our Vice President ties in very well with such things as the tiger cages in Vietnam and our arsenal of lethal gases . . . with horrendous over-kill potential. God help us.

MRS. W. CORWIN CHASE,
Vaughn, Wash.

I AM not particularly interested in what Mr. Agnew has to say, but . . . I am much less interested in what N. C. says about what Mr. Agnew says.

What makes N. C. think we readers need his interpretation? We respect N. C. in his field, but that does not include penology. . . . Please keep N. C.'s childlike vendetta with Mr. Agnew out of *SR* editorials.

E. L. AMIDON, M.D.,
Burlington, Vt.

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE that the field of corrections is in dire need of modern reforms. *SR*'s continued support will help

"Déjà vu. We'd like our money back."

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bring about more intelligent and effective programs designed to rehabilitate rather than merely punish law violators. As a deterrent, cruel and inhumane brutality has failed in the past. Something more enlightened and helpful is needed. Perhaps the time has at last arrived when men of vision and integrity will be heard.

ANTHONY CATALINO,
Superintendent,
State of Florida Dept. of Health
and Rehabilitative Services,
Ocala, Fla.

THE DISPUTE is ill defined. Both Mr. Agnew and N. C. are correct.

N. C. views the Attica killings from an idealistic viewpoint. Who would argue with the statement that one life is as dear as the next?

The Vice President, on the other hand, has an equally valid point taking society's grim, realistic approach. If a decision must be made between convicts and guards, there is no question who should be spared. Every society—be it man, beast, or insect—must protect its valuable asset: productive individuals.

JOHN HARBO,
Baton Rouge, La.

I'VE NEVER been moved to write to an editor before, but N.C.'s recent editorial did just that. You might say I have a vested interest since I'm a convict in an Alabama penitentiary and have been here four years. Sort of swinging along nicely with it now. So you may understand when I say that things like N. C.'s message and Attica's, things that move, probably shouldn't get to convicts. Sentimentality, self-pity, hope, even despair have to be stripped sooner or later to make it. Anger choked back down. But, as N. C. has it, we're human. I'm still human. I'm twenty-nine. I have the effrontery to still love my wife and little boy. Those sentiments, that concern, never die. Things like Attica or N. C.'s words stir those old feelings that are tied so closely in their loss.

JON MULLER,
Atmore, Ala.

IF N. C. really believes that Americans consider the life of a prisoner to be "just as precious" as the life of a Vice President, then he is badly out of touch with human behavior.

It is human, reasonable, and understandable that people would show more concern over the killings of prison guards than of prisoners who showed little regard for their own lives or for the lives of hostages by holding their hostages at knife point. It may somehow seem noble to N. C. to feel that the lives of both are equally precious, but is it realistic to deny human nature? Wasn't the public outrage over the Kent State student killings largely attributable to the consensus that those that were killed were allegedly innocent bystanders rather than active rioters?

As for myself, I hold life dear and act accordingly. Those who show little concern for their own lives or for the lives of others do not gain my respect or my sympathy.

DANIEL D. BERGER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

I FEAR that the Vice President's analysis of [the Attica] tragedy is only symptomatic of his thinking on other societal problems. It has become increasingly clear to me, after reading a number of Mr. Agnew's statements, that he believes that there is no moral basis for radical dissent in American society today. Everything is basically all right, and it's wrong to say too shrilly that it isn't. In my view, this position is not only faulty but quite ominous coming from a man in the Vice President's office.

It occurs to me that the Constitution of the United States ranks the establishment of justice ahead of the insurance of domestic tranquillity. It appears that Vice President Agnew disagrees with this ordering of purpose. I think the error is not in the Constitution.

REV. ROBERT NEWTON BARGER,
Champaign, Ill.

AS PARENTS and grandparents, like millions of other Americans, and children of good people ourselves, my husband and I have devoted our lives to teaching our children to become responsible adults. We have tried to teach our children their responsibilities both to themselves and to society at large.

The argument refuting Vice President Agnew in regard to the relative values of prisoners and guards is absurd to me. If generally believed, there is no purpose in child*rearing*—no purpose to our lives. If every citizen, no matter what his contributions, no matter what his destructiveness, is judged by our society equal to the other, how can we motivate anyone to pursue the goal of a better world?

M. BYRON WILLIAMS,
Newport Beach, Calif.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL again reveals insight and acumen related to the Attica dialogues. He displays such a realistic view from the inside that I wonder if he were ever one of us.

I have been reading *SR* for more than fifteen years. It is a distinct source of energetic hope, valuable to maintaining reason within unreasonable boundaries.

But telling it how it is is not enough to deter the oncoming projectiles, and there remain the predictable results of such ricochets in the course of human events.

ARMANDO CONTRERAS,
California Institution for Men
Chino, Calif.

THE ASPECTS of criminals and prisons that N.C. mentioned bring to my mind Lord Mountbatten's report to the British government—submitted some time ago—in which he stated that 90 per cent of prison inmates are "good people."

The following episode in the life of one of my Mexican friends, Don Joaquín Redo, is interesting in this regard. He and his

(Continued on page 82)

"Now, that's what I call a great cornucopia."

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The Perfect Absurd Figure of a Mighty, Absurd Crusade

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

THE LONG PATROL:
Twenty-five Years of Writing from the Work of Norman Mailer

edited by Robert F. Lucid

World, 739 pp., $15

NORMAN MAILER:
The Man and His Work

edited by Robert F. Lucid

Little, Brown, 310 pp., $6.95

The appearance of these two volumes, a retrospective collection of Norman Mailer's writings and a book of critical essays about him, is one of several recent indications that Mailer has at last begun to suffer the fate he has hoped for years would overtake him. There now seems to be widespread agreement—not only among his literary contemporaries but large segments of the reading public—that he is the most exciting and important writer in America. The interesting question is why this presumably self-evident fact of Mailer's genius has taken so long to be acknowledged, why even sophisticated people have had to *learn* to live with it as if it were a loathsome disease, after overcoming extremely powerful feelings of distaste, while legions of the semiliterate, the sort who never read books but know exactly which writers they detest, appear to harbor the most astonishing hostility to Mailer's face, physique, voice, manners, and morals and seem unable to understand why he was not put away long ago.

This is rather odd when one considers that we have never expected our best writers to be particularly saintly, and there is a fine tradition among them of behavior ranging from the merely perverse through the boorish, sottish, deceitful, spiteful, disloyal, and infantile to the maddest reaches of paranoia and monomania. The examples of Poe, Whitman, Twain, Frost, Hart Crane, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald all testify in varying degrees to the fact that sometimes the only respectable thing about a writer is his writing. Yet these men have been accepted—in some cases, to be sure, only after they were decorously dead—because the quality of their work finally seemed to justify their peculiarities of character.

The trouble with Mailer is that not only has he been very much alive among us—unforgivably alive—but he seemed for too long a dubious quantity as a writer while his character grew steadily more outrageous. There was a period in the Fifties when he appeared to imagine that the way to achieve large literary success was to engage in brawls and try to get arrested, or to insult his readers by disparaging their intelligence—as he did to such good effect in the columns he wrote at the time for *The Village Voice*. His strategy then may well have been to create such an offensive public image that people would be moved to read him if only out of hate. But the practical result was that too many people decided that nobody who acted that foolish could possibly be worth reading. Significantly, it was not until the appearance in 1959 of *Advertisements for Myself*, a collection offered quite nakedly, even abjectly, as an appeal for serious recognition, that the tide of opinion began to turn in Mailer's favor, and it did so not because that book contained old material hitherto unappreciated or prompted a reconsideration of his novels, but because in writing about his frustrations and mistakes, the wreck of his literary hopes, the corro-

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of several works of criticism. His new collection of essays, *The Devil in the Fire*, will be published by Harper's Magazine Press in January.

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sions of failure that drove him to behave badly, he produced a prose so remarkably much better than anything he had done before that a large number of readers saw for the first time how very good a writer he was—because then, for the first time, he was that good.

Mailer also discovered in *Advertisements* what has since become his most complex and vital subject—himself as combined victim, adversary, hero, and fool being simultaneously humiliated and aggrandized as he engages the ogres and windmills of contemporary history. He had learned a great deal about the dramatic possibilities inherent in the multifoliate subject of Norman Mailer, and he was destined as time passed to learn a great deal more. But by 1959 his remarkable sensitivity to the intricate telegraphies of status had already taught him this much: that to be taken seriously as a man and writer you do not *demand* the approval of the public, for this puts you in the position of appearing to feel arrogantly superior to them and insisting on what is rightfully your due. The far better way is to make the public feel superior to you by demonstrating how pathetic you have become in trying to win their approval and just how much their approval means to you. Furthermore, you could always count on good Americans to believe that recognition should come to those who have worked for it hard enough, and Mailer in *Advertisements* had explained with fine eloquence how terribly hard he had worked for it. If, as Leslie Fiedler once remarked, nothing succeeds for Americans like failure, it is equally true that confession of failure is not only cleansing to the soul but absolutely wonderful for one's public image.

Having apparently learned all this by 1959, Mailer went on to learn something even more essential to his future prosperity: how to make himself into the kind of writer who would finally neutralize through his work some of the mistrust and hostility he had generated through his public behavior. He achieved this in two ways. First, he began making much more direct use in his fiction of his own well-publicized obsessions and aberrations—his interest in the mystical properties of the orgasm in *The Time of Her Time*, the spiritually regenerative effects of wife-murder in *An American Dream*, the cathartic possibilities of the scatalogical in *Why Are We in Vietnam?*. This had the effect of dissociating these ideas from his public self and the essays and interviews in which he had first presented them as shockingly offensive personal interests, and giving them the safely general and objective quality of fictional themes. As such, they might still seem offensive, but at least they would be identified with his imaginary characters and no longer be taken as quite such literal evidence of his own moral corruption.

—*Wide World*

Norman Mailer and Muhammad Ali—the writer turned vices into "almost lovable virtues."

At the same time he was also discovering how to project in his work—primarily in the meta-journalism he began to write in the late Sixties—a self-image which became steadily more attractive, not so much because the things he described himself as saying and doing had suddenly ceased to seem outrageous, but because a new note of humor had come to characterize the description and to give it an air of ironic detachment and ambiguity that was both appealing and enormously effective as a tranquilizer of enemies. He was no longer the victim of his bludgeoning first-person delivery. Instead, Mailer became his own most derisive critic as he observed his various personae—an aging, hungover activist in Washington, "the reporter" in Miami and Chicago, Aquarius in Cape Kennedy and Houston—pass through the postures of acute embarrassment, ineptitude, braggadocio, affectation, and occasional wisdom, hamming it up for the gallery or putting down a rival, but always finally being put down hardest by himself. The traits displayed by these personae had long been fixtures of Mailer's public character, but when he had displayed them in that character they had earned him little more than hostility. Now the writer in him had found a way of using them as material, and in the process he turned his worst vices into almost lovable virtues. The early Mailer committed the one sin Americans can never forgive: he took himself seriously. As a journalist, he began to laugh at himself—an action we prize even more highly than failure.

In achieving these realignments Mailer can hardly be accused of cynicism. There is nothing to indicate that he was employing his skills as a politician, although they are recognized to be considerable. He seems rather to have passed into a new phase of personal and creative development in which he was able to engage himself and his material in fresh terms. By the late Sixties he had gained in wisdom as well as age, and he had also gained sufficient success to appease at least the larger hungers of his ego and give him a certain benevolent detachment. But that these things occurred at this particular time was immensely fortuitous, and so was the fact that he began just then to offer in his journalism a kind of material singularly appropriate to the historical moment and guaranteed to have a major impact particularly on the younger audience of the moment. It had been obvious for years to others, if not to Mailer, that if he expected, as he claimed, to have a revolutionary influence on the consciousness of the age, he would be unlikely to do so through the novel. The problem was not simply that his best talents were only erratically displayed in the novel, but that the form itself seemed inadequate to satisfy the needs of a generation who had grown to believe that the social realities of this world are far more important than imaginative fictions, and who were trying to relate to issues as the generation before them had tried to relate to ideas. Mailer's interests as a writer and those of his largest potential public thus nicely coincided, for it had been evident—perhaps even as far back as *The Naked and the Dead*—that

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his particular powers found their most intense stimulus in moments of social and political crisis, in apocalyptic confrontations between individuals and the massive forces of historical and institutional change. The march on the Pentagon, the riots in Chicago, the Presidential conventions of 1968 were all charged with apocalyptic portent. They were as beautifully suited to Mailer's temperament and style as if he had invented them himself—which, in fact, he might have done—and it so happened that all the seismic instruments agreed that these occasions demanded expression in precisely the form he and he alone could give them.

If he had come to envision himself as a symptomatic consciousness, mediating between his personal microhells and the major disasters of his age, he now had an audience desperately in need of someone on whom they could project their own more incoherent sense of being both agents and dupes of history, at once personally implicated in and collectively victimized by events. What they found in Mailer was a writer who could bring into focus the contradictory elements of this feeling, a spokesman able to express it in language and action more forcefully than they could or would have dared and, above all, a human being whom they could accept —as they had accepted no one since John Kennedy—for a hero because he epitomized in his humanness the ambiguities necessary to an acceptable heroism at that time. He was tough, brash, defiantly irreverent, a taker of unbelievable risks. But he was also—and openly admitted to being—vulnerable, uncertain, fearful of the impression he was making (on Robert Lowell, Dwight Macdonald, Eugene McCarthy, Sonny Liston), never completely convinced of the possibility that mere quaking guts might stand up to their monolithic self-possession.

Yet that exactly was the secret of Mailer's appeal, the very essence of his heroism, for he was guts at war with all his unmastered contradictions and fears, and he monitored them in battle with that deadly obsessiveness of the general who has never quite grown up to the courage of his command, brooding over the corpses of real men when he should have been figuring the cold statistics of killed and wounded. Such men as Lowell, Liston, and McCarthy might be great poets, fighters, and politicians, but they could not be heroes, at least not in this time and generation, because they were too complete as personages, at once too intact in their fortitude and too remote from their mortality. Mailer was like the early characters of Hemingway, and he would like to have thought that he was more than a little like Hemingway himself. He was all blustering defense mechanism, the hairy fist clutching the fragile rose, bravery earned at the expense of panic, a mass of insecurities constantly in need of the challenge that would force him into at least the appearance of strength. He thus dramatized the antithetical impulses that underlay the protest movement and the psychology of the young. He expressed their strong mistrust of the pieties of the establishment at the same time that he forced them to confront their own even more pompous pieties. He embodied their sense of self-importance and of insignificance, their faith and their cynicism, their desire to make the grand gesture and their intuition that the grand gesture would probably have slight effect on anyone, least of all the blind course of history. Mailer, in short, was the perfect absurd white knight of their mighty, absurd crusade—the quixotic figure of fun, nobility, pride, self-derisiveness, and absolute honesty for a generation that had nothing to offer but its indignation, its idealism, and its preposterous nerve.

But one saw that these same qualities that made Mailer so attractive to the younger readers of his journalism also helped to ingratiate him with older readers and even former enemies. That developing note of self-derisiveness which came to characterize his treatment of his various personae was accompanied by an increasing tendency to equivocate about issues and people he at one time most probably would have demolished. Practically every portrait he drew of public events and personalities could be seen to have a dimension of meliorating ambiguity. If he put down liberals, one also noticed that he put down conservatives. He might show irritation over the fact that Ralph Abernathy had kept the press waiting forty minutes in Miami. He might even use the occasion to deliver one of his most agonized and eloquent perorations on the whole oppressive phenomenon of Negro rights:

> . . . he [Mailer] was so heartily sick of listening to the tyranny of soul music, so bored with Negroes triumphantly late for appointments, so depressed with Black inhumanity to Black in Biafra, so weary of being sounded in the subway by Black eyes, so despairing of the smell of booze and pot and used-up hope in the blood-shot eyes of Negroes bombed at noon . . .

He might even acknowledge the presence in "some secret part of his flesh [of] a closet Republican," yet the confession clearly costs him something in "dread and woe." Its impact is softened if not canceled by his so evident guilt, and that, it turns out, is not his loss but his gain, for he has registered his heresy in the very breath of denouncing it, and so may be said to have had it both ways—to have put into words our most vicious buried hatreds but purged himself and us with the detergents of self-disgust.

In the same manner one also saw him in *Armies of the Night* open an attack on his peers, yet with a sure instinct

"It also comes in Banker's Gray."

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for the right one to destroy—Paul Goodman, lost to him anyway, but not Lowell, or Macdonald, who at that moment was known to be at work on a review of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* for *The New Yorker*. Again, it would be unfair to suggest that what has really happened to Mailer is that he has become a politician. Without doubt his vision has simply grown more dialectical, and he has found a way of dramatizing more completely his own intellectual and psychological contradictions. Nevertheless, one cannot deny that this often *appears* to be circumspection or that, deliberate or not, it has worked powerfully to his advantage. He now knows how little real profit there is in the self-indulgence of the direct attack, and how much potential risk. To allow oneself the exhilaration of trying with a single blow to kill off all one's literary competitors—as he very nearly succeeded in doing in "The Talent in the Room" and "Some Children of the Goddess"—is to take the chance of undermining one's whole campaign for the championship. Mailer did not dare to afford such luxuries now that he saw he had become the caretaker of a possibly major reputation and a talent for winning the large-scale approval he had fought for throughout his literary life.

The dangers for the public writer in achieving approval of this kind were all rehearsed for us in the sad example of Hemingway. Mailer began by envying Hemingway his reputation and, now that he has won something approaching its equivalent, he may be forced to suffer very similar consequences. If Hemingway finally found it more enjoyable to play at being the

(Continued on page 72)

WIT TWISTER #243

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

While lengthy sermons, — — — — —, may sound fine,
I'm — — — — — to recall one clear-cut line;
For like a — — — — —, which with time must wane,
The more you — — — — —, the lower ebbs my brain.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 81)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Fleeced

AS ONE OF THE "FLEECED LAMBS" of the stock market's recent boom-and-bust cycle, about all I get from John Brooks's frivolous review of *Fleecing the Lambs*, by Christopher Elias [*SR*, Oct. 16], is that Mr. Brooks is in complete agreement with Yellow Kid Weil (as played by the NYSE). The famous kid was often quoted as saying he never stole a dime from anyone who did not have larceny in his own heart. Mr. Brooks states it less succinctly but just as clearly: "When the stock market went bad a couple of years ago, people who lost money evidently developed an immense appetite for being told that it wasn't their greed or stupidity that was to blame, but rather that they had been cheated."

Being some strange hybrid of innocent lamb and greedy wolf, I listened to the lamb in me and believed I was simply making an investment. I had a few bucks to spare for the first time in a lifetime of work that had started at age eleven. I selected a well-known and reputable (it said there) brokerage firm.

I had a visit with an acquaintance who had several millions to play with, and casually mentioned my "investments." He told me, with a smile that might have been sympathy or contempt (or both) that he had been selling said stocks at that time, and there was more than a hint of having been urged to do so by members of the same brokerage house that was advising me to buy. Sure. I had larceny in my heart, wanting like maybe 6 per cent return and assurance I could get my money back if things got tough. Stupid? Sure. When will the insiders who unloaded on me start picking the same stuff up at flea-market prices, to start it all over again?

GLENN B. MEAGHER,
Fairfax, Calif.

Children's Lib

NED O'GORMAN'S rigorous analysis of *Children's Rights* [*SR*, Oct. 23] confirms what my own recent teaching experience in the inner city made insistently clear: namely though the assertion of student rights in public schools has only just begun, its actual and potential effects pose very basic questions about educational philosophy.

The already well-established principle that children have most of the same rights that adults have traditionally exercised will easily justify, for example, the extension of "due process" to the most routine disciplinary matters in schools and "equal protection" to the most trivial matters in learning resources and daily practices. Moreover, the liberation movement among youth ("I have the right to do my own thing") will increasingly challenge such traditional educational policies as required courses and mandatory attendance by students.

In fact, given the great interest of such groups as the American Civil Liberties Union in extending human freedoms, one is surprised that it has not yet challenged in our courts the constitutionality of compulsory school attendance laws, since such laws, in effect, provide for no less than the mandatory institutionalizing of people for the greater part of their youth. One could hardly cite any more outrageous infringement of civil rights.

MELVIN HOKE,
Minneapolis, Minn.

NED O'GORMAN HARPS on the bad writing in *Children's Rights*, but all of the quotations he gives are clearer than much of his own presumably well-expressed thinking. "Better they [children] stumble over some 'worn-out traditions' and stylish grandmothers than swim free through the blighted, amoral exuberance of Nan Berger's utopia." Swimming through the exuberance of utopia is bad enough without the chlorification of the muddy waters with the septic "stylish grandmothers."

More disturbing than such horrors as this, however, is the juxtaposition of the flat statement "Children simply are not persons" with the admonition in the final sentence "We must build now a philosophy and a theology, a science and an esthetic of childhood that would try to see a child as holy, wise, fragile, pure." Anyone who is all of these things is not only a person, but a beautiful person, so long as we can warn him about our own up-to-now unholy, unwise, too fragile, and impure philosophy, theology, science, and esthetics.

FARRELL L. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Richmond, Calif.

WHAT A REFRESHING, if revolutionary attitude Ned O'Gorman displays! Our children, whose education was routed through a beleaguered urban system, have learned in spite of boycotts for "freedom" and cafeteria riots for "rights." They would agree with O'Gorman.

Tell O'Gorman: Write on!

JEAN LINTON,
Milwaukee, Wis.

THREE CHEERS TO NED O'GORMAN. Few people dare take a stand for "order, manners, style, silence, discipline, cleanliness, and responsible authority." In fact, to put together so many dirty words in one paragraph is nothing less than heroic.

MARGARET REA,
Hillman, Mich.

MR. O'GORMAN SEEMED RATHER HORRIFIED that children and teenagers might have sexual feelings that they need to express. Since Mr. O'Gorman disapproves of masturbation and premarital sex, how does he suggest they handle their sexual feelings? Suppression? Early marriage? This is a subject that could use more debate and creative thinking, not less.

CHAREN STEEGE,
Elmhurst, Ill.

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Neruda Laureate

by ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

One day in 1950 Pablo Neruda, exiled communist senator from Chile, was gratified to reflect that on winning the second Stalin Prize for Literature a year after its creation he had been certified as a pioneer "in the defense of peace." He probably reflected at the same moment that this would rule out his ever receiving a Nobel Prize, for it was unthinkable then that one could be given both, a feat never accomplished until Mikhail Sholokhov was to pull it off in 1965.

This award of the Stalin (now Lenin) Prize of twenty-one years ago seemed until last month won at perhaps too costly a price. For example, a prestigious anthology of Ibero-American poets sponsored by UNESCO in 1956 ostracized Neruda from the 131 poets represented. Neruda's Stalinism explains why the secretary of the Swedish Academy admitted that the new laureate was to many "debatable, not to say questionable." For, even as Stalinism was being discredited and others were jumping ship, Neruda continued to serve as its propagandist-laureate, turning his wrath not only against fascism but at what we were too complacently calling "the free world." His prime target after Franco Spain was the United States. The vituperation in Neruda's attacks against America made those leveled earlier by José Martí and Rubén Darío anodyne by comparison. *Las uvas y el viento* of 1954 versifies every cliché of the Politburo. In one poem alone (xii-2) the USA demolishes Nicaragua, steals Texas, humiliates Valparaiso, slits the throat of Puerto Rico, napalms Korea, and so on. His *Poesía política* of this period (the trend had visibly started in 1947) arraigns United Fruit, Standard Oil, the Grace Line, Anaconda Copper, and America's acceptance of dictators like González Videla, who exiled Neruda.

There are two objections to this political phase of his work. Granted the many errors of our own diplomacy, the first objection is that it is simply not poetry, but rhetoric and propaganda, which is why another Nobel-winning exile, Juan Ramón Jiménez, called Neruda "a great bad poet." The other objection is that the alternative Neruda offered humanity was Stalinism, Maoism, and the satellite regimes, all of which won his uncritical praise. Naturally these sycophantic pages inspired reciprocated plaudits from those critics whom he, in a moment of candor, characterized as "coiled in the forehead of Marx or thrashing about in his whiskers."

—*Camera Press-Pix*

Pablo Neruda—"bad Marxist verses were more help than hindrance."

Before speculating on how this political poetry affected his chances for the Nobel Prize, and patently it merely postponed rather than disqualified him, one must acknowledge the truly great qualities of Neruda's nonpolitical muse. His sincere poems on love, anguish, nature, everyday experience, hopes for man, and a vast repertory of themes growing out of both perception and meditation have by now garnered wider acclaim than those of Chile's other Nobel laureate, the late Gabriela Mistral. He has often been called the Lorca or Alberti of Spanish America, and indeed Lorca coined a compliment that goes far to capture the dominant spontaneity and sensitivity of Neruda's nonpolitical verse: "a poet nearer death than philosophy, a real man who knows that the reed and the swallow are more immortal than the hard cheek of a statue."

Pablo Neruda's early *Twenty Love Poems: And a Song of Despair* (1924) established him at the outset as a frank, sensuous spokesman for love, as superb as his friend and fellow-communist Aragon. Later works, more complicated, show him adopting techniques of hermeticism, surrealism, and expressionism—none of which triumphed but all of which left their mark. After love, the vein of nature was the one that Neruda treated with the greatest mastery, especially when turning to the primitive aspects of the Chilean landscape. His inspired verses

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS wrote the introduction to *The Nobel Prize Reader* (Popular Living Classics Library).

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on the ruined Inca city of Machu Picchu attain epic heights:

Tall city of stepped stone,
home at long last of whatever earth
had never hidden in her sleeping clothes.
In you two lineages that had run parallel
met where the cradle both of man and
light
rocked in a wind of thorns.
Mother of stone and sperm of condors.
High reef of the human dawn.
—*Translation by Nathaniel Tarn*

Granted the greatness of much of Neruda's verse dating from the Twenties, why then was 1971 chosen as the auspicious year for the Nobel? Stockholm gossip had it that Neruda's new prestige as Chilean ambassador to France finally wiped out memories of his past Stalinism. Other voices ironically claimed that after so long a wait the inevitable might as well be faced now. Further, born in 1904, Neruda had almost reached the senescence which the conservative Nobel jurors prefer in their candidates.

A more plausible reason is not hard to discern if one studies the history of the Nobel Prize. First of all, one can justifiably define much of Neruda's humanitarian (as opposed to Marxist) poetry by the formula upon which Alfred Nobel insisted: "distinguished works of idealistic tendency." Beyond that is the fact that Stockholm has consistently in recent years manipulated the prizes in such a way as to embarrass the trouble-making nations in the world community. It attacked Hitler through occupied Denmark's laureate Johannes Jensen, Stalin through Finland's Frans Sillanpää, Bulganin and Khrushchev through Boris Pasternak, Franco through the aforementioned Juan Ramón Jiménez and, last year, Brezhnev through Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Although Neruda has in recent years made conciliating gestures toward America and Americans, he remains a long-term critic of our policies in Asia, where he resided for five years. Scandinavia, haven for war objectors, including our own youth, has been consistently vocal about the United States foreign policies that grate on Neruda, in Spain and South America as well as in Asia. Indeed, to the Latin American mind the very wording of this award contains a subtle indictment of the Colossus of the North: "For poetry that with the action of an elemental force brings alive a continent's destiny and dreams." One may safely theorize that Neruda's bad Marxist verses were more help than hindrance in supporting his more legitimate claim as a major world poet eligible for this $90,000 prize.

Six years ago I wrote in these pages (*SR*, Dec. 4, 1965): "Just as the Swedish Academy has avoided giving the prize to belligerent nations in the past . . . European disapproval of our military action in Vietnam will deprive us of Nobel Prizes in literature and peace until we shake off the image of aggressor the United States has abroad." This prediction still holds.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AS THROUGH A GLASS

Some of these scenes are viewed from inside a window, some from outside. Elizabeth Steele of Toledo, Ohio, asks you to identify the author of the work in which each observation occurs. Correct answers may be glimpsed on page 98.

1. A bond salesman spies on a hit-and-run driver and her husband at a supper of chicken and ale. ( )
2. A youth watches two lesbians sporting in the parlor of a country house. ( )
3. A sleepy middle-aged man spots some energetic animals on his roof. ( )
4. Beneath the surface of the sea a captain grimly watches the sinking of a man-of-war. ( )
5. Husband and wife console themselves gazing out together at the calm sea and the moonlight. ( )
6. Through "red-litten" palace casements, passers-by view vast forms moving fantastically. ( )
7. Villagers gaze while a shopkeeper bound for a party is carried off on a runaway horse. ( )
8. Assorted animals behold a girl nearly as big as the house in which she is stuck. ( )
9. A young Italian watches a beautiful girl tending poisonous flowers. ( )
10. Imprisoned cousins peer out longingly at a girl whose blonde hair is a yard long. ( )

a. Matthew Arnold
b. Lewis Carroll
c. Geoffrey Chaucer
d. William Cowper
e. F. Scott Fitzgerald
f. Nathaniel Hawthorne
g. Clement C. Moore
h. Edgar Allan Poe
i. Marcel Proust
j. Jules Verne

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STOLEN APPLES:
Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko

With English adaptations by James Dickey, Geoffrey Dutton, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Anthony Kahn, Stanley Kunitz, George Reavey, John Updike, Richard Wilbur

Doubleday, 328 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Elena Levin

■ Yevgeny Yevtushenko was twenty-three years old when he burst into public awareness with the magazine publication of a long autobiographical poem, "Zima Junction," dealing with his childhood in Siberia and his return there during the post-Stalin years. It was indeed a new voice telling of experiences shared and understood by many, in a vivid flexible verse, direct, sincere, affecting. After a long winter of discontent during the Stalinist period, when such personal expression was practically nonexistent, the work had an immediate impact. Other poems and books followed in quick succession, all displaying acrobatic verbal facility and great sense of urgency. If the verse was often imitative, it was so with open acknowledgment by Yevtushenko of his indebtedness to his masters, Pushkin, Blok, Mayakovsky, Pasternak; if it was at times immature and naïve, the poetry called with youthful ardor for sincerity and honesty, for faith in human decency, and—on the political front—for brotherhood among nations and aversion to war. Yevtushenko's "poetic" appearance, good voice, and ultra-theatrical delivery contributed to his success as a reader of his own work.

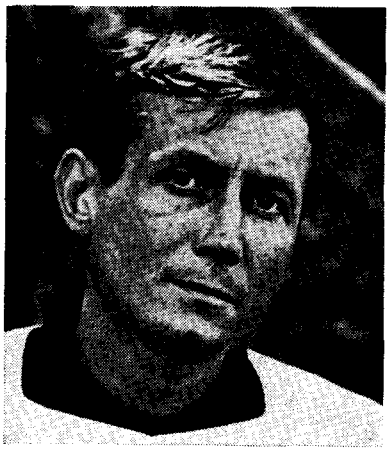
In 1961 a public reading of "Babi Yar," a deeply felt statement of revulsion against anti-Semitism and of identification with suffering humanity, caused a great stir. "Heirs of Stalin," a warning that the dictator's influence was not completely eradicated, was printed in *Pravda* in 1962, again creating a sensation. In the early Sixties Yevtushenko traveled in Germany and France, reading his poems before spellbound, if baffled, audiences. A need to explain himself and his generation to this so warmly disposed but uncomprehending West led him to publish in France a short autobiographical essay that had not appeared in the USSR nor been approved for publication abroad. It was an act of daring which incurred disapproval in Soviet ruling literary circles. The brutal attacks in 1958 on Boris Pasternak still reverberated; Yevtushenko should have heeded them.

The need for communication with the West has been acutely felt by Russian poets, and has often led to trouble. Pasternak longed for it when he wrote his autobiography, *The Safe Conduct*, though he achieved it, disastrously, only with *Doctor Zhivago*. Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel paid a bitter price when their despairingly negative works reached the West, a few years after Yevtushenko's appearance in Western print. His saving grace has always been that his message, in the final accounting, is faith in the ultimate victory of communism. Nevertheless, Yevtushenko's tour was terminated, and for a time he was subjected to severe criticism. A suggestion was made—and followed—that he travel inland, to Siberia, to refuel.

Before too long, his quickly maturing talent, together with a certain political elasticity, surmounted Yevtushenko's restrictions. His verse became metaphorical and allegorical. "Pitching and Rolling" talks about survival in tumultuous times when "all instructions shatter—all the portraits smash to hell." In "Wounded Bird" he sees himself as a wounded drake being restored by contact with his native river; in the poem that gave the title to his recent collection, *The Communication Boat*, Yevtushenko thinks of himself as a boat bringing mail to the towns of the far North, cutting through the ice before the season for navigation opens.

In 1965 a long and complex poem, "The Bratsk Hydro-Electric Station," appeared in the magazine *Yunost'* (*Youth*). A great advance over his previous work, it was, in effect, another version of Yevtushenko's *Autobiography*. The poem identified the sources of his inspiration and traced the development of his political, social, and poetical awareness. It stated his poetic aim—to be a conscience for his generation. Some excerpts from the work, notably "Mayakovsky," which Yevtushenko read in public with an electrifying effect in 1964, were familiar before publication. When the poem appeared in book form, however, it was prefaced by a laconic statement that "the author took into account the wishes of his readers and made a number of corrections in his poem." Some of these were omissions. A comparison of his texts with original magazine publications and with the texts that were printed abroad not infrequently shows deletions of individual lines, or paragraphs, or poems. Thus the record of his writing made abroad assumes a special importance and even responsibility.

It is questionable whether the present volume is equal to this burden. To some extent, the author himself is to blame. With his engaging flair for self-advertising, Yevtushenko, acting as his own impresario, conceived of addressing a request to "some of the very best poets writing in English today" to translate some poems for his forthcoming collection, promising them in return to translate some of their poems. This idealized version of back-scratching appealed to the poetic brotherhood. But let us not be cynical. Poets are a generous breed and, besides, when one's own inspiration lags, one is legitimately enriched by absorbing another poet's experience. Individual examples of adaptations that became great poetic reincarnations are familiar to all. It is indeed a pleasant idea to be interpreted in another language by its best practitioners. Andrei Voznesensky was accorded this treatment a few years ago, prompting the wife of the Slavic literature authority Victor Erlich to re-



Yevtushenko—verbal pyrotechnics . . . and rhythmical subtleties.

YEVTUSHENKO IN TRANSLATION

Yevtushenko: Selected Poems, translated by Peter Levi and Robin Milner-Gulland (Penguin, 1962)

A Precocious Autobiography, translated by Andrew MacAndrew (Dutton, 1967)

The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko (Bilingual edition), translated by George Reavey (October House, 1967)

The New Russian Poets, 1953-1968 (Bilingual edition), translated by George Reavey (October House, 1968)

Yevtushenko Poems (Bilingual edition), translated by Herbert Marshall (Dutton, 1966)

The Bratsk Station and Other Poems, translated by Tina Tupikina-Glaessner, *et al.* (Praeger, 1967; Anchor, 1967)

Poems Chosen by the Author (Bilingual edition), translated by Peter Levi and Robin Milner-Gulland (Hill & Wang, 1971)

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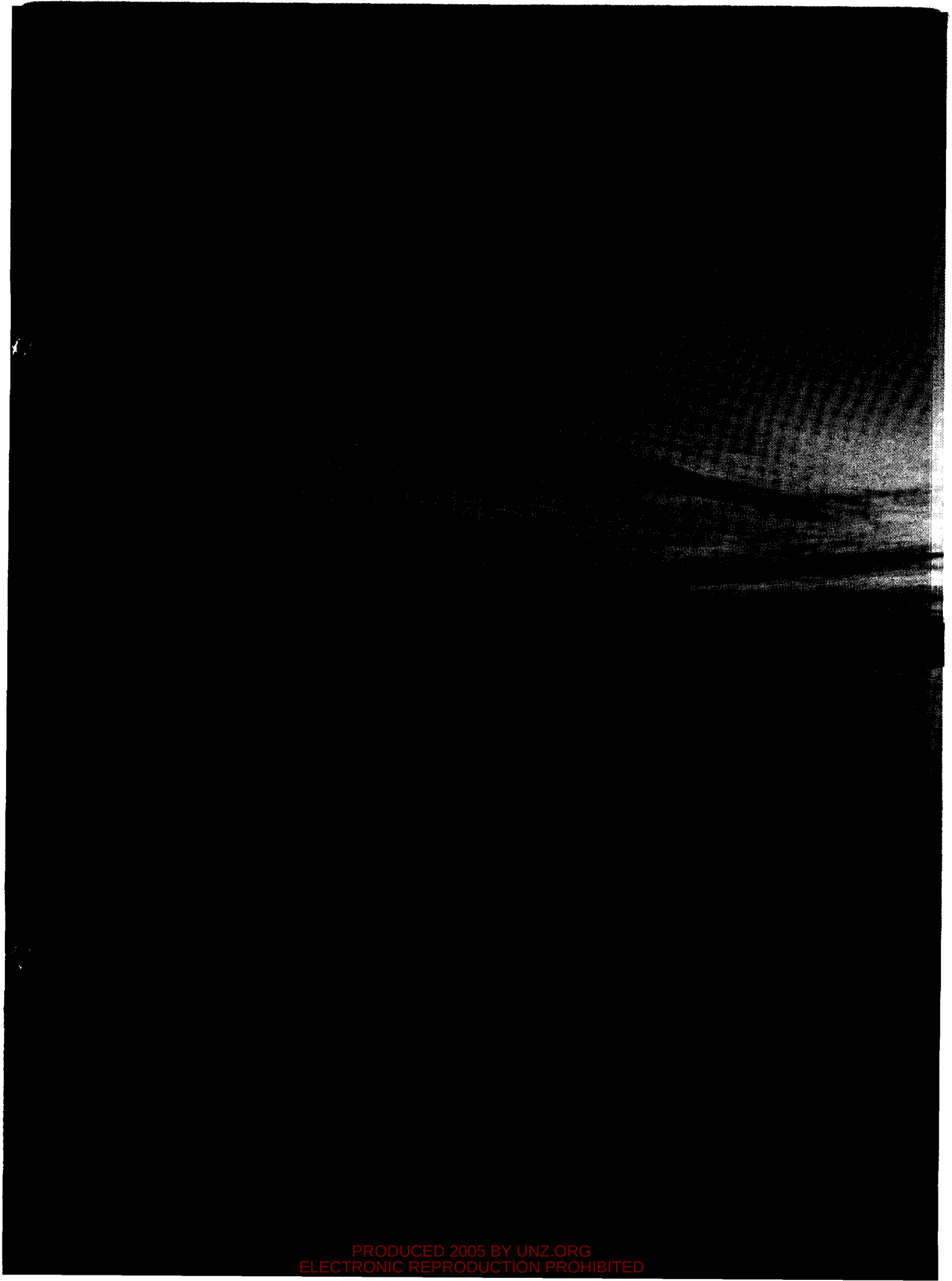

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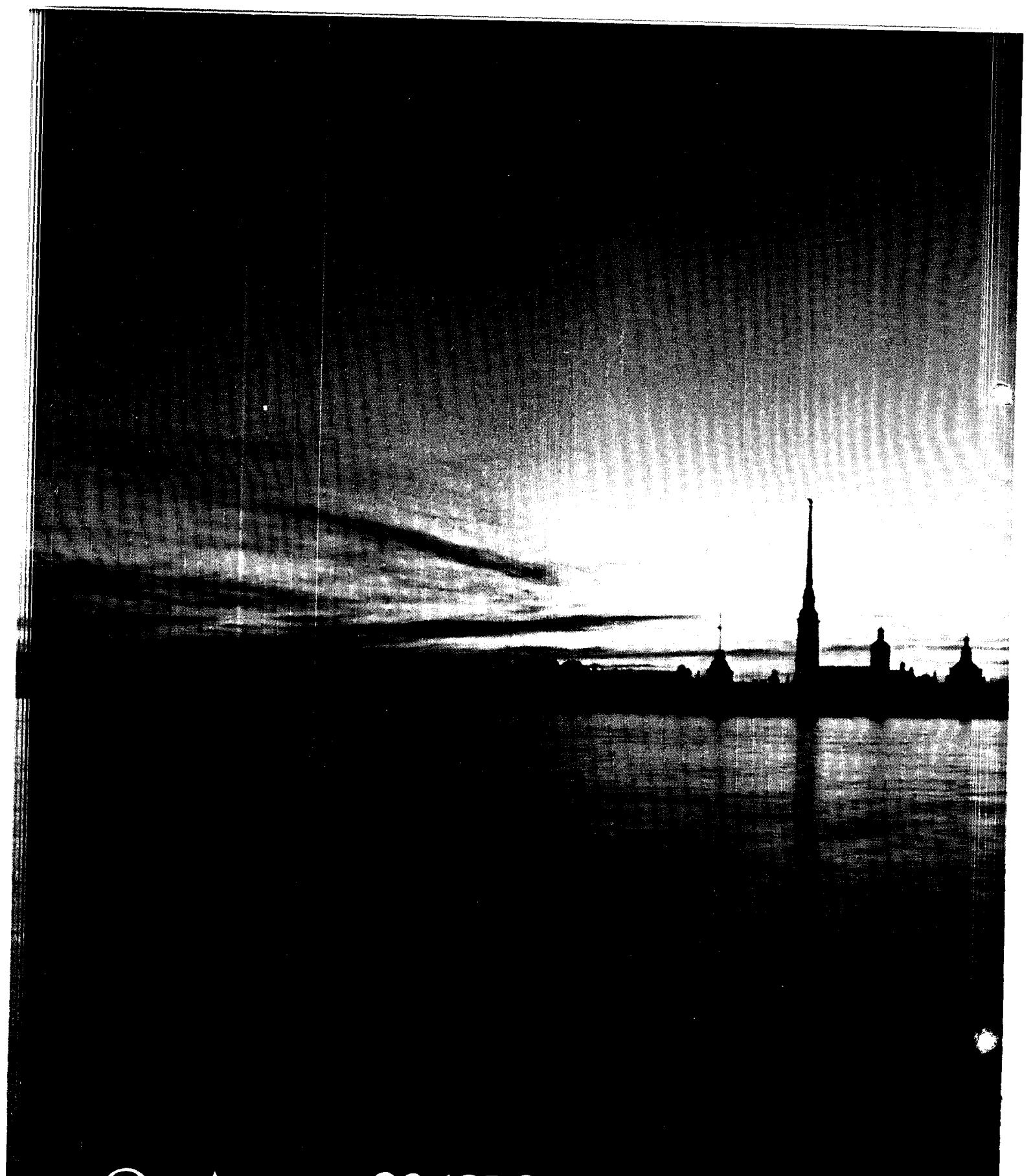

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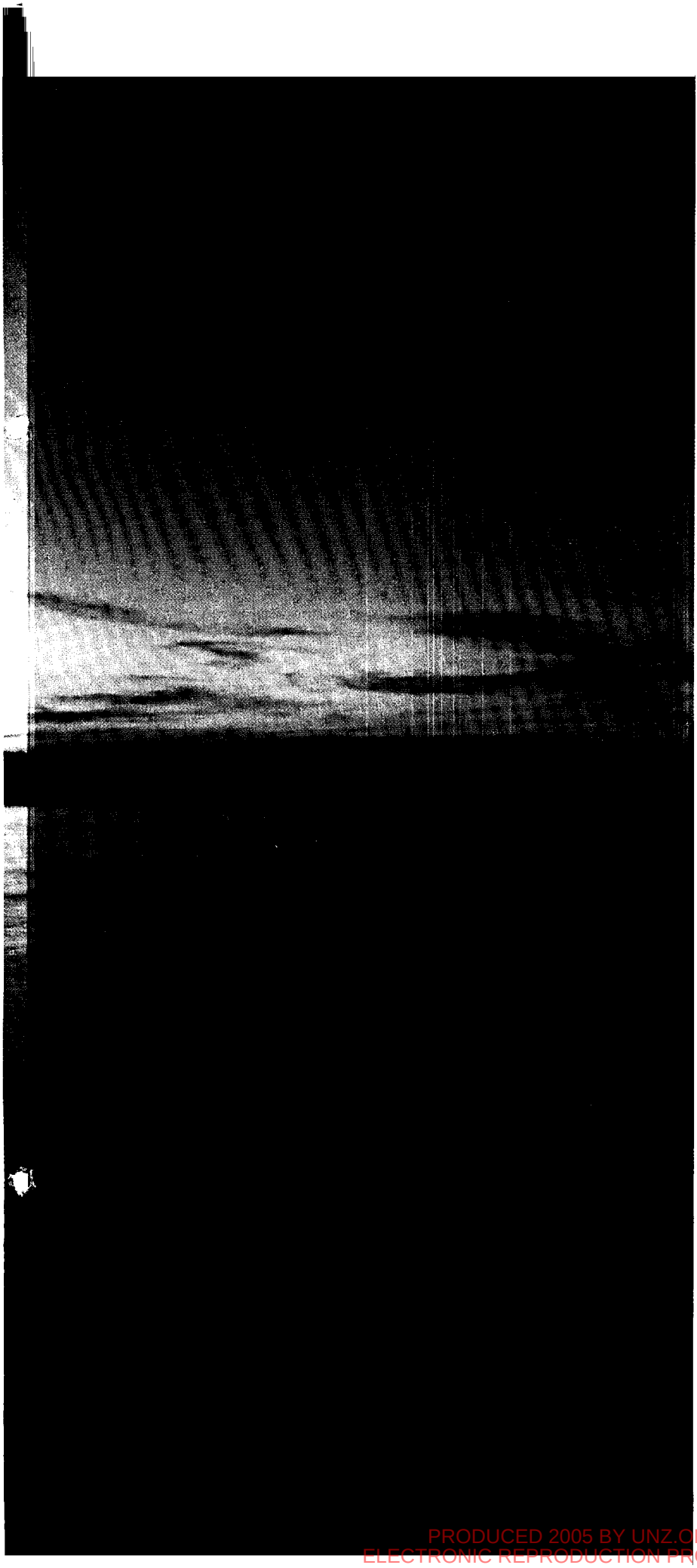

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On to Lisbon we'll sail, to feel the power of a mournful *fado*, a kind of Portuguese flamenco, sung all night in some dim cafe.

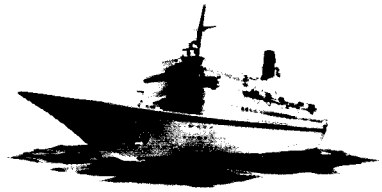
And to Funchal, Madeira, with time to soak up sun on a tropical island, right where there shouldn't *be* a tropical island.

And if that's not enough, we'll throw in fancy land excursions, too. In every single port. Like an optional visit to Moscow, where you can ride the worlds' most glamourous subway. And get a good, full-length look at the Russian people.

But face it, any cruise that combines all these lovely capitals is something you might like to join.

Not just dream about.

Royal Viking Russia/Europe Cruise: Departs August 19, 1972 from Copenhagen to New York via Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Kiel Canal, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Southampton, Lisbon, Funchal and New York. 26 days. Flexible air/sea packages will be available. For more Royal Viking Line information, including our whole world cruise schedule, turn the page.



ROYAL VIKING LINE

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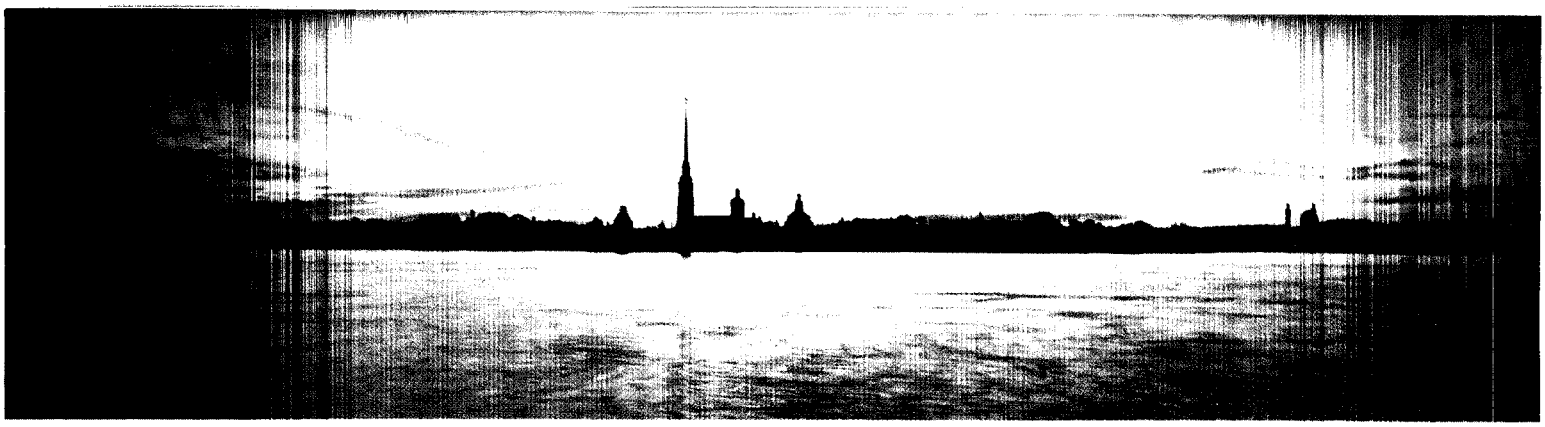

When will the Royal Vikings sail?
The Royal Viking *Star*, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape. Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

Where will they sail from? And where will they go?
Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises from Copenhagen: one to Norway's outpost at the top of the world. The second even farther north to Spitsbergen...both the land of the midnight sun! Sights to see at sea: heartstopping fjords, glittering glaciers, millions of arctic birds, walrus, seal, polar bear, and the like. We'll cruise the loveliest fjords, stop at the most scenic towns and, in sum, show you the midnight sun as it's never been seen before!
Each cruise is for 14 days, July 21, 1972 and August 4, 1972.

2. Russia/Europe...a capital idea: the Royal Viking Star visits the most fascinating capitals in Europe! Like legendary Leningrad...an optional excursion to Moscow...Stockholm, Amsterdam, London... romantic Lisbon! And, at journey's end...the Vikings discover America—all over again.
26 days, departing Copenhagen, August 19, 1972, to New York.

3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun.
35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco...the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one!
21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale, October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace...Caracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch...and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure!
32 days, departing Los Angeles, November 10, 1972 and San Francisco, November 12, 1972, and return.

6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea... and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"!
4 days, departing San Francisco, December 14, 1972 and return.

7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood!
16 days, departing San Francisco, December 18, 1972 and Los Angeles, December 19, 1972, and return.

8. South Seas Cruise...lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Throw in a stop in Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!
46 days, departing Los Angeles, January 2, 1973 and San Francisco, January 4, 1973, and return.

9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: The same lovely South Pacific ports, then on to Bali, Hong Kong, Singapore, Japan...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all.
66 days, departing Los Angeles, February 18, 1973 and San Francisco, February 20, 1973, and return.

10. Caribbean/Europe...A long, leisurely look at some of our world's most romantic places! Just listen to the names: Acapulco, Montego Bay, Nassau, Madeira, Lisbon, Southampton, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen...it's like seeing three worlds at once!
37 days, departing San Francisco, April 28, 1973, Los Angeles, April 29, 1973 and Ft. Lauderdale, May 15, 1973, to Copenhagen.

What about sea/air and fly-cruise combinations?
You name them, we'll have them for practically every cruise we've shown above.

What do the Royal Vikings cost?
They cost us over $70 million. But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only $65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

How many staterooms in all?
289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 211 doubles, 39 singles. Rooms aplenty for 539 adventurers, all in lower beds. And 94% can see the sea. And 58 rooms convert, via connecting doors, into *two*-bedroom staterooms.

What are the staterooms like? And the public rooms?
Fantastic. Every room has: built-in bar, closed circuit TV, installed or available, private phone, shower and/or tub, and Scandinavian furnishings. The public rooms: like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design; a posh lounge, spacious dining room, a nifty night spot for skål...or rock and roll! A sky bar, boutiques, cinema, a seagoing gym! Even a Viking-style sauna. And outside, a dance floor, tennis courts, and heated pool.
And the crew includes tempermental chefs, a tactful maitre d'hotel, discrete attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian*, through and through.

How do I book Royal Viking?
Just see your travel agent. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California, and Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

To: Cruise Consultant
Royal Viking Line
Department A-36
One Embarcadero Center
San Francisco, CA 94111

ROYAL VIKING LINE

The Vikings intrigue me. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and folders on these cruises: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent's name is _____

All Royal Viking Line vessels will be of Norwegian registry. And spirit.

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mark that "his poetry loses a great deal in the original."

But there are pitfalls inherent in this method. According to a Russian proverb, a child with seven nurses is left without care. The absence of unified concern leaves *Stolen Apples* totally fragmented. Most of the translators, having no knowledge of Russian, had to rely on "native informants" for line-by-line trots. Naturally, all the verbal pyrotechnics, humor implicit in rhyming, and rhythmical subtleties eluded them. The Americans were asked to choose only the poems they liked, and, with almost comical success, they selected those closest to their own poetic idiom. Yevtushenko gets a bit lost in James Dickey's colloquialisms, John Updike's novelistic concreteness, Richard Wilbur's precise grace, or Lawrence Ferlinghetti's civic sense. Not that he does not have those qualities—he does—but here they cease to be his own.

Although the collection offers poems written between 1958 and 1970, some of the most important poems are not included, and it is not clear whether this is because none of these very best poets liked them well enough, or because Yevtushenko wanted to avoid duplication with previously translated work—a hypothesis not really in character. The book has no valid introduction and no notes. The dates and places of original publication accompany only the badly proofread Russian text appended, and thus are inaccessible to the English-speaking reader. In some cases they are omitted, creating an erroneous impression (which Yevtushenko must have been at pains to avoid) that they are offered here for the first time. The curious disregard for previously published translations is apparent from the incomplete listing, which ignores, among other titles, George Reavey's *The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko* with its valuable introduction—even though Reavey is represented in the present volume—and from the mistransliteration of the name of R. R. Milner-Gulland, which betrays total ignorance of this translator.

The difficulties of translation are more than skin-deep. There is that vexing need for a knowledge of the subtext. In Anthony Kahn's translation of Yevtushenko's prefatory essay, "Being Famous Isn't Pretty," it has not been conveyed to the reader that Pasternak's poem opening with this line and written in the wake of *Doctor Zhivago* is the constant frame of reference for Yevtushenko's own solution of the problem of facing his praisers and abusers. Dickey's strongly colloquial translations are quite successful when he does not have to deal with subtextual meanings. But in the poem "Poetry Gives Off Smoke," with its mistranslated epigraph from Pushkin the problem of making the reader aware that Yevtushenko is paraphrasing into the Mayakovsky manner Pushkin's famous poem on poetic calling was either beyond him, or—I suspect—not even recognized as existing.

Ferlinghetti falls into the same trap in translating "On the Question of Freedom," where the last lines are a take-off on Pushkin's lines in "*Exegi monumentum*" ("In my cruel age I have glorified freedom"), Yevtushenko saying between the lines that he is ready to assume Pushkin's mantle, in determination if not in genius. Updike did not have to face such difficulties, and his versions are urbane and witty, if occasionally marred by use of a wrong word ("birds" for "stars," "dogs" for "deer") either through excess of urbanity or a simple inattention to the text. Especially successful is "Smog," a nightmare in a hotel room in which very best American poets appear as phantoms. Wilbur gives a flowing and remarkably accurate version of a poem from the Italian cycle. Reavey doggedly attacks an interminably long poem from the same group. One cannot help but respect Stanley Kunitz's rather pedestrian renderings (although he tackles some of the most fragile poems) because of his regard for the originals and his refusal to impose his own personality on them. The great offender in this respect is Kahn, whose arrogant adaptation of a poem on Akhmatova is so capriciously inaccurate as to make one of Yevtushenko's best poems almost meaningless.

If this collective effort is a failure in certain respects, it is fascinating in others. Additional translations from Yevtushenko might help to reduce the gap between the poet and the English-speaking public.

Elena Levin, who translated "Trotsky's Diary in Exile," has taught Russian at MIT and Radcliffe.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR:
The Complete Stories

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 555 pp., $10

THE MORTGAGED HEART:
The Previously Uncollected Writings of Carson McCullers

edited by Margarita G. Smith

Houghton Mifflin, 294 pp., $7.95

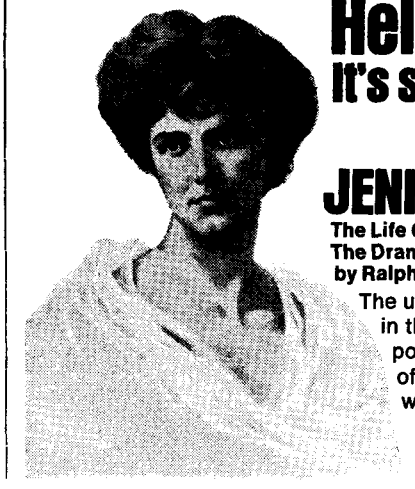
Reviewed by Thomas A. Gullason

■ The remarkable Southern Literary Renascence, which had its beginnings in the 1920s with such writers as William Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe, is still flourishing. This continual stream of creative activity suggests that W. J. Cash's playful comment in his classic study, *The Mind of the South* (1941), contains some truth: ". . . anybody who fired off a gun in the region was practically certain to kill an author."

Two more recent contributors to this literary movement were the Georgians Flannery O'Connor and Carson McCullers. Both were precocious talents; both were university trained (Flannery O'Connor studied under Paul Engle at the University of Iowa, and Carson McCullers under Sylvia Chatfield Bates at NYU). Both died tragically in, respectively, 1964 and 1967 at the ages of thirty-nine and forty-nine. Both, even now, have yet to overcome the biases and misunderstanding of numerous critics and readers, who find the modern Southern writer cruel and decadent, haunted by primitive grotesqueries and violence.

Of the two volumes under review, Flannery O'Connor's is the more important. It includes thirty-one stories, twelve of which appear in book form for the first time. Here intact is Miss O'Connor's master's thesis, *The Geranium* (1947), a collection of six stories. Generally, these early efforts are one-dimensional tales, and they only pe-

(Continued on page 63)



Hello, Jennie!
It's so nice to have you back...

JENNIE, Volume II
The Life Of Lady Randolph Churchill
The Dramatic Years, 1895-1921
by Ralph G. Martin

The unrivalled queen of the bestseller lists returns in this long-awaited second volume—an intimate portrait filled with the roamings and romances of the lady who "could have governed the world," the brilliant, mature Lady Churchill.

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Turning on Parent Power

by SOPHIE C. SILBERBERG

This column is addressed to frustrated parents—parents who believe a child's books are an important part of the home environment, but have difficulty finding the wonderful ones reviewed here and elsewhere. Regular readers of this section know that, along with the beloved and deservedly popular titles of yesteryear, there is an ever growing list of contemporary children's books that are directly attuned to the world in which our young people are growing up.

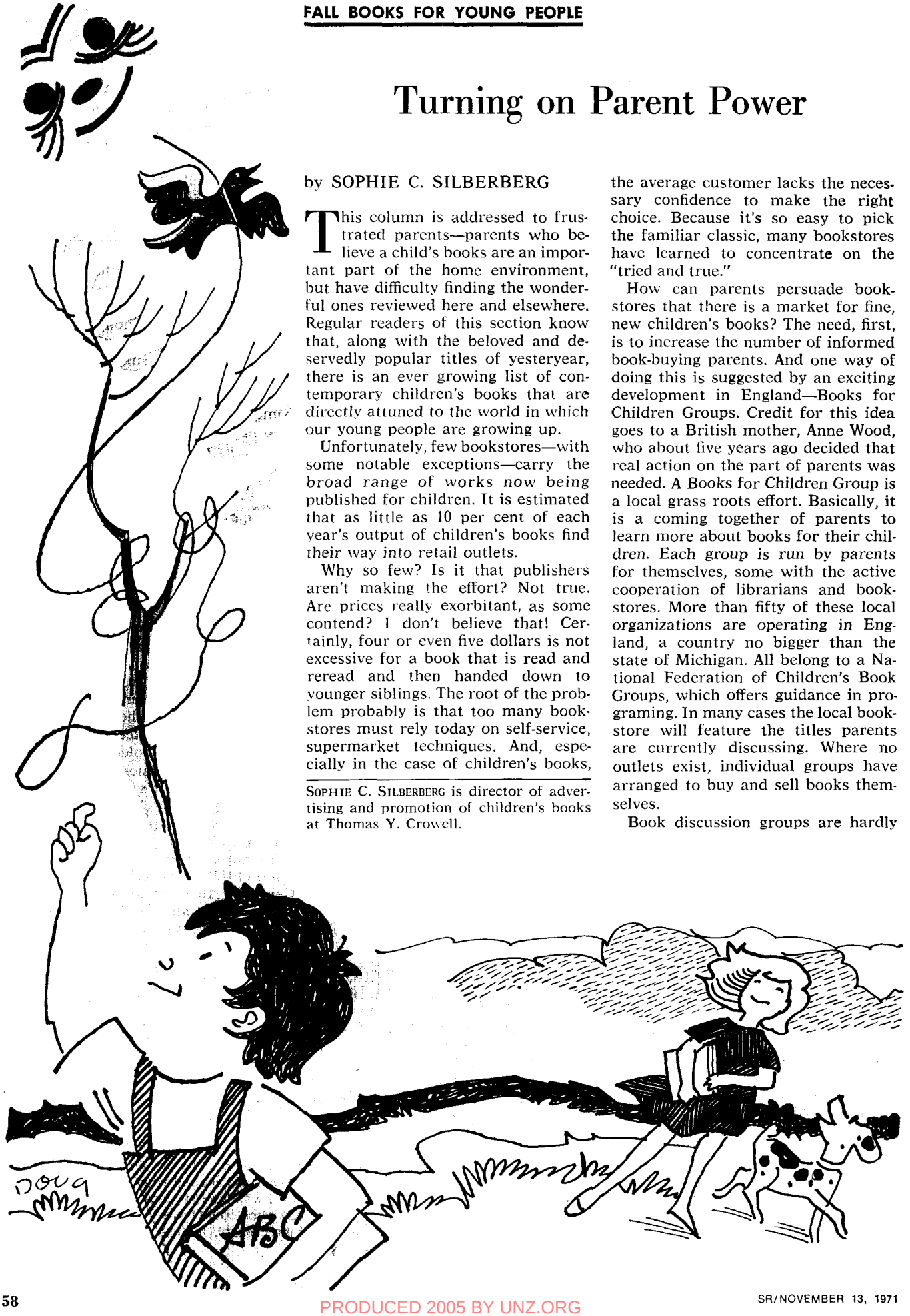
Unfortunately, few bookstores—with some notable exceptions—carry the broad range of works now being published for children. It is estimated that as little as 10 per cent of each year's output of children's books find their way into retail outlets.

Why so few? Is it that publishers aren't making the effort? Not true. Are prices really exorbitant, as some contend? I don't believe that! Certainly, four or even five dollars is not excessive for a book that is read and reread and then handed down to younger siblings. The root of the problem probably is that too many bookstores must rely today on self-service, supermarket techniques. And, especially in the case of children's books, the average customer lacks the necessary confidence to make the right choice. Because it's so easy to pick the familiar classic, many bookstores have learned to concentrate on the "tried and true."

How can parents persuade bookstores that there is a market for fine, new children's books? The need, first, is to increase the number of informed book-buying parents. And one way of doing this is suggested by an exciting development in England—Books for Children Groups. Credit for this idea goes to a British mother, Anne Wood, who about five years ago decided that real action on the part of parents was needed. A Books for Children Group is a local grass roots effort. Basically, it is a coming together of parents to learn more about books for their children. Each group is run by parents for themselves, some with the active cooperation of librarians and bookstores. More than fifty of these local organizations are operating in England, a country no bigger than the state of Michigan. All belong to a National Federation of Children's Book Groups, which offers guidance in programing. In many cases the local bookstore will feature the titles parents are currently discussing. Where no outlets exist, individual groups have arranged to buy and sell books themselves.

Book discussion groups are hardly

SOPHIE C. SILBERBERG is director of advertising and promotion of children's books at Thomas Y. Crowell.



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unknown in this country. But not many are devoted primarily to books for children. How constructive it would be to apply good American organizational know-how to informed discussions of the use of books in the home. Help in getting started is not difficult to find. A suggested list of books for reading aloud or for specific ages is a good beginning. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers and the American Library Association have prepared one entitled "Let's Read Together: Books for Family Enjoyment." Most public libraries have excellent lists of their own.

Your neighborhood librarian or bookseller is a good source of information about such lists and many others that are available. All that is needed is one "self-starter" in a given area, a person with the zeal to get a group rolling.

"More Books for the Home" was the slogan for the very first Children's Book Week in November 1919. And each year since, considerable effort has been made to develop a timely catch phrase that will bring children and books together. "Read-In '71" heralds Book Week this year. But, no matter how it is phrased, the subliminal message is still "More Books for the Home."

---

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Nobody Asked *Me* If I Wanted a Baby Sister. *Written and illustrated by Martha Alexander. Dial. 32 pp. $3.50.* The dethroned child who succumbs to a new baby, when it is clear that the infant appreciates his charm, is not a brand new plot, but the tale has never been more engagingly related than here. Irritated by all the attention Baby Bonnie is getting, Oliver packs her into his wagon and trundles off to see if he can give her away. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finds a mother of five who wants to cuddle Bonnie—who has been amiably beaming at all comers. Bonnie, however, screams angrily until her brother walks over; then she is all smiles again. Oliver realizes that perhaps a future with his baby sister in it has some promise after all. Deft little drawings enrich a sweet little story. Ages 3-6.

If I Built a Village. *Written and illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Crowell. 32 pp. $4.50.* Delicate watercolors and ink-and-wash drawings combine with a simple text to express both a sense of order and a love of wild creatures in a book that is not really a story but a vision of a world in which beauty and kindness prevail: "If I built a town/ In the valleys/ Around the lakes/ Beside the forests,/ I would leave the jumping mice/ Sound asleep/ In their nests,/ Deep under the frosted valley,/ Until the spring melts the ice." Ages 4-6.

Theodore's Rival. *By Edward Ormondroyd. Illustrated by John Larrecq. Parnassus. 32 pp. $3.50.* Naturally, that smudgy old bear Theodore was at Lucy's side when she opened her birthday presents—silently approving each gift. That is, he approved until the mailman arrived with one more package. Another bear! One that made music when you turned a key in his back! Theodore was so overcome he fell off his chair. When the intruder falls out of a shopping cart, Theodore is not displeased, but he is so upset by Lucy's grief that he arranges with a canine friend to "find" the bear. Virtue is doubly rewarded, since Lucy is profoundly grateful and Theodore learns that he is still "the bear" around the house: the newcomer is a panda. An amazingly illustrated book that is just right for the lap-sitters. Ages 4-6.

Veronica and the Birthday Present. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. 32 pp. $3.95.* Lighthearted as ever, this is another silly and completely ingratiating story about Veronica, the sociable hippopotamus. The birthday present is a wee white kitten, Candy, who escapes from Farmer Applegreen while en route to his farm, and finds a welcome from Veronica at Farmer Pumpkin's. This upright gentleman reads a notice about a lost kitten and takes Candy back to Mr. Applegreen. A series of separations and reunions ensue, as Veronica visits Candy, and Candy goes home with her—while the other animals of both farms trail along for the fun of it. Finally, the Applegreens give up and donate Candy to the Pumpkin ménage. Roger Duvoisin's illustrations have never been more charming, and that's saying a lot. Ages 5-8.

Me Day. *By Joan M. Lexau. Illustrated by Robert Weaver. Dial. 30 pp. $3.95.* Rafer woke up feeling good. His birthday meant no chores, a cake, getting his choice of TV shows. The one thing he missed was Daddy, and there wasn't even a card in the mail from him. Rafer remembered when Daddy lost his job—and Momma got one—and then Daddy left because he said she had become too bossy. Annoyed because he was sent to the fruit store to "pick up a package," Rafer could hardly believe it when he saw a man standing on the corner. ". . . 'No sense running,' he told himself as he began to run. 'Daddy,' he screamed . . . 'Did you undivorce me?' " Rafer asked. Daddy explained that he had divorced only Rafer's mother, and off they went to the park. Daddy with Rafer on his own day. Touching and realistic, this is a story with universal overtones. Ages 5-8.

Apt. 3. *Written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Macmillan. 34 pp. $5.95.* The subtle colors of Keats's paintings and his restrained use of detail to establish atmosphere make *Apt. 3* a pleasure to look at, but it is less a story than a situation picture book. Sam and his little brother Ben hear someone playing a harmonica and prowl through their dilapidated building's hallways, listening at doors. They hear snores, arguments, a dog barking, a television set, and the grumbling super before they discover the music's source: Apt. 3. The blind man who lives there plays for them, and Sam is enthralled. He asks

For your favorite young friends

ON THE DAY PETER STUYVESANT SAILED INTO TOWN
Written and illustrated by Arnold Lobel

"Rollicking rhyme tells the story of Peter Stuyvesant's rehabilitation of New Amsterdam, which was a mess when he arrived.... The drawings are charming, the book a fine way to present history."—*Saturday Review*

Ages 4-8. $4.95. $4.79*

MANDY
Julie Edwards

Illustrated by Judith Gwyn Brown

Julie (Andrews) Edwards, the star of "Mary Poppins," has written "a joyous first novel filled with adventure—combined with tenderness—which portrays a young girl's struggle against loneliness and yearning for a real family life."

—*Lee Bennett Hopkins*

Ages 8-12. $4.95. $4.43*

WILD IN THE WORLD
John Donovan

"One of the most moving books ever written for children....This novel is more suited to contemporary children than almost any kind of literature I can think of."

—Barbara Wersba, *New York Times Book Review*

Ages 10 up. $3.50. $3.27*

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the man if he would like to walk in the park next day, and the mood of the music changes to gaiety. The book is lovely to look at, but its story is tenuous. Ages 6-8.

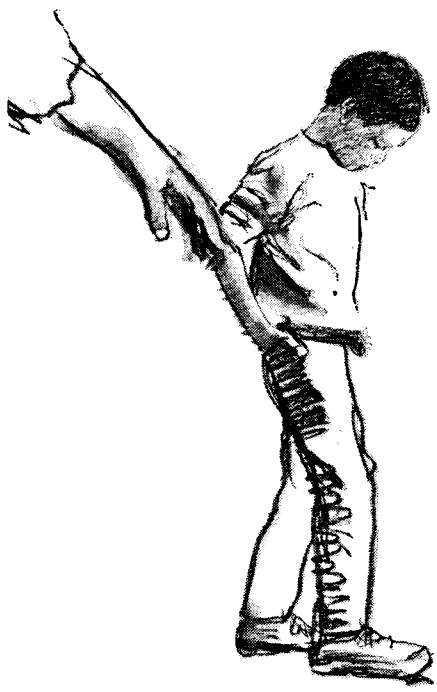
The Carrot and Other Root Vegetables. *By Millicent E. Selsam. Photographs by Jerome Wexler. Morrow. 48 pp. $4.50.* Marvelously clear, enlarged photographs, well placed (very important for the young reader) and informative, supplement a text that is equally lucid. An open format and large print are other assets of a book that is an excellent introduction to botany by a former biology teacher. Millicent Selsam discusses each step of the development of root vegetables, explaining the cycle of biennials with succinct simplicity. Ages 7-9.

Hot and Cold and in Between. *By Robert Froman. Illustrated by Richard Cuffari. Grosset & Dunlap. 45 pp. $3.50.* **Hot as an Ice Cube.** *By Philip Balestrino. Illustrated by Tomie de Paola. Crowell. 40 pp. $3.75.* Although Robert Froman's discussion of heat and cold is the simpler of these two attractive books, both are brief, clear presentations of the topic. They emphasize the fact that sensations are comparative (each using the familiar bowls of hot, cold, and tepid water demonstration), and that heat flows from warmer to cooler objects, but Philip Balestrino also describes the speeding of molecular action and the subsequent expansion that results from heat. Ages 7-9.

What's Inside? *Written and with photographs by Henry Humphrey. Simon & Schuster. 48 pp. $4.95.* Ever wonder what an ambulance looks like inside? A bank vault? A lighthouse? Henry Humphrey's photographs show the curious child these things, and the text explains details of function or structure. Among other objects revealed are a theater projection booth, the Statue of Liberty, a tugboat, a bakery, a fire spotter's tower, and a trailer. *What's Inside?* is informative and eye-catching enough to lure younger children and will be read with pleasure as well by ages 8-10.

The Provensen Book of Fairy Tales. *Compiled and illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen. Random House. 140 pp. $4.95.* Among the dozen "literary" fairy tales included here are selections by Hans Christian Anderson, Oscar Wilde, Ruth Manning-Sanders, and Barbara Leonie Picard—so this book could be relished for the text alone. Similarly, the illustrations—lavish with ornamental detail and more satiric than sentimental—could be enjoyed for this sake also. Stories and pictures combined make a lovely production. Ages 9-11.

A Year in the Life of Rosie Bernard. *By Barbara Brenner. Illustrated by Joan Sandin. Harper & Row. 179 pp. $3.95.* It was hard times, Daddy told Rosie. An actor had to take work where he could get it, so she would have to stay with her mother's family for a year. Nine new people to get to know. Mama had died eight months before, and Rosie was apprehensive. She needn't have been. Everyone loved her,



—from "Me Day"

and she and her cousins became best friends. Rosie had a busy year: exploring religions because she had one Jewish parent, writing a book, visiting Coney Island. Then Daddy showed up with Lydia, and Rosie hated her future stepmother but, by the time she left Brooklyn, Rosie had accepted her father's remarriage. Lively and good-humored, this is a warm, funny story that gives a good picture of the impact of the 1930s depression. Ages 9-11.

Hermes, Lord of Robbers: Homeric Hymn Number Four. *Translated and adapted by Penelope Proddow. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Doubleday. 48 pp. $4.95.* This is Homer's version of the ancient Greek story of the wily child of Maia and Zeus who, born at dawn, is playing his lyre by noon, and that night slips off to steal the cattle of Apollo. At first enraged, Apollo is won by the charm of his young half-brother and becomes devoted to Maia's child, who is destined to be the messenger of the gods. The illustrations, many of which suggest the sculptured quality of a frieze, are stunning—clear and bold in composition—and the book can be read aloud to younger children or independently by ages 9-11.

Have You Seen a Comet?: Children's Art and Writing from Around the World. *Edited by Anne Pellowski, Helen Sattley, and Joyce Arkhurst. John Day. 120 pp. $7.50.* This anthology of children's art and writing from seventy-five countries is impressive not only for its universality but for the caliber of the work. Stories, poems, and essays are from school or children's magazines, and the paintings—some of which are extraordinary—were selected from the international collection of children's art maintained by the U.N. Information Center on Children's Cultures. All selections are printed in English as well as—with the exception of Turkish—the language in which they were written. A pleasurable book, *Have You Seen a*

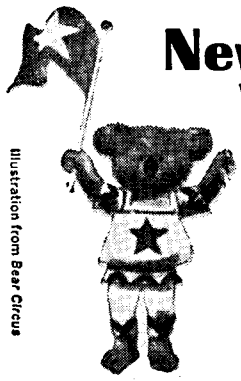


Illustration from Bear Circus

New Viking Junior Books

BEAR CIRCUS
Written and illustrated in full color
by William Pène du Bois
"William Pène du Bois has designed the most enticing teddy bears and kangaroos that have ever hit the pages of a children's book, and created an equally enticing story about them . . . a book children will enjoy again and again." —*Publishers' Weekly* Ages 5–8 $4.95

KARLSSON-ON-THE-ROOF
by Astrid Lindgren
Translated by Marianne Turner
Illustrated by Jan Pyk
Eric is an ordinary little boy with an extraordinary friend named Karlsson, who lives on the roof of Eric's house, and only Eric knows he is there. By the author of *Pippi Longstocking.* Ages 6–9 $3.95

THE PAPER AIRPLANE BOOK
by Seymour Simon
Illustrated by Byron Barton
The principles of flight and airplane design are made clear in these simple plans for making and flying paper airplanes. Amusing drawings and easy step-by-step diagrams. Ages 7–10 $3.95

THE GOOD-LUCK BOGIE HAT
by Constance C. Greene
When Ben flipped his good-luck hat onto his head, he felt that he was master of the world—until Penny came on the scene. A very funny, perceptive story by the author of *Leo the Lioness* and *A Girl Called Al.* Ages 10–14 $4.50

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Comet? will enhance brotherhood and understanding. Ages 9-12.

Magdalena. *By Louisa R. Shotwell. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. Viking. 124 pp. $4.95.* Magdalena loved her grandmother dearly, but she couldn't make Nani realize that she really hated the long braids the boys teased her about. To Magdalena braids made her look old-fashioned; to Nani they were just what a nice Puerto Rican girl should have. Yet when a school friend, who was the terror of the class, came to visit, Nani seemed to understand her right away. Could she not comprehend that when Magdalena had her braids cut off she, too, was searching for a way to belong? Nani, a warm and wonderful character, does grasp it in the end. The story shows, with astute humor, both the bridging of a generation gap and children's need for identification. Ages 10-12.

A Game of Dark. *By William Mayne. Dutton. 143 pp. $4.50.* Written on two levels, this story of an unhappy boy who retreats into fantasy is somber and compelling. Donald's father is an invalid, his mother querulous and critical, their life at home bleak. Ridden by feelings of guilt, Donald slips periodically into an imagined medieval world where an enormous and revolting worm creature preys on the community. As he risks his life to kill the creature, David, half in the real world, hears his father say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant." And in his last words in his dream world, David replies, "I am going too." This is a sophisticated story, perceptive in characterization and beautifully written. Ages 10-13.

The Planet of Junior Brown. *By Virginia Hamilton. Macmillan. 210 pp. $4.95.* Junior Brown is a musical prodigy whose neurotic mother will only let him play on a dummy keyboard. Withdrawn, grossly obese, Junior has no friend except Buddy, whose "planet" is a group of homeless children who live in a deserted building to avoid falling into the protective embrace of the authorities. Buddy accompanies Junior when he visits his piano teacher, a madwoman whose conviction that there is a corpse in her home finally pushes the nervous Junior into collapse. At the planet, where he is taken to recover, Buddy tells the other boys they must help his friend, that "the highest law is for us to live for each other." The boys are black, but this is a message of brotherhood with no racial limits. It takes an artist to produce a book with such a haunting tenderness and unforgettable characters. Ages 11-13.

By the Highway Home. *By Mary Stolz. Harper & Row. 194 pp. $4.95.* Everything, Catty thought, had gone to pieces since her brother's death in Vietnam, and one of the hardest things to bear was that nobody would talk about him. Furthermore, her parents were quarreling, which they had never done before. When her father admitted he had lost his job and couldn't find another, it seemed providential that Uncle Henry asked them to help him run his inn in Vermont. Catty's adjustment to her brother's death, the provoking selfishness of her pretty and popular older sister, a new home, and falling in love at the age of thirteen are the chief elements in a bittersweet story. The complicated cross-currents of family relationships are described with insight, each person is vigorously drawn, and the writing flows easily with good dialogue. Ages 11-14.

The Town That Launders Its Water. *By Leonard A. Stevens. Illustrated with photographs. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 125 pp. $4.49.* At last, one hopeful note in the depressing story of water pollution! Santee is a town in Southern California that enjoys the recreational and esthetic advantages of having eight lakes—and in a region where the average rainfall is ten inches a year. The lakes are artificial, all made from reclaimed sewage water. Their creation and use entails financial and legal problems, years of research and

—from "Veronica and the Birthday Present"

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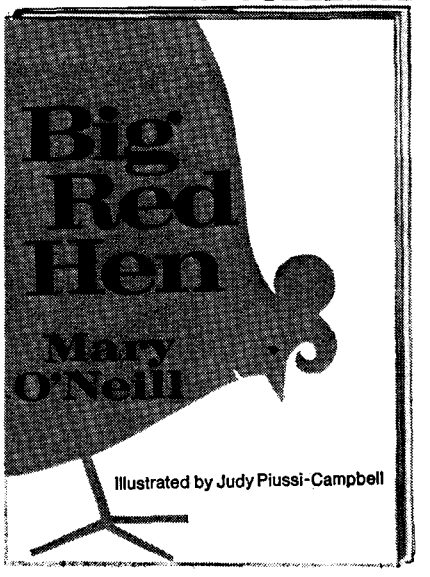

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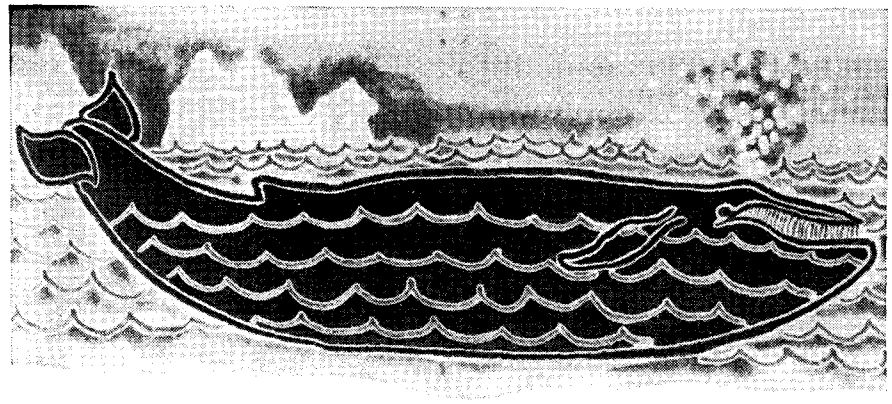
experiment, massive educational programs and demonstrations to overcome public aversion to the idea. Santee residents now go boating, fishing, and swimming in their lakes—a triumph of the "total use" concept. Ages 11 up.

The Phaedra Complex. *By Jeannette Eyerly. Lippincott. 159 pp. $3.93.* Laura, at fifteen, could barely remember her father and felt that she and her mother had a happy life in which a stepfather would be an intrusion. Michael wasn't one, and the fondness between them grew—occasionally to the point where it seemed to irritate Laura's mother. It certainly caused a rift between Laura and her boy friend. Not until her mother has a nervous breakdown and Laura is left alone with Michael does she realize that their relationship is not purely that of father and daughter. Laura tells the story in retrospect, after a year of counseling has helped all three understand the problem and eradicate it. The situation is handled with realistic restraint and described with sensitivity. Ages 12-14.

Emmeline and Her Daughters: The Pankhurst Suffragettes. *By Iris Noble. Messner. 190 pp. $3.95.* Richard Pankhurst had fought long and hard for women's suffrage before the day he turned angrily to his elegant wife and said, "Why don't you *force* us to give you the vote? Why don't you scratch our eyes out!" That had hardly been the style of Victorian ladies, but Emmeline Pankhurst took up her husband's challenge. She formed the Women's Political and Social Union, whose members, among other things, badgered Parliament and were rebuked; marched in the streets and were derided in the press; presented petitions and were jailed; set fires, threw rocks, went on hunger strikes, and were beaten and force-fed. But with every setback the suffragettes won more people to their cause, despite the antipathy of Asquith and Churchill, the bitter feud between the two Pankhurst daughters, and the prejudice of the Victorian age. A splendid story, well researched and animatedly told. Ages 12-15.



—from "If I Built a Village"

Chief. *By Frank Bonham. Dutton. 215 pp. $4.95.* There were only eighty-seven people left in the Santa Rosa tribe, and their affairs were run by a group of older men, but Henry Crowfoot, their young titular chief, yearned to do something for his people. Arrested on a minor charge, Chief is given a shabby, rather peculiar lawyer who, in the course of getting information, discovers that the terms of an old treaty show that the Santa Rosa tribe owns the valuable land on which the business section of Harbor City stands. The struggle between the tribe and their legal representative and the unscrupulous tycoons of the city has an almost documentary effect in revealing red-white relations. Characterization is vigorous and effective, and the story is suspenseful. Ages 12-15.

The God Beneath the Sea. *By Leon Garfield and Edward Blishen. Illustrated by Zevi Blum. Pantheon. 212 pp. $4.95.* In a style reminiscent of James Spanfeller's, stark black and white drawings illustrate this book, which received the 1970 Carnegie Medal. The legends of the Olympians are told as a continuous narrative, and the account would be valuable if only for clarifying the complexities of the relationships involved. But the power and beauty of the style bring new dimensions to the legends of the gods of Greece and the men they created. Ages 13 up.

Encounters with the Archdruid. *By John McPhee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 245 pp. $6.95.* In three remarkably objective narratives, John McPhee describes the meeting of David Brower, a militant conservationist, with three people whose ideologies and plans conflict with his own. First, traveling through the Glacier Peak Wilderness, Brower disputes the establishment of a mine with Charles Park, a mineral engineer; then he visits Charles Fraser, whose successful land development on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, was planned with high regard for natural beauty and human privacy—but whose further plans would endanger the free land that was left. (Propaganda by ecologists subsequently saved the land—Cumberland Island.) The third encounter with Archdruid Brower is with Floyd Dominy, a dam builder who had been defeated by Brower in earlier battles. Eloquent, articulate, explicit, and witty, *Encounters* explains the rationale and the passion of those who are concerned with despoliation of the land and disruption of ecological balance. For young adults.

Deer Run. *By Edward Connolly. Scribners. 186 pp. $5.95.* When he was a child Josh had seen the Vermont countryside and promised himself he would come back one day. Now, discharged by the army with a record of instability in Vietnam, he comes to the village of Heartwell searching for an abandoned farm he can rent for a commune. A dour farmer, Ritter, takes a fancy to him and agrees to give him a dilapidated house if the commune members will take care of the apple orchard. Ritter, already unpopular with his neighbors, provokes them by this action, and the community is even more offended when the members arrive in a flower-painted hearse. They are irritated by the hippies' dress and long hair, manners, and by the fact that they live together out of wedlock. Persecuted and attacked, the commune members disperse, and the story ends in viciousness and violence. *Deer Run* isn't a great first novel but it's a good one, despite Connolly's tendency to paint the commune white and the community black. For young adults.

Lions on the Lawn. *By Mary Chipperfield. Illustrated with photographs. Morrow. 176 pp. $5.95.* How is this for a plot: a beautiful circus animal trainer helps her husband and father manage a lion preserve on the vast estate of the Marquess of Bath, a partner in the enterprise? Wild? No, true. Mary Chipperfield's report of the planning and operation of the Longleat Wildlife Sanctuary in England is witty and permeated with love for the animals, many of which the author raises in her home along with her children. Because the project met opposition from the public and press at first, this account has a dramatic tension few animal stories achieve. For young adults.

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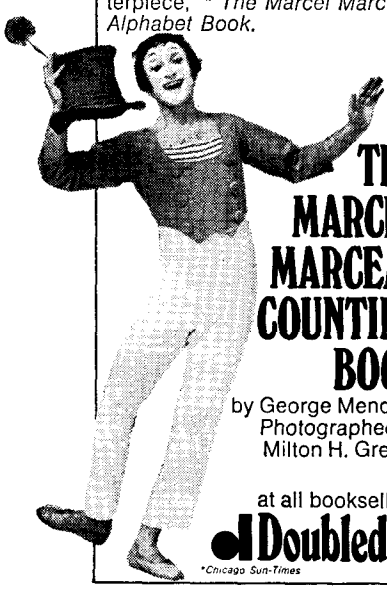

THE MARCEL MARCEAU COUNTING BOOK

by George Mendoza
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*Chicago Sun-Times

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O'Connor-McCullers

Continued from page 57

riodically display the striking imagery and sharply etched details of her more mature work. But already in "The Geranium" and "The Barber" Flannery O'Connor confronted the issues of race prejudice and demagoguery. "The Crop" reveals her lifelong attraction to comedy and parody. "The Turkey" touches on the religious theme. "The Train" (later to become part of the powerful novel *Wise Blood*) portrays the psychological anxieties of a troubled soul. In piecemeal fashion, Miss O'Connor was moving in the direction of her major fiction.

Between the early Fifties and early Sixties, Flannery O'Connor reached the pinnacle of her craft and vision as a short-story writer. In such works as "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," "The Life You Save May Be Your Own," "The Artificial Nigger," "Greenleaf," and "Revelation" she proves herself to be a dazzling artist of complex dramas. Her rural characters are finely drawn, her imagery refreshingly potent and apt.

Miss O'Connor's best stories are often calamitous, and the physical calamities lead to spiritual ones. Any reader can be easily bewildered and frustrated by the violence and horror, and by the "freakish" characters and their "freakish" situations. In "Good Country People," for example, a bogus Bible salesman is fascinated with a girl's artificial leg. He has her remove it, and then he goes off with it as the girl screeches, "Give me my leg!" On the surface, "Good Country People" reads like a gothic melodrama, but actually the story is an exploration of the nature of reality, good and evil, faith and faithlessness. In "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" a grandmother, her son and his wife and two children are murdered. Although a macabre tragedy, the tale is clearly meant to be relished as a comic farce. Still, in the end, its theme is fundamentally religious, for the hypocritical and irresponsible grandmother achieves her moment of "grace." In "The Artificial Nigger" Mr. Head takes his grandson on a trip to the city. This literal journey shortly turns into a symbolical and complicated descent into Dante's inferno. Mr. Head sins by "denying" his grandson; and he learns the quality of mercy for the first time when he views the plaster figure of a Negro.

Flannery O'Connor is mainly a writer of morality plays. In her richest work she fuses comedy and tragedy, and the idiom and manner of her society. She translates moral and religious abstractions into living presences, drawing on the techniques of distortion and gro-

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tesque exaggeration—not simply for the sake of shock, but for purposes of revelation.

In her essay "Writing Short Stories," Flannery O'Connor insists: "A story that is any good can't be reduced, it can only be expanded. A story is good when you continue to see more and more in it, and when it continues to escape you. In fiction two and two is always more than four." This is what the reader has to cope with in Miss O'Connor's major stories. Her range as a writer may be narrow, occasionally she is didactic, but there is no mistaking her complexity and importance.

Margarita G. Smith (Carson McCullers's sister), who has judiciously edited *The Mortgaged Heart*, clearly states her purpose, which she accomplishes: ". . . this book is to give some idea of the early work of a writer and to illustrate, within the range of material chosen from her least-known work, the development of that talent." She presents a selection from Carson McCullers's previously unpublished and uncollected work—including eight short stories—and wisely reprints Sylvia Bates's critical remarks, which are appended to "Poldi," "Instant of the Hour After," and "Wunderkind." These comments reveal that the writer was very fortunate to be counseled at the age of nineteen by such a shrewd, practical, and helpful teacher.

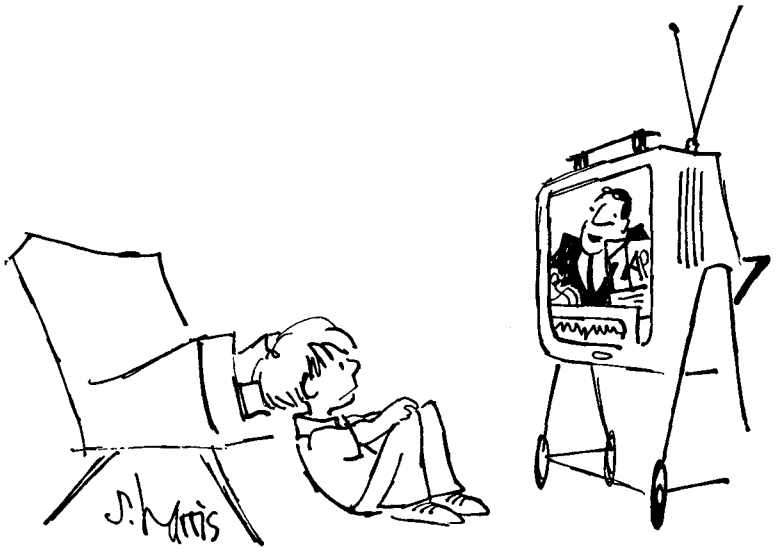
While there are no significant successes among the stories, essays, and poems in *The Mortgaged Heart*, they help to round off Carson McCullers's literary career. She showed her talent early and developed rapidly. The charming "Sucker" was presumably written at seventeen, and the well-known "Wunderkind" was published two years later. These and other stories reveal her passionate interest in private family matters—the terrors of adolescence and the inward pangs of guilt and isolation central to "The Haunted Boy" and "Like That." And clearly forecast in "The Aliens" is her growing pervasive compassion.

The essays complement the early stories and Mrs. McCullers's later work by underscoring her movement away from personal reminiscences to larger social commitments; themes of loneliness, spiritual isolation, and universal love; obsession with the mystery of Time; youthful attraction to the theater and music, and to James Joyce, Walt Whitman, and Faulkner. One essay, "The Russian Realists and Southern Literature," intelligently describes the technique of the Southern writer and defends him against the charges of "gothicism" and "cruelty."

Also included in the volume is the meticulous outline of *The Mute*, the basis for Mrs. McCullers's first major publication, in 1940, of *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. By comparing this outline with the early stories and "exercises," the reader is made doubly aware of the quick development of Carson McCullers's style (she attempts to fuse five distinct ones in this novel), and her understanding and perception of human nature and reality.

Carson McCullers states in the essay "The Flowering Dream": "Above all, love is the main generator of good writing." In their "good writing" both Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor had a great deal of love, passion, and compassion for people and life. They will continue to be sorely missed.

Thomas A. Gullason, professor of English at the University of Rhode Island, is a member of the editorial committee of a scholarly journal, Studies in Short Fiction.



"Kids, here I am, all hooked up to this lie detector, ready to tell you all about Zapples, the exciting new breakfast cereal. . . ."

GOAT SONGS

by John Weston

Atheneum, 242 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by H. L. Van Brunt

■ The true novella is a somewhat anomalous form that has neither the inevitability of the classic short story nor the wave motion of most novels. A story that gets out of hand or an aborted novel may be called a novella by publishers, so the term is usually a convenient misnomer. John Weston's *Goat Songs* is a case in point. Billed as three novellas, the book actually contains three short stories—though the middle one is long enough for a novella. Weston is a good writer, however, so most of the time his fictions transcend arbitrary categories.

Weston's approach in "The Call," the first and shortest work in this "fictional suite," is a highly sophisticated one to characters that might at the outset seem simple. Faulkner used this technique often, and one of its advantages is to demonstrate that nothing human is simple. Chancel Roundwater and his two sons, Morgan and Mount Vernon, are literally possessed by a fundamentalist God. Mount Vernon, the younger brother, is determined to get the "call" that his father, an itinerant preacher and sometime farmer, and Morgan have already. Chancel's third wife has just died, and Mount Vernon's "vision" is to say words over his stepmother's grave and bury her before either his father or brother, who have been bickering drunkenly over the privilege, can get to her. On a jerrybuilt, bicycle-tired bier, Mount Vernon spirits the corpse to the backyard plot where "he would have to get the grave filled in and to say the words before they began to stir in the house. The hills above and to the south would be the best place to sit to watch the sun wheel up in fire, to catch and wrap him in its voice."

The author's prose is angular and precise, and catches exactly the finest shadings in the diction of the Roundwaters—who are probably Okies transplanted to Arizona, where the story presumably takes place. But Weston is either imitating or parodying Faulkner in parts of this story. No one reading, "Her eyes were disappearing into the folds of her face like coals in ash," can fail to be reminded of Faulkner's famous description in "A Rose for Emily": "Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough . . ."

Despite this fault, and having a character's face appear to Mount Vernon like a "blowfish"—which he wouldn't

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know from a striped bass—"The Call" is a weird and compelling tale that sticks in the mind.

"Goat Songs," the title "novella" is more ambitious in technique and scope than "The Call," and that intention undermines what could have been a very good story. Composed in chapters that vary in length from a few

lines to a few pages, "Goat Songs" has elements of the fairy tale as well as of parable:

> Within a three-month span of yellowish autumn which people from that area spoke of for years after as a perfect specimen, corresponding in nine-month intervals to a like three-month span of the previous harsh winter, six babies were born to six different women in the valley between the creek and the bald mountains. All the babies were boys, a statistic not likely to repeat itself in so small a hamlet, and all the mothers but one survived their separate ordeals in their own ways, whimpering, screaming, or, as in a single instance, reciting beads and Mexican obscenities.

Destiny has seen fit to tie these six together, and it is in the loops, swirls, and knots of their lives that the skein of Weston's prose unravels—here to tell of "cardinals, mornings to be ingested like sweets," and of a father ". . . big of arm and chest and cock even then, past sixty years when the cancer had begun to claw . . . ," or of a snake that "wrapped himself closer . . . His eyes looked to mine to say, Hsst, what is this we have done? Let us go back to the pastures to lie together."

The six boys go to school together, have their first sex with the same half-witted girl, and later attempt to take advantage of a physically deformed girl—until her innocence repels them. Her death marks a shift in their consciousness: one remembers the strange jewelry she wore and thinks of robbing the grave, the image of her three-fingered hands haunting him. Others think she would have been better used it they had gone through with the plan to seduce her. Weston's tone here is guileless as the boys' eyes. The lyricism in the short chapters of their youth is tempered by perverse, incongruent details that children always remark. If their actions seem macabre, and a little sick, they are no more than what most adolescents are capable of, and less than they imagine.

After one of the six drowns, and the survivors settle into their related destinies, the story becomes diffuse. Coincidences are too many and too fantastic. Why should a group of boys from an Arizona valley turn out as painter, poet, actor, and musician (one goes insane), and meet later in odd places throughout Europe? Why shouldn't they? you may answer but, as Weston's tableau expands, fantasy drains his characters, and we lose interest in them. We wish he had stopped with a good short story instead of trying to write a novella.

"All My Bones," the third panel of Weston's triptych, has a background and figures similar to those in "The Call." Again, we are back with poor whites whose ignorance is a prison they try vainly to break out of. The poor lead lives of diminishing possibilities, as we all do, but even the idea of possibilities that keeps most of us going is extinguished in them:

> She knew she was being defeated, that whatever it had been she hoped for from life was getting away from her without her even having been told what for sure it was, that the will that had pulled her through the maze of days called childhood and through the births of the babies with no help but from one or another mother of babies, through season upon season, had begun to let go, to let her down, to refuse her commands. She suspected there were words to tell about what was taking place in her, but whatever they were, she had never heard them.

The plot of "All My Bones" is, in one sense, irrelevant. The story is about the poor—of lives so crippled by birth and circumstance that existence becomes a meaningless, deterministic exercise in futility. Weston does not preach, however: his messages issue from the mouths of persons he has made real. The author simply implies the way things are. Whether or not they can be changed is another story.

While a lot of witless sops, who were taught they were as good as anyone else in writing classes, are passing off clichés as the latest thing in the literary avant-garde, Weston, in this and previous books, has been quietly mining his own vein of modernism. The mountain is huge, and not nearly depleted. Life may be absurd in our time, but that condition is one of the challenges which makes writing fiction worthwhile.

H. L. Van Brunt, whose book of poetry, "Uncertainties," was published in 1968, has a special interest in contemporary American fiction.

KRUMNAGEL

by Peter Ustinov

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 344 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ Bartram T. Krumnagel is the police chief of a Midwestern city. In his own mind (not noticeably open territory) he is performing the job he was born to do magnificently. Krumnagel is so sure of himself he can openly tell a testimonial luncheon in his honor about the young veteran he shot down because the man was running from a jewelry store—to catch a bus. The main occupation of Krumnagel's wife, Edie, seems to be marrying policemen.

A grateful city—or perhaps one that wants to get rid of him—presents the Krumnagels with a round-the-world trip. In England, the first stop, Krumnagel gets into a drunken argument with an old Scottish communist. When the man reaches for a handkerchief

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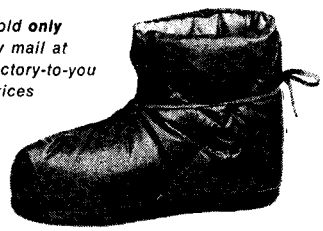

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Krumnagel, acting from gun-oriented reflexes, shoots him in "self-defense." And this brings Bartram T. Krumnagel, a "man it could not judge, but merely punish," to trial in England.

And that brings us to Peter Ustinov, a one-man conglomerate. Among other things, he is an actor, playwright, director, novelist, and cartoonist. While I admire Ustinov the actor, I have reservations about the dramatist and novelist. Mr. Ustinov is a thinking man with a satiric mind and a strong desire to slash out the false in society. Unfortunately, he does not have self-control. Those talents which cause admirers of his appearances on TV talk shows to label him "raconteur" diminish the impact of his writing.

In Krumnagel, Ustinov has picked a target worth shooting, but he weakens his firepower with volleys at side targets that catch his eye as he moves along. Continuously, like some all-wise and knowing father, Ustinov steps into his story to sermonize or take a swipe at anything or anyone. As a result **one** ends up unsatisfied and not quite certain what the author was up to in the first place. Certainly, his literary bite has lost its edge by the end of the novel.

However, one cannot say Ustinov's portrait of the Krumnagels is a British invention. The English satirist's eye and ear have been at work on these shores long enough to catch the worst of us with all the accuracy an American of equal talent would bring to the job. When Krumnagel is first brought into a British court, there is a fine, telling moment when the man, who should be distraught at facing a charge of murder, bursts into laughter at the sight of all those wigs. The author blasts apart any cherished myths that a common language makes the United States and Britain one. But Ustinov does not treat his own countrymen any better than he does us: "If most tastes are acquired, the English have gone to great pains to acquire those not shared by any other people."

Although scenes such as the one in the courtroom come off, the book suffers from a plethora of irrelevancies and digressions. Even so, Mr. Ustinov's final remark, which synthesizes his over-all statement, almost justifies the talkiness: "In the old days, disease was contagious, but in this inoculated new world, it is chaos of the human spirit which is contagious, and as a symbol of this, heroes and villains are interchangeable."

Because *Krumnagel* is worthy of attention, it merits a reader's impatience. Mr. Ustinov, as he has often done, sets out after big game with buckshot. Nothing is slain, much is wounded.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1478

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1478 will be found in the next issue.

E AQGMERX LG ZAEH LG SYDH BD HAY SBJYF EDHYF HAY RYFJY AEG MYYR YT-HFENHYX.

—AYSYR FBZSERX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1477

I'm tired of all this nonsense about beauty being only skin-deep. That's deep enough. What do you want—an adorable pancreas?

—JEAN KERR

WANDA HICKEY'S NIGHT OF GOLDEN MEMORIES AND OTHER DISASTERS

by Jean Shepherd

Doubleday, 350 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ The career of Jean Shepherd has been a skillful exploration of the "far-off rubbish heap of memory." His engaging blather on his nightly radio program, his magazine pieces, and this sad, funny collection of stories coruscate with piquant, bittersweet memories of what it was like to come of age in pre-war Hammond, Indiana. Paraded before us are his mother in her "rump-sprung bathrobe," his whiny kid brother Randy, his prankish boyhood pals Schwartz, Flick, and Kissel, and a covey of ego-crushing pubescent *femmes fatales*, each far more deadly than Mata Hari.

Shepherd is a genuine nostalgic, sure enough. But he is also a hard-eyed realist who contends that "Thinking that the old days were good is a terrible sickness. Everything was just as bad then as it is now." In fact, Shepherd is that very rare breed, a homespun humorist cut from the same Midwestern cloth as Mark Twain and Hoosier George Ade—a fabric that wears well and exerts heavy pressure on the funny bone. Shepherd's view of Middle America in the 1930s is like a *Saturday Evening Post* cover drawn by David Levine.

Give Shepherd a TV commercial or

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late-late movie and he'll give back a humorous forty-page epiphany in which he comes to realize an immutable truth only after some soul-searing personal humiliation. A telecast about Micronesian puberty rites sets him off on a rumination of his own painful rite —a junior prom date with Wanda Hickey, during which he was initiated to triple bourbons on the rocks. A Polish art film revives the memory of adolescent love for a super-developed teen-age neighbor, Josephine Cosnowski. With hyperbolic gusto he recalls their first meeting over a ripped bag of groceries: "The light from the neon sign at the Bluebird Tavern illuminated her face in a flickering radiance. I almost fainted. These moments are known to all men: the electric instant of manifest destiny: Ahab sighting Moby Dick, Tristan meeting Isolde, John meeting Yoko!"

Such yarns provide yards of smiles and plenty of belly laughs. Shepherd's book resonates with the glottal sound of the Midwest, and his style is richly evocative. We can nearly smell the family's ill-fated Easter ham baking in the oven, the belching oil refinery down the block, the mephitic trash pile and 745 flea-ridden hounds belonging to the hillbilly Bumpus family next door. Shepherd's humor, much like that of Bill Cosby, transcends geographical boundaries and touches a nerve common to us all. The place he writes about is strange, but his experiences are familiar. Revisiting Hammond with Shepherd is a trip well worth taking.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of Newsweek.

WHO OWNS AMERICA?

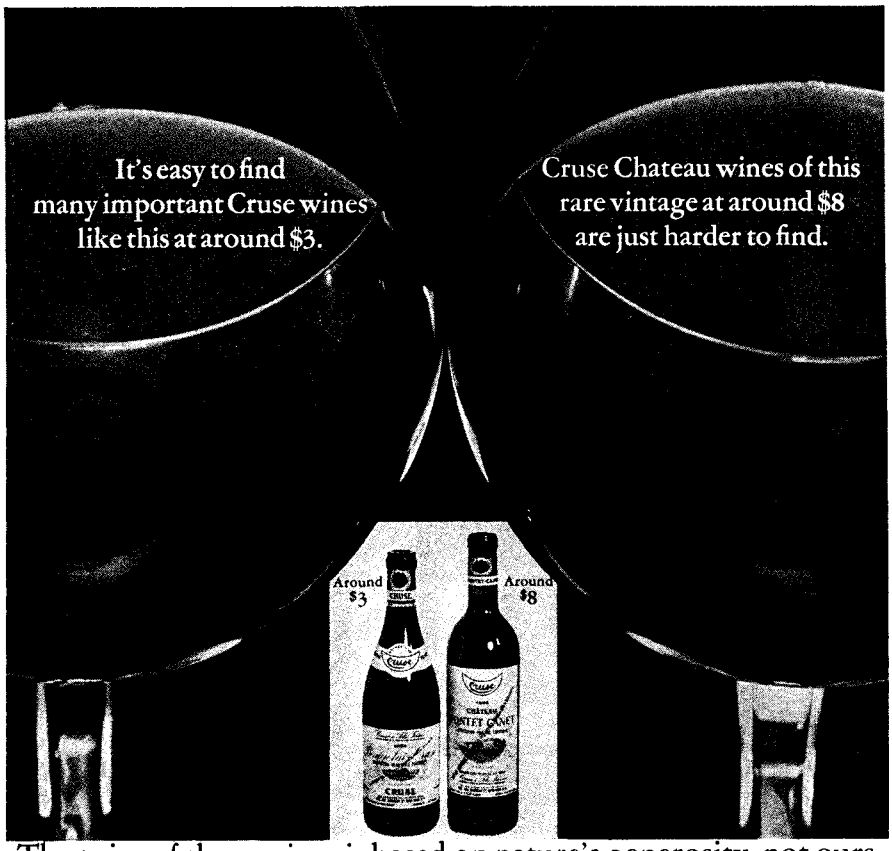
by Walter J. Hickel

Prentice-Hall, 328 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Thomas Goldwasser

■ Turncoats from right-wing politics and the military-industrial complex these days become heroes of the left: Karl Hess, Daniel Ellsberg, and Walter Hickel come to mind. One, Mr. Secretary of Interior Hickel, has chosen to tell all about his defiance of Richard Nixon and why the good secretary was fired.

Following his dismissal, many New York publishers offered a blank check to the multimillionaire former Governor of Alaska if he would hang all the dirty Republican wash out in public. What Hickel, or probably his press secretary Josef Holbert, has given us does not justify a six-figure advance—at least in terms of content. The book is divided into three books with a total of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thirteen chapters. Each separate book should have dealt only with one topic: biography, pleas for environment protection, or the dismissal, but, by far, most of the book is given to Hickel's plaintive pleas for all of us, especially the giant corporate polluters, to clean up the environment. Fine. Who could be against that? Who, except these corporations who make millions through pollution? Nothing these days is safer than being for a clean environment. It now outranks motherhood, which has undergone bombardment from iconoclastic mothers-to-be of late.

At the time of his nomination for the Cabinet post, a *New York Times* editorial commented that Hickel's appointment "had confirmed the worst fears of those who regard the restoration and conservation of a ravished continent and purification of its polluted air and waters as priority business for this generation of Americans." We all recall how Hickel very soon after beginning his twenty-two-month tenure with the Nixon administration seemed to confirm these fears by his handling of the oil spill off the Pacific coast of Santa Barbara, California. He did, however, realize that the Union Oil Company's carelessness played havoc with the environment.

> When I flew over the Santa Barbara oil slick, the ugly smear on the water below made it obvious to me that man's decision had been wrong. But this was only a small part of the whole problem of ownership in America. Was this a wise use of this part of the ocean? Who determines the answer to that question? Who owns the beaches in Santa Barbara and elsewhere? Who owns the fish, the ducks and the pelicans?

From his statement concerning the oil spill, we see how the publishers decided on the book's title, which in a way is not misleading. Hickel does go on and on and on about how we, the helpless public, own all the beautiful natural spots in America. That's right, Mrs. Smith in Omaha, all of us hold title to our land, wildlife, and seas; not Union Oil or Standard of Ohio. Hogwash and Hickel know it. My lord, why else was he fired? He stepped on too many industrial toes. The author does offer some advice—Common Cause: little old me and you can slay these giant polluters by writing our Representatives and Senators. The trouble is that Hickel takes far too long to make his case for the best things in life being free.

His chapters on static from Richard Nixon and the ultimate firing are interesting. We Washingtonian downtown quarterbacks will delight in the detail. His biography is also interesting as it details the move from Kansas of a poor son of a tenant farmer to the wide open spaces of Alaska. It fails, however, to tell the whole story. Come on, Mr. Secretary, does such a poor boy make $5-million in the building business without hurting something, maybe the environment? Important parts of the puzzle are left out.

One also is left to infer that prior to his secretarial appointment, Walter Hickel and Richard Nixon knew very little about each other. Sure Hickel campaigned for Republicans, but that was all. Anyone around Washington or even in Juneau will tell you that the President doesn't name naïve party volunteers to Cabinet posts.

Maybe I'm expecting too much. Aren't all autobiographies essentially puff jobs? Perhaps. But here Walter Hickel has gone too far. If I hadn't known, I would have thought I was reading the memoirs of the Sierra Club president.

Thomas Goldwasser writes on social and political topics for several publications, including SR.

THE LIBERATED WOMAN AND OTHER AMERICANS

by Midge Decter

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 256 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ Midge Decter's resourceful, carefully modulated prose, her shrewd talent for scoring debating points entreat us to take this *olla podrida* of reviews and essays as wise social comment. It is disappointing to find it no more than an exercise in swing-of-the-pendulum journalism. Decter jeers following Reichian cheers? Her intention is plausibly serious. These pieces, she tells us in her introduction, are linked by her preoccupation with accounting for "the distance between what is, or must be, the experience of something and the way that experience has come to be talked about, in political life no less than private." As we read on, this augury of fresh illumination proves specious, for we discover we are being admonished to shape up, in obedience to the dictates of ancient verities. Unwilling, or unable to deal with present responses to social upheaval in terms of their roots in concrete injustices, economic inequity, and irresponsible use of power, Decter chooses to discuss them as manifestations of boisterous, self-indulgent attitudes. Black Power, feminism, youth culture, anti-Americanism, radical politics are abstracted from their historical and philosophical development, to become simply reflec-

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tions of manipulation by cultural and intellectual fashions.

It can be comforting to certain among us—the middle-aged, the affluent, the chauvinistic (whether toward country, sex or race)—to learn that contemporary America is merely exhibiting symptoms of a hallucinatory fever induced by a nasty sociocultural virus. More comforting still, possibly to be handed an antibiotic prescription in the form of recall to the "limited, compromised terms" of existence that are the legacy of our eternally imperfect human nature. But if this is all that's afoot, why is Midge Decter running so scared?

For a moment, no more, she hovers at the edge of the problem of authenticity. "How is it," she asks, "that Americans have such a difficult time thinking and talking naturally about themselves?" But the implications of the question, even in the narrow limits of its phrasing, are not pursued very far. By temperament Decter is congenial with static law. Social roles are viewed as the expression of predetermined values governing conduct. Yet from the beginning, man, searching for an authentic self, has been trying to circumvent roles, and struggling to eliminate them. Democratization of culture has, of course, enhanced the self-consciousness with which this project is carried on, and its flamboyant tools encourage the tendency to confuse gesture with substance, particularly at this stage of floundering political egalitarianism. Despite its intended high-mindedness, however, Decter's reverence for "experience" as immutable contains its own insensitive susceptiblity to "distance." Her method of appraisal is to counter the popularized rhetorical code by which changes in social behavior are assessed, and frequently acted out, with the equally superficial complacencies of the rhetoric of conventional wisdom. Since the one mode of perception is no less ephemeral than the other, we are plunged into a phony war of words.

No one knows better than Midge Decter, who has spent her career in it, the degree to which the communications industry nourishes and inflates shifts in cultural attitudes and profits from exalting the transiently new. It may not be too impolite to suggest that the title of this book, if not the notion of the book itself (a miscellany of twenty-one pieces of which eleven are book and film reviews whose subjects have already lost their fragile hold on our memory) has its faddish aspect. Whatever Women's Liberation may accomplish in the near future, it has early proved its eminent publishing marketablity.

There is a disingenuous note in the logic by which movement against repressive social forces is reduced to a form of attitudinizing. Decter writes in her 1962 piece "The Gay Divorcée" that women divorce "because they can." They are yielding to the relaxation of self-discipline permitted by the culture. One has a sudden vision of countless nineteenth-century women, burning to testify to the character-ennobling attributes of their unhappy marriages from which release was legally unavailable. In "Growing Old in America" (1963) the author surveys the wretchedness of retired, useless old people passing time on park benches, and rejects their plight "as yet another of those social problems that leads on a straight road back to the . . . inequitable distribution of wealth in this country." Although her own statistics contradict this assertion, she prefers to detour, reaching the conclusion that their misery results from having saved, put off, deferred, depriving themselves of "all those present moments that might one day become real and self-defining remembrances." A pious platitude that evades the primary questions: Saved with what? Put off, deferred what? The artifacts of the youth culture springing up in her hometown, St. Paul, are decried as "the lares and penates of that new religion of love which is nothing but the infinite adumbration of narcissism." Not even a hint, Decter, of commercial greed, merchants making a fast buck on the harmless symbols with which the young signal their community?

A thought flashes into mind at these perverse judgments. Decter would have put down Thoreau as a cop-out. He should have given thanks he was a middle-class citizen of a free-enterprise society, quit his exhibitionist antics, taken a real job, a wife, and raised a family. His malaise would have passed and the cultural air remained untaminated by his message—and a good thing, she'd say.

It's hard to take seriously a writer whose consistent tactic is to indict the whole through its least representative or crucial element. To fantasy the feminist movement into a pseudo-biographical sketch of a spoiled, middle-class girl dodging personal responsibility is too easy to warrant rebuttal. We wade through the craftily contrived, meandering stream of words in *The Liberated Woman*, expecting some awareness of feminism's just concerns, some comprehension of its current resurgence as the delayed continuum of a shift in the unequal relations between the sexes, rooted in the modern drive toward individual autonomy. But nary a hint of either.

Midge Decter's ideas, despite occasional insights, are less interesting than the speculation they provoke for the reasons behind them. Could it be she is suffering from that old caustic irritant, loss of seigneury? The answer may lie in her review of David Bazelon's essays (1970), in which she eulogizes "Highbrowland," the milieu of the 1940s created by *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, and *Politics*, where she began her climb to literary repute. An elite, admittedly, and it has gone, though Decter wistfully envisions its banners flying once more. So here we are, knee deep in the familiar, conservative nostalgia, yearning for the return of the true faith. To those who, as she did, won their fair rewards and counted, in that transitory American dreamland, the present must be a frustrating scene.

Muriel Haynes is a critic with a special interest in the theory and writings of the Women's Lib movement.

"Before you go on, is this pep talk leading up to a quarter?"

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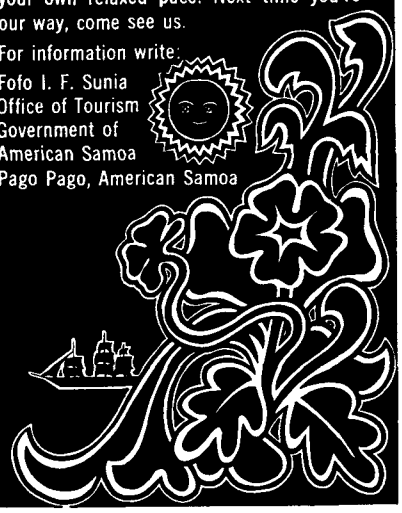

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Mailer

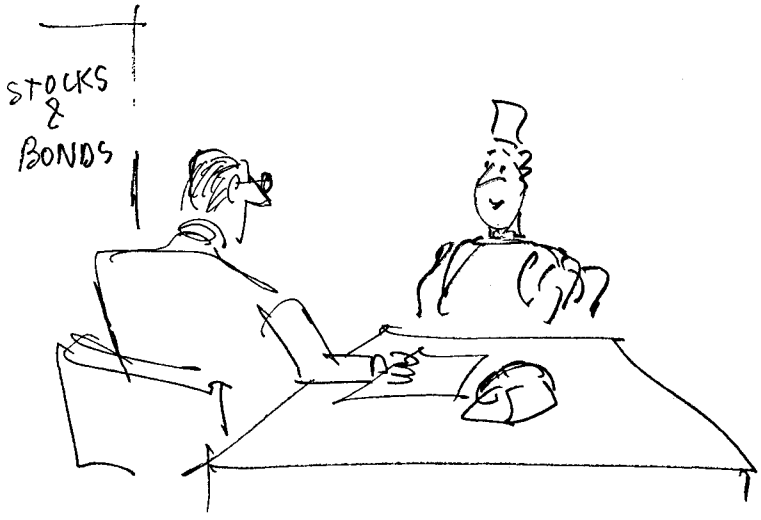
Continued from page 48

celebrity than to persist in the more arduous course of developing himself as a writer, Mailer may not be wholly exempt from the same temptation. Widespread attention is most easily won these days through performing in the mass media, and such performance is far less tiring than creativity. If in order to gain an audience for your important work you make yourself into a media performer, you must also know when to stop performing and get on with your important work. Otherwise, you may end by becoming nothing but a performer and, worse, you will begin to live for it as an end in itself. Mailer knows this better than most because he knows his own weaknesses better than anybody else. But it would appear to be time now for him to get back to work and begin to live out his fantasies through the creations of his mind and talent and not through such humiliating and disastrous exhibitions as his recent boxing match with José Torres on the *Dick Cavett Show.*

The two volumes devoted to representative selections from Mailer's work and to the views of his critics may serve as a reminder to him that he is indeed the caretaker, however careless, of a major talent and reputation, and they may also draw public attention away from his activities as a television pugilist and back to the real matter at hand. *The Long Patrol* contains an excellent sampling of his writings—both excerpted and complete—from *The Naked and the Dead* through *Of a Fire on the Moon,* and is intended, as the editor, Robert F. Lucid, says, to attract readers who may be discovering Mailer for the first time. The critical collection, also edited by Mr. Lucid, should surely win for Mailer both new and more respectful readers, for here are critics writing, whether in praise or condemnation, about a man whom they clearly consider a literary phenomenon of great importance. The book contains an extremely discerning and appreciative introduction by Mr. Lucid, Richard Foster's fine long study, which first appeared as one of the *University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers,* the early and classic essays by Diana Trilling and by Norman Podhoretz, Elizabeth Hardwick's delightfully indignant and mostly uncomprehending review of *An American Dream,* as well as other pieces of varying quality and temper by such critics as Alfred Kazin, Richard Poirier, Tom Wolfe, Midge Decter, Leo Bersani, Jack Richardson, Gore Vidal, and Dwight Macdonald.

The two collections together testify to the size of Mailer's achievement and the solidity of his present reputation. That is what matters to us, and it should be all that matters to him. For now that he has proved that he can survive and triumph over failure, he has still to prove that he can survive his large success. To do this it would seem that he must learn again the lesson every successful writer has had to learn not once but many times: that it is necessary for him to become private once more because his real demons can never be confronted in the public limelight but only in the haunted personal dark. Yeats's lines addressed "To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing" may be even more appropriate to one whose work has come to a very great deal:

> Bred to a harder thing
> Than Triumph, turn away
> And like a laughing string
> Whereon mad fingers play
> Amid a place of stone,
> Be secret and exult,
> Because of all things known
> That is most difficult.



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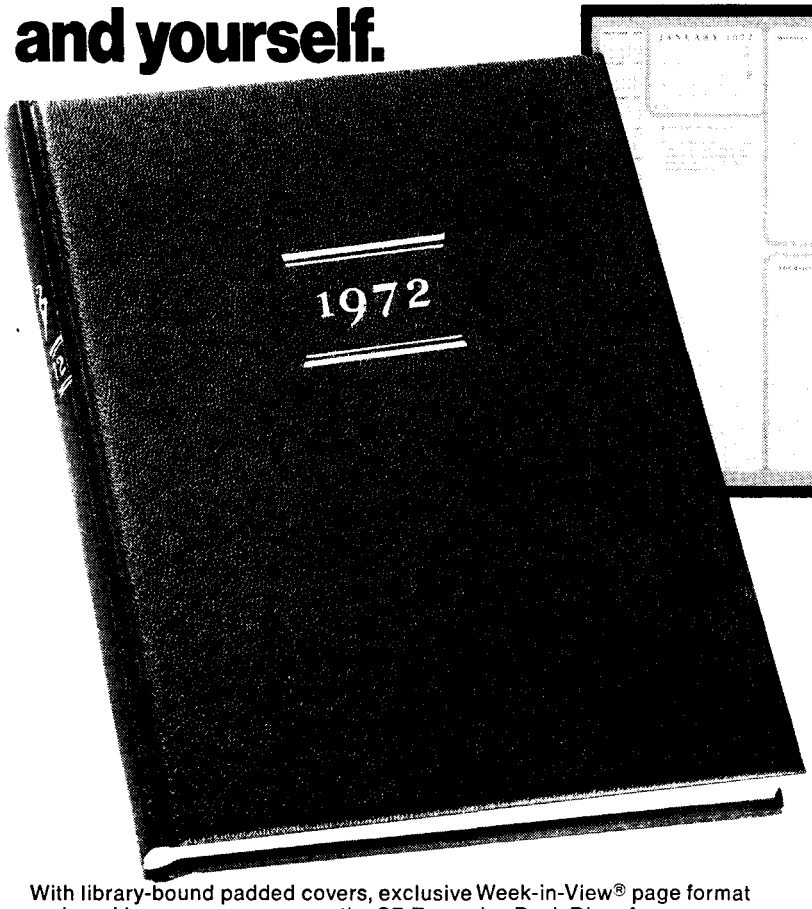

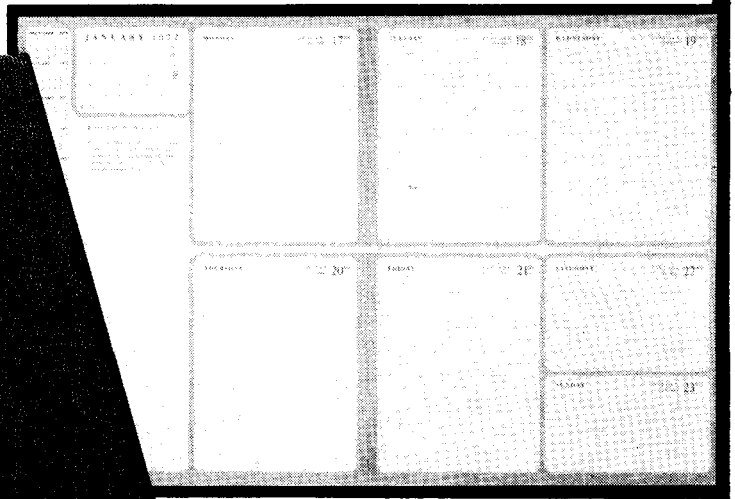

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As Others See Us

PARIS:

Impressive Record

THREE MONTHS after having created the event of the year by announcing that he would be the first United States President to visit Peking, he can now say that he will also be the first to visit Moscow. The politician who entered public life denouncing the evils of Communism can think of the November 1972 deadline with serenity: What candidate could submit to the voters so impressive a record as the one just made with the help of the Russians and the Chinese? Mr. Nixon has truly carried off a spectacular reversal of the situation. Under his Presidency, Washington has become the only capital of the three superpowers that seems capable of dialogues with the two others.

—Le Monde.

LONDON:

Good Show

IT WAS a fine piece of showmanship, and it could be worth a tidy number of votes when President Nixon runs for his second term in November next year. Mr. Nixon has surprised and delighted American public opinion and reminded the world that conservatives are often very good at pursuing flexible foreign policies. The spectacle of a national leader flying off to visit a rival great power nearly always pulls in votes.

It is the greatest gambit in the great game, the game of nations that has new rules in an age of strategic parity in which China has gained admittance to the superpower club and Japan's name is down on the list of possible members.

—The Economist.

STUTTGART:

The Pacesetter

RICHARD NIXON is presenting himself more and more to the world and to the American voters as the pacesetter in international affairs. He hopes to go down in future history books as that American President who reversed the anti-Communist trauma of the Americans into *Realpolitik,* and who was the first American President to visit the capital cities of the two Communist power centers. . . . With all due respect, Richard Nixon has an incessant need for historical greatness. He is the motor of his foreign policy initiatives, which express more than simply the need for activity.

—Stuttgarter Zeitung.

TOKYO:

Toward World Peace

MR. NIXON'S scheduled visit to Peking symbolizes the transition from the hitherto "bipolar structure" of international politics, in which Moscow and Washington played the main roles, to a "tripolar structure" that will include active participation by China. Mr. Nixon's decision also has given a conclusive direction to the issue of Chinese representation in the United Nations. And undoubtedly the easing of tensions between the U.S. and China will contribute greatly toward Asian peace and hence toward world peace. So we welcome Mr. Nixon's decision to visit Peking, and at the same time we pay our respects to the resolve of the American and Chinese leaders.

—Asahi Evening News.

STOCKHOLM:

America Withdrawing

AN IMPORTANT crossroads is not far away in American foreign policy. For more than twenty-five years the United States has, for better or worse, taken the responsibility for a large portion of the world's affairs. Now America is withdrawing. This is what Mr. Nixon has to explain not only to Mao but also to the Kremlin leaders. This is one important reason why he is going to China and the Soviet Union.

—Expressen.

PEKING:

Unshakable Determination

DESPITE its almost hopelessly bleak outlook in Laos and the rest of Indochina, the U.S. government is still bent on acting rashly in Laos. The U.S. government intends to send still more Thai accomplice troops to Laos to expand the war of aggression there. It is futile for the U.S. government to try to cover up its own aggression with the guise of an alleged "invasion" of Laos by the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Obediently serving the needs of the U.S. aggressors, the Thai authorities sent Thai accomplice troops to invade Laos, but the result will simply be lifting a rock only to drop it on their own feet.

Laos is a close neighbor of China. The Chinese and Lao peoples are close brothers and comrades in arms. The Chinese government and people are unshakable in their determination to do everything in their power to support the Lao people and the Indochinese people to defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs. U.S. imperialism will be defeated! The Lao people and the Indochinese people will win!

—Renmin Ribao,
as reprinted in *The Peking Review.*

MADRID:

Behind Vietnam

THE AMERICAN military experience in Vietnam is so unfortunate and miserable that we have come to view the entire U.S. through this dirty window. We forget that beyond the official government there are millions of anguished human beings. . . . In forty or fifty thousand homes—we don't know exactly how many—a son is missing; in thousands more they live in fear of losing one. . . . [There are] young boys without legs, arms, blind, in wheel chairs, exasperated youths who have fought without glory in a far-off, little-known land, youths forced to commit barbarities and to suffer them. . . .

One must go to the U.S. and ask at many doors to really know the level of irritation, shame, pain, and anger reached by thousands upon thousands of Americans. It is unfair and stupid to identify America's people with some of its politicians. The American is much better than that.

—Indice.

MOSCOW:

Zionist Ultras

THE GANGSTER SHOOTING at the Soviet Mission points to the escalation of the provocative activities of the Zionist ultras in the United States. . . . The opinion of journalistic circles there [in New York] is that this action was organized by those who would like to prevent an improvement of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. Attention is drawn here to the fact that the leader of the gangster league declared recently on a TV program that he would not permit an improvement in relations between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

—Izvestia.

BOGOTA:

Dollar Crisis a Sign of Strength

THE ENEMIES of the U.S. should not be so quick to assume that the dollar crisis is a sure sign of weakness. Just

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the opposite. The measures courageously taken by President Nixon are clear indications of the vigor of an economy that is being heroically defended by effective legal means. Were the economy of the U.S. truly weak, Washington could not resort to the drastic measures that have been called into play by the Nixon administration. The worldwide repercussions caused by its new economic position are in themselves testimony to the international weight that the U.S. carries.

—*El Tiempo.*

MADRAS:

Three in the Arena

THE LAST twenty-five years have been a period of confrontation, and the balance of power has rested on two countries, the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The world has now entered an era of negotiation and summit diplomacy, and three countries, China being the third, share the balance of power. The world has also seen how difficult it has been all these years even for two powers to reach a meeting of the minds on any of the vital problems of the times. With three of them in the arena today, it would be therefore foolish to expect any quick results to emerge from the summitry that Mr. Nixon is undertaking. But if his peregrinations help at least to keep the dialogue going and the pot from boiling over, they shall have been worthwhile.

—*The Hindu.*

TIRANA, ALBANIA:

Soviet Demagogy

THE KREMLIN LEADERS have been making a number of visits to various countries recently, and a number of official foreign delegations are expected in Moscow. The Soviet press is striving to present this unusual diplomatic offensive as an effort to implement the "general plan for peace" presented by Brezhnev at the twenty-fourth party congress and as steps toward reducing international tension and strengthening the people's security. Despite the efforts of the revisionist propaganda and the free-flowing demagogy of the high Soviet visitors themselves, however, it is quite obvious that the aims and objectives of this diplomatic offensive have nothing whatsoever to do with peace or security. This new attack of Soviet diplomacy represents in fact a large-scale attempt to extend the Soviet Union's imperialist influence, concoct intrigues, and reduce the people's vigilance against the policy of violence, pressure, and arbitrariness pursued by the two "superpowers."

—*Zeri i Populit.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

The Legion Is Right

I WOULD like to congratulate the Canadian Legion for their stand against draft dodgers and deserters. It's a disgrace that these people are welcomed to this fine land for which men went to war and died in the thousands to keep it free.

These people are useless to the United States, and they are useless to Canada. The struggle between the Communist and the capitalist systems goes on, and if America didn't stand up against Communism, who would?

—*D. Russell,*
Toronto Daily Star.

Inside Ireland

HOW FAR have we really come in Ireland? "As to Ireland, (the People of England) know little more than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the King of England, full of Boggs, inhabited by wild Irish Papists: who are kept in Awe by mercenary Troops sent from thence: And their general Opinion is that it were better for England if this whole Island were sunk into the Sea: For, they have a Tradition, that every Forty Years there must be a Rebellion in Ireland." Jonathan Swift in a letter to the Lord Chancellor Middleton, 1724.

Now, 247 years later, we still haven't snapped out of these kindred underlying prejudices.

—*Alec Hamilton,*
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Justice for PM

I BELIEVE in justice for the poor, the rich—and Prime Minister Trudeau. It is not in the best interests of this country to tear the Prime Minister apart. Constructive criticism by the opposition or the people is an advantage of a parliamentary system, but no abuses should be allowed. Those people who just for the sake of fault-finding make a big issue of a *lapsus linguae* are more to be blamed and cause more harm than the Prime Minister who allegedly pronounced it. Why ask him to be the statue of perfection? Let us look to our own imperfections before we judge others.

—*M. E. Kolan,*
The Ottawa Journal.

No Bias

I ENJOY being a woman. I don't want a hairy chest. I like my curves; but I also enjoy using what intelligence I have. I possess several qualifications, including a good Honors degree; but on at least one occasion when I applied for a job I was treated as a faggot.

I refuse to be condemned to "slipper-warming" jobs; but any success I have had has been achieved only by bloody-minded determination in face of the opposition of both men and women. Incidentally, the nicest boss I ever had was a woman; but don't think I am biased against men. I am biased against all those of both sexes who want women to remain faggots.

—*Rosamund Stanhope,*
The Sunday Times, London.

The Root of the Trouble

THE PRESS has tried to treat the "battle" of Attica as a "mistake," as an isolated incident, rather than connecting it with the ferment of recent years, with black unrest, the cases of George Jackson and Angela Davis, and the malaise of American society, where contradictions are spreading. . . .

—*Marco Ingrosso,*
Sette Giorni, Rome.

Women for a Better World

WOMEN all over the world are realizing more and more that their problems are inseparable from the struggle of the nations for the improvement of conditions for human existence, and for a dignified and free world without wars and violence, and they are taking an ever more active part in this struggle.

—*Edit Erdei (Budapest),*
XX Century, Moscow.

Anti-Dowry

THE Forum of Free Thinking, Nagpur, has launched an anti-dowry movement. It will register the names, addresses, qualifications, and other particulars of boys and girls of marriageable age who will take a pledge not to accept or give a dowry. Efforts will also be made by the forum to find suitable matches and arrange simple marriage ceremonies, if desired. The forum is keen on launching the campaign in other cities too and desires responsible persons to come forward to take up the work.

—*R. K. Pashine,*
Blitz, Bombay.

Drive, She Said

CAN ANYONE match what must be a record achievement for a woman driver?

I passed my driving test on February 15 this year at the age of 68½ years and have recently toured the Lake District and Scotland as far north as Inverness. I covered a distance of more than 2,000 miles, the very tortuous mountain passes and lakeside roads presenting no difficulty whatsoever for me.

—*Mrs. D. A. Matthews,*
The Sunday Express, London.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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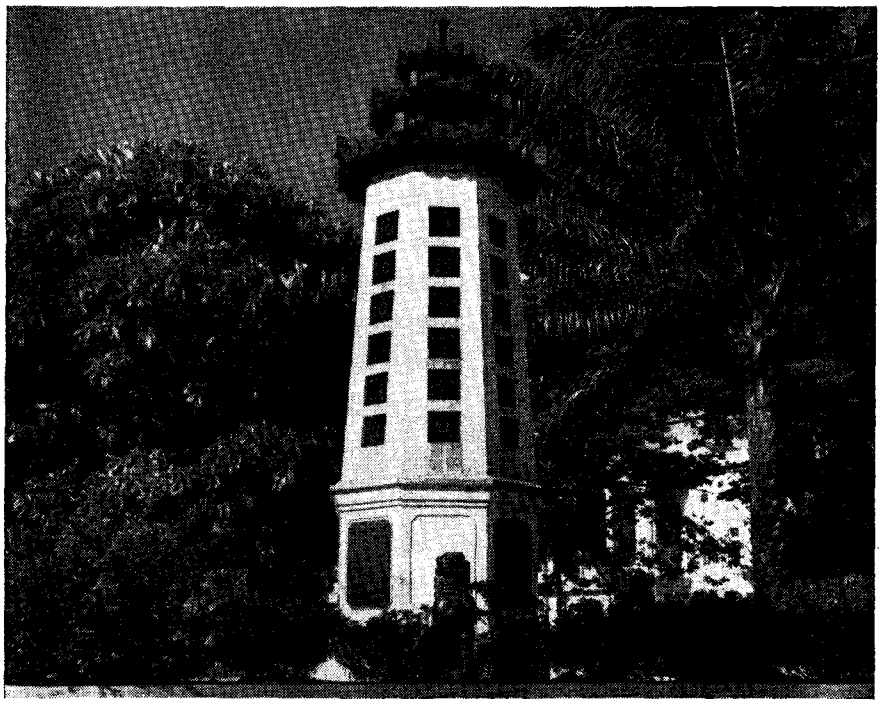

—J. Allan Cash

—Sam Falk, Monkmeyer

Hong Kong's teeming Aberdeen (below), home of Chinese water people, and the leafy Bo Seng Memorial in Singapore show how different the two cities can look.

Where Are You, Sidney Greenstreet?

IF YOU THOUGHT you read the last word on Asia and the Pacific in our fall travel section [*SR*, Oct. 23], prepare to whiff another pinch or two of incense, for I have more to tell from a trip out that way. First, I should emphasize that a traveler doesn't simply get up in the morning in Tokyo and expect to bed down the same day in Bali, a fact I had to learn for myself in a quick geography lesson provided at a Malaysia-Singapore Airlines counter in Tokyo. Unless your timing and scheduling work out perfectly, you have to settle for an around-the-horn journey that proceeds via Taipei, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Djakarta and may take several days depending on the timetable quirks of the many airlines crisscrossing that corner of the world.

If having to "settle" for stops in such magical places as Hong Kong and Singapore sounds blasé, that isn't the intention. What I mean is that once you have adjusted to and immersed yourself in Japan and then prepared in the loftiest way for a first visit to Bali, any diversion along the way tends to dilute the experience. With little choice in the matter, I decided to break up the trip into logical segments.

Hong Kong was my first stopover, with a call en route at Taipei. We unloaded dozens of passengers at the Taiwanese capital, the women keyed for shopping excursions, the men bound for the pleasure domes of Peitou, regarded with glassy-eyed expressions by dirty old men the world over. No matter what hour you arrive at Hong Kong's Kai Tak Airport, the business of clearing customs and immigration is accomplished with speed and dispatch. "We aim at twelve-and-a-half minutes for the whole operation," a tourist official told me that afternoon. "We feel the first and last impressions you get of a place are terribly important." In the past you always had to put up with the slow crossing from the airport at Kowloon to your hotel on Hong Kong Island, but now the gap is covered in minutes by helicopter, if you want to part with $7. There is something James Bond about being met at the baggage counter by a mini-skirted Chinese girl who rushes you to the helicopter pad (mine dog-trotted all the way) and then whirling across the water in that bubble dome toward Hong Kong's towers of commerce.

Somehow the storied intrigue of Hong Kong continues to elude me, try as I do to uncover the mysteries that captured travelers from Marco Polo to Peter Lorre. I remember preparing for a previous visit and reading the line "Hong Kong is very Sidney Greenstreet." Yet, after two outings I have failed to find a sign of his presence. Maybe, too, I am not enough of a shopping fiend to appreciate Hong Kong, whose very existence has always depended on trade and commerce. High above the harbor on that cloudy afternoon a mustached ex-British Army major, Harry Stanley, about to return to England after thirteen years of promoting Hong Kong tourism, tried to touch the essence of the little crown colony.

"Hong Kong is artificial," he said. "Without its great development as a trading post, it would be nothing. People come to Hong Kong to trade. Its character is the almost but not quite

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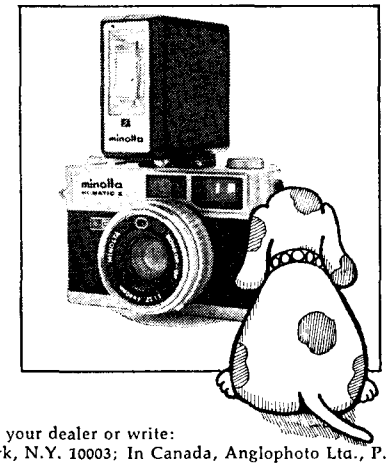

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sleepy British administration, the freedom of movement and thought, the absolutely free enterprise. It is *the* greatest example of capitalistic development, of how people can have their standard of living brought up and up and up because of a minimum of government control and red tape."

Looking ahead, and not darkly, Stanley said the administration of Hong Kong will gradually and ultimately be turned over by the British to local Chinese. "We are all keen to hand over positions to the Chinese," he said in a stiff-upper-lip way. "More and more Chinese are being appointed to boards of large firms, and now the government has a Chinese director of medical health. There is no possibility of the old brigade's trying to hang on—not a bit." While industry has boomed since Stanley arrived in 1958, the cultural life of Hong Kong has been undernourished, a gap he hopes will be narrowed in the coming years. "In a year or two there will be a program that three of us conspired to dream up to make Hong Kong the home of an international arts festival. We have appointed Ian Hunter, of Edinburgh and Brighton Festival fame, to be the chief administrator. We will aim for forty per cent international artists of the top level—orchestra, ballet, drama, the lot—and then invite artists from the neighboring Far East countries."

While Hong Kong rushes into the future to the echo of jackhammers and pile drivers, many of the old institutions are being forgotten and abandoned. Two of the colony's trademarks were always the bat-winged junks festooning the harbor and the tiny rickshas pulled by sinewy Chinese. I saw one junk under full sail; most of the others have been motorized. Rickshas, held to be a traffic hazard, now number fewer than 170, and no new licenses may be granted. The last remaining drivers—muscular, bowed-backed old men often stubborn in their bargaining—will be permitted to work until they quit or die. Even the traditional high-collared, slit-skirted *cheong-sam* seems to be disappearing, in favor of whatever style wafts in from Paris, London, or New York. "It is really not very comfortable," a Chinese girl said of the *cheong-sam*. "Too tight around the waist and the collar is too stiff." To observe local changes in high fashion you need not venture beyond The Den, a dance floor in the Hong Kong Hilton frequented as much by showy young Chinese as by tourists. Hot pants were hot then.

If you will take the word of an American housewife I know in Hong Kong, Hilton made even greater inroads on Chinese culture when it introduced American beef to its Grill Room. "I tried serving a roast when we first

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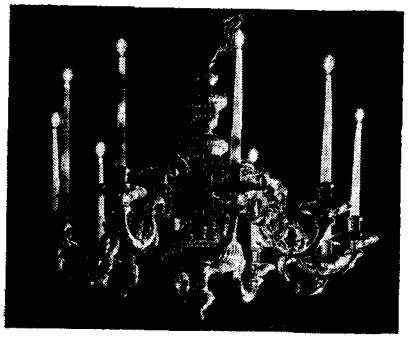
came to Hong Kong, and we ended up taking the people out to eat," she sighed. "The meat was from Australia and tasted like shoe leather. It was a great day when American beef came in two years ago."

Of course, the old, traditional Hong Kong still lives in the teeming back streets, on the Star Ferry (NO SPITTING say the signs), the double-decker buses, the electric trams, and the funicular to Victoria Peak, and at the Repulse Bay and Peninsula hotels, where you can take afternoon tea among a less hurried crowd than that which patronizes the newer hotels. Here and there, a few other old buildings have been spared demolition to keep the future from encroaching too fast. The cricket grounds are being moved, but the clubhouse may be saved, and a drive is under way to rescue the curious, turreted Victorian post office near the waterfront, hardly a work of art but one of the last architectural relics around and a sentimental symbol to some.

Beauty and squalor exist side by side in Hong Kong, as do wealth and poverty. You drive through green and flowered stretches that soon give way to crowded, fetid slums that hold most of the colony's four million inhabitants. Hong Kong's Wan Chai district is still a favorite haunt of visiting servicemen, particularly U.S. Navy men stationed nearby. In the sleazy Suzie Wong bars a subtle game takes place between customer and bar girl with the mama-san nearby to act as social director and mediator. Mama-san does the matchmaking, but if the girl isn't interested in her chosen mate, no matter how much money he offers, she is free to reject him. Out of these uncommon meetings often spring tender, hand-holding, walk-in-the-park unions.

At Kai Tak Airport, on my way to Singapore, I saw a group of black U.S. servicemen heading back to Vietnam after R&R leave, each one saying goodbye to a Suzie Wong girl. Several Chinese men stood by gaping and chuckling, which prompted one or two of the soldiers to fire back angry remarks.

It took three-and-a-half hours to reach Singapore, the longest single stretch on the roundabout journey from Tokyo to Bali. When the Malaysia-Singapore Airlines jet put down among the vast groves of coconut palms, twilight was falling on this island outpost near the Equator, and my system was becoming further disoriented, if you will pardon the pun. All across Southeast Asia you hear that Singapore, under its almost puritanical Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, makes life uncomfortable for vagabond youth or any visitors not perfectly clipped and straight. None of the airport officials looked twice at me, however, and I was on the way to the city in less than



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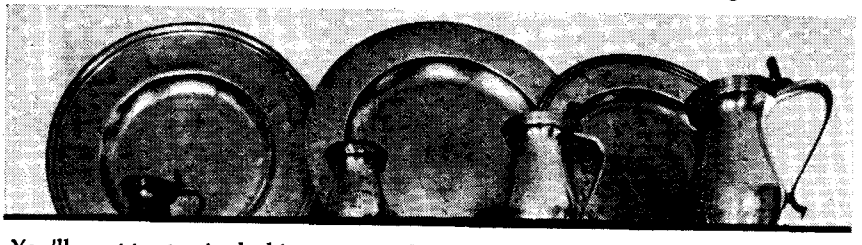

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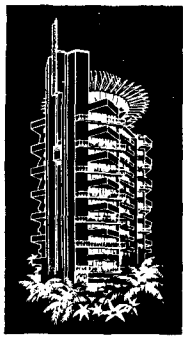
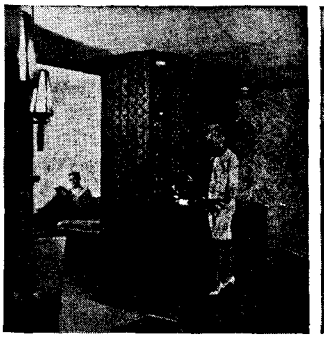

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the twelve-and-a-half minutes set at Kai Tak.

One of the first and lasting impressions of Singapore is how flat, spread out, and green the city is. New high-rise hotels have come to the center of town, but there are no Hong Kong-like clusters of buildings and little of its raffish charm. One of the reasons is Prime Minister Lee's ongoing clean-up campaign, which has scoured the streets in the last two or three years and has demanded high standards of cleanliness and hygiene in restaurants. Throw a chewing-gum wrapper on the ground and you may end up paying a $35 fine. Local citizens are offered tax rebates of from $2 to $500 for keeping their homes and gardens spruced up and attractive.

With only an overnight stop, I took a cab to the one key sight I associated with Singapore: the legendary Raffles Hotel. In literature and life a traveler doesn't get through Asia without stopping in Singapore and having a drink in the bar at Raffles. I pictured the overhead fans, the colonial decadence, and, yes, Sidney Greenstreet sitting in the corner of the bar in a white tropical suit. What I found, however, was an empty and decidedly undecadent bar whose fans were partly concealed by an overhead framework. Most of the activity was in a lovely garden restaurant surrounded by the rambling walls of the hotel. I had a drink, paid my respects, and left.

Arriving on a Saturday morning in Djakarta, south across the Equator from Singapore, is not a wise move if you have to wait until Sunday night to get a flight for Bali. I busied myself poking about the hot, sprawling, horn-tooting Indonesian capital, setting my compass by the stark stone monuments left behind by Sukarno. Relief came with a plunge in the big pool beside an Inter-Continental hotel that fills all the social needs of residents and tourists alike, mainly because there aren't many other commodious places to go to in Djakarta. Beside the pool I met a couple of young Australian lawyers who were based at the hotel on a long-term stay, and on Saturday afternoon we took in a rare local treat, a Davis Cup tennis match between Australia and Indonesia. Of course the Aussies won, but not without some raucous objections from the Indonesian spectators, who believe as I do that if you pay your money you can make your noise.

At last, on Sunday night, I flew eastward across the island of Java to that Hindu dreamland of Bali (some of whose glories I described in the October 23rd issue). I will not forget an afternoon visit to a Balinese village, at the invitation of a clerk in the hotel. I arrived on the back of a motorcycle

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during a rain squall and after meeting the clerk's friends was given a batik robe to wear in place of my damp clothes. Then the village chief, a kind, smiling, white-haired man named Ktut Guntur, appeared in the compound, and we sat down to eat a lunch of sausage soup, rice, chopped meat with a Balinese sauce called *tum* (for the tummy?), and Fanta orange drink. As the Balinese are accustomed to eating rat, cat, and bat, I didn't ask about the ingredients.

Back at the hotel certain people praised my courage for eating the native meal. But what could I have done while the chief sat across the table smiling, nodding, and watching my every move? That night, I confess, my fortitude broke down in an altogether different confrontation. There she was, Susannah York, sitting two tables away in the rooftop nightclub at the Bali Beach without a date, dancing with everyone who asked, and I sat stuck to my chair, like a balky kid at a teen-age prom.

I left Bali on the one day in the week that Pan Am flies directly to Hong Kong, saving me stops in Djakarta and Singapore. Now I was bound for Hawaii and would have flown straight through, but there was a necessary overnight halt in Hong Kong. Next day, I flew up to Tokyo and prepared to catch a Japan Air Lines flight non-stop to Honolulu, a journey of eight hours. Lest I give the impression that mysterious ways have disappeared from the East, listen to my conversation with the girl behind the JAL counter at Haneda Airport.

"Would you recommend I take the 747 or the DC-8?" I asked.

"The 747," she said, "is good for the body but not for the mind."

"Excuse me?"

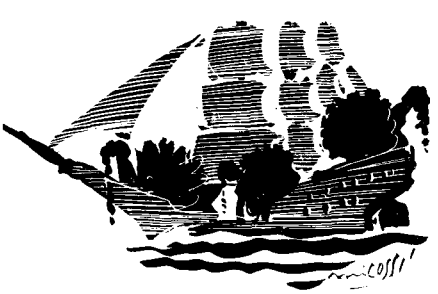
"If you fly coach-class on the 747, there may be more room than on a DC-8 but the stewardesses will be so busy you will receive less service."

"But I am flying first-class."

"Then you must take the 747."

Such is the unlocking of 1971 Oriental puzzles.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 49:
pater, apter, taper, prate.



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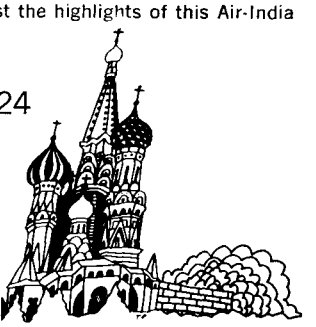

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Letters

Continued from page 42

brother inherited from their Basque father a very large tract of land in the then (about 1884) wild state of Sinaloa. It was some 200,000 hectares, as I remember. The place was inhabited by a tribe of Indians whose custom it was to have the women do all the work while the men did nothing. To get rid of the lazy workers, and at the same time procure workers, Don Joaquín proposed to the Mexican government that he be allowed to proclaim his land a haven for criminals. After years of pros and cons, the government finally agreed to his concept.

He advertised all over the world and soon had thousands of lawbreakers. The town in which they lived was encircled by a fence, and the rules of admittance were humane and materially hopeful: Build your own house; do not leave the encamped habitat except to work during the day; elect your own rulers and do not break any of my rules; if you do, you will be turned over to the government soldiers stationed outside my land, and that will be the last of you.

The last time I visited Mr. Redo was in 1945. He was an old man then, and his three sons managed all the farming and factory operations, as well as the three cities on the property, total population around 100,000. The Indian men had silently disappeared and the offspring of the criminals and Indian women were a remarkably well-behaved and healthy clan. What impressed me most was that many of the young men became ardent adherents of President Madero. They were revolutionaries in principle, and many of them gave their lives for freedom, fighting Don Porfirio and Huerta.

EDWARD S. MILLER,
Ramona, Calif.

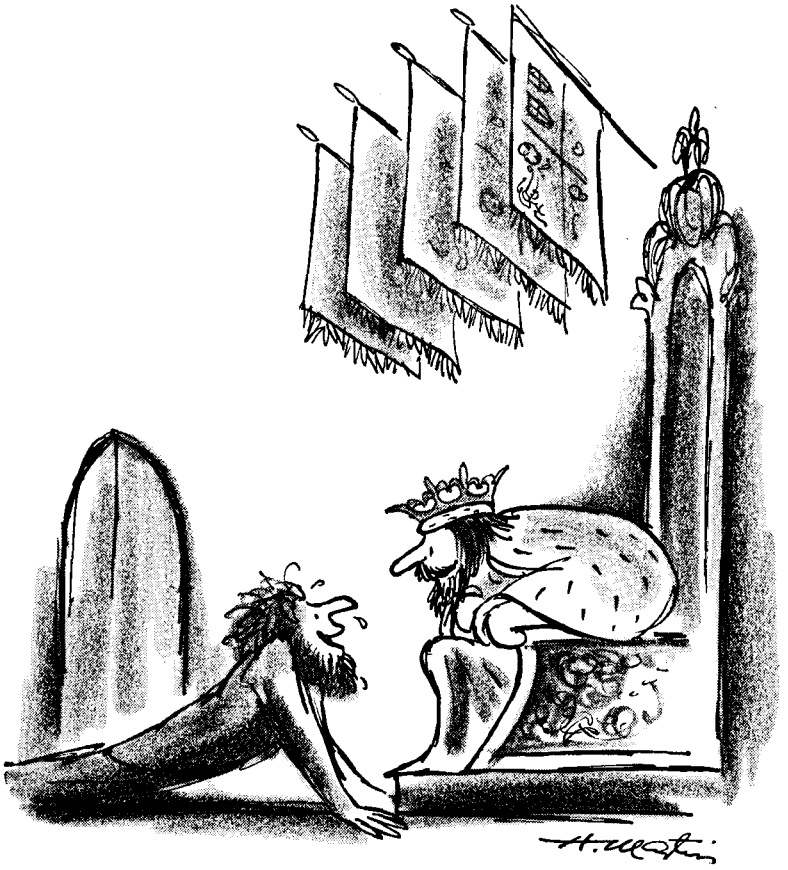
IN THE AFTERMATH of the Attica horror, one thought comes to mind. Could not the prisoners have been subdued by tranquilizer pellets? Forty-three lives could have been saved. Why kill?

JULIA DENECKE,
New York, N.Y.

Up Gentility!

RE: David Butwin's "Bermuda on Two Wheels a Day" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Oct. 16]. Mr. Butwin obviously had been to Bermuda before. If he didn't want to dress for dinner, he could have saved himself a lot of money by staying at home and slopping about. I'm sorry he doesn't appreciate the few niceties left. If you tear down all the architecture of years past, you'll end up with nothing but a big monotony of glass boxes. Let's try to raise the level of the blue jean crowd instead of being dragged down to a slovenly level. It sure doesn't hurt one to dress for dinner. . . . Mr. Butwin: Please appreciate Bermuda for the gentility that's left. Don't tear it all down! Go again but at your leisure when you can really enjoy it.

MRS. E. S. PRATT,
Clifton, N.J.



"Your Majesty! Your Majesty! Their king is dead! Their armies are in disarray! Their fleet destroyed! Their empire crushed and their tourism is down twenty-seven per cent."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Oliver

NOT ONCE during all the coverage of two astronauts larruping over the moon did I hear any reference to that ancient satellite as *Oliver*. It would have been a nice touch.

Oliver as slang for the moon can be found in a corner of American heritage hardly ever acknowledged—the underworld of our colonial days. The late 1700s harbored an active society of hoodlums and gangsters, miscreants and rogues, fast women and unprincipled men. As such subcultures do (even today—especially today), they developed a language all their own, a cant with the primary purpose of confounding any eavesdropping straights or, worse, *horneys*—fuzz, they'd be called today.

In their book, *Oliver* was the moon. It was a term probably imported from England, which had its own subculture speaking a rich cant.

Oliver's up meant a full moon. But it was not an expression alluding to the wonder of it all. Rather, it implied a caveat, a colleague's friendly reminder that a moonlit night was bad for business.

Until *Oliver* waned, or was obscured by cloud cover, there would be no *evening sneaks* (burglarizing a house at night) or *water sneaks* (boarding a ship after dark with intent to steal); nor was *Oliver's* glow conducive to *going upon the bonny lay* (highway robbery).

If *Oliver* was down, one could probably see *glimms* (stars). And, of course, *Oliver's* light was merely a reflection of *Roram* (the sun).

But most of the cant of the colonial criminal classes was concerned with more earthly matters. Their own tools of the trade—*chivs* and *pops*, *briars* and *wibbles* (knives and pistols, saws and augers). To *star a glaze* had no celestial implications; it meant to cut out a square of glass. To *undub the jigger* (unlock the door), a *screw* (skeleton key) might be used.

And if incarceration was the unhappy result, *cracking the qua* (breaking jail) became a pressing concern.

The terminal insult was a trip to the *nipping jig to be topt*—gallows talk, that.

The astronaut's jargon, a heady mix of acronyms and technical phraseology, was never intended to keep outsiders guessing, but a lot of translation was necessary just the same.

Still, there might have come a refreshing filler for an idle moment if Houston were to have announced, "We have three *rum coves* [great guys] in earth orbit, and they are go for *Oliver*."

Or am I asking for the moon?

—ALAN POSPISIL.

Brief (Mercifully So) Encounter

THE OTHER DAY I ran into my friend Smidgeon, the book reviewer. "Hi," I said.

"Your prose is lean," Smidgeon said. "Your sentences are crisp and vivid, though somewhat derivative of Hemingway."

"Aw, cut the crud," I protested.

"Lardneresque," smiled Smidgeon. "You reveal a keen ear for the nuances of American slang."

I tried to change the subject. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Whitmanesque exuberance!" cried Smidgeon. "In these doubt-ridden times, it's heart-warming to hear a voice still rejoicing in our natural heritage."

"Come to think of it, it looks a lot like rain," I said, backtracking.

"Yet the discerning eye can sense an undertone of Dostoyevskian pessimism," returned Smidgeon.

I sighed. "A man can't even open his trap when you're around."

"Your rueful *Weltanschauung* recalls Virginia Woolf," he said, "though you couch your thoughts less felicitously than that inimitable lady."

Belatedly I thought of a way to trap him. I just stood there a long time without saying anything.

"You are clearly under the influence of Mallarmé," smiled Smidgeon. "The elliptical Frenchman, you recall, said that the ideal poem would be a blank page."

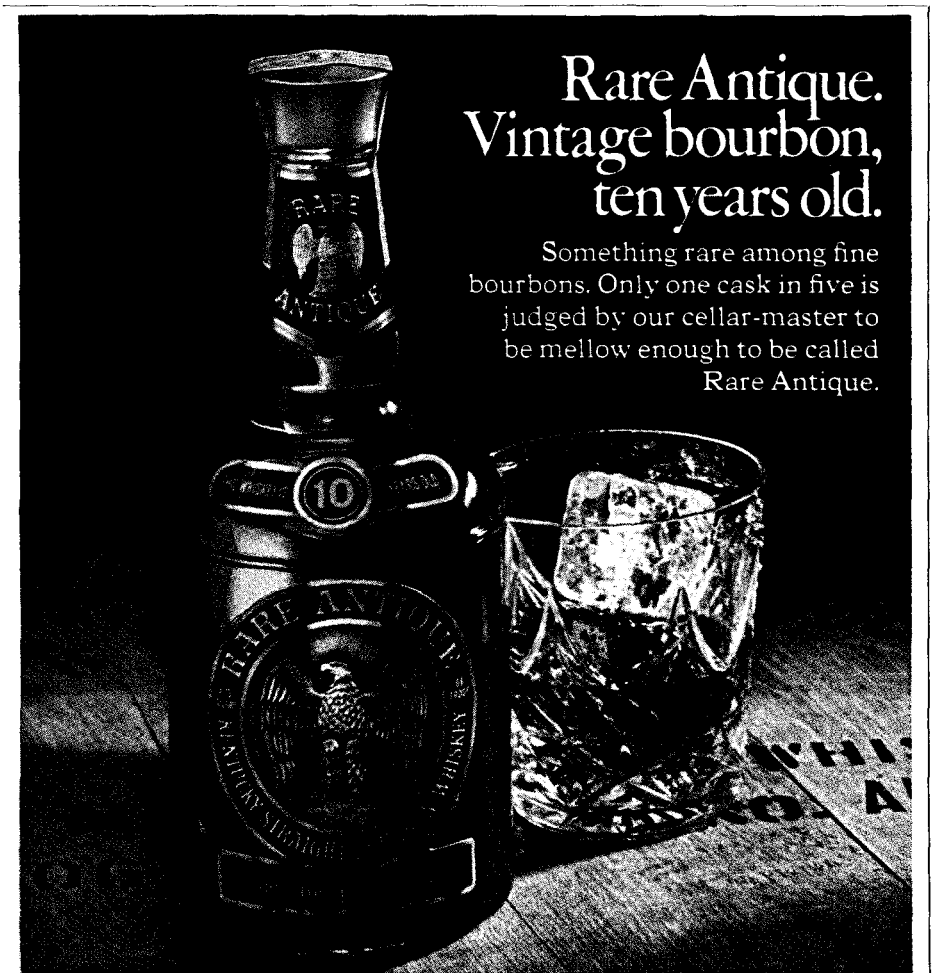
"I've got a good mind to punch you right in the nose," I snapped irritably.

"Action! Nothing surpasses it!" He chuckled. "Your hard-boiled narrative style has the raciness of Dashiell Hammett at his best. I just can't put you down."

"Well, I'm putting *you* down," I said nastily. "You're a nudnick. And I'm a schmo to bother with a schlepper like you."

". . . the self-mockery of Malamud and Roth," Smidgeon was saying, as I disappeared around the corner. ". . . the rich ethnic tradition characteristic of your race. . . ."

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.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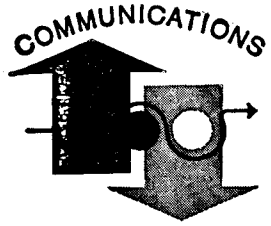

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

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What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us

Sufficient water has passed beneath the bridge for us to be able to look with some objectivity at the case of the Pentagon Papers and what they were really saying about the American press. What can be seen at long range, based on the performance of both sides in this historic case, is that our federal government has been exposed as a bungler and a liar and that our news gatherers in recent years have been both incompetent and sanctimonious, generally lacking in those traits that made American journalism the envy of the world, both free and fettered.

Leon Garry, editor of *Media Industry Newsletter*, puts it very well indeed: "While the press frolics in its glorious victory and the Supreme Court reinforces the myths of its powers and purity, the serious question of press competence is skirted. The sad fact is that the press, in general, is ill prepared to handle the complexities of the modern state, or modern business, either emotionally or intelligently. . . . Today, gentlemen of the press require a greater measure of economic and historical sophistication—much reporting is naïve and lacks perspectives. . . . Based on the performance and attitudes of the current press, the only way the citizenry will find out what is really happening today is if someone steals another set of Pentagon or Executive or Congressional Papers in 1980."

What keeps gnawing in the back of a man's mind, close to half a year after the Pentagon revelations, is why didn't we know about these things long before through normal channels of journalism, both electronic and print. It is all very well to have reacted, as did Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of *The New York Times*, with "complete joy and delight," or like Katharine Graham of *The Washington Post*, who was "extremely gratified" at the Supreme Court's decision allowing resumption of top-secret Pentagon information and, in effect, justifying the original scoop. The chilling question that keeps coming back and back is why didn't we hear about all this Pentagon chicanery in the first place. The cartoon cliché of the American press is of a knight armed with only a pen, guarding the fires of liberty, but the pure fact is that this just isn't so in one of the most important of all news areas and sources—coverage of the military hierarchy, particularly in Washington. The federal government has, we now realize, no leg to stand on in regard to its record of press censorship in the name of national security, and the Supreme Court has, as a practical matter, shielded the President's power to wage an undeclared war in Vietnam (or anywhere else for that matter) by refusing to hear cases arguing that the U. S. Constitution reserves to Congress the power to declare war.

What really gets you, as you think about it more dispassionately with the lengthening of time, is what *else* don't we know. What other hidden military commitments, real or implied, have been made in the White House since, say, the end of the Korean War? Do we really know anything at all about what it costs the American people per day simply to sustain the largest military budget in the history of mankind—and in what is technically peacetime at that? How many murders of heads of state, how many revolutions, how much unethical interference in the internal affairs of other nations, small or large, have been planned, carried out, and financed through the simple budgetary device of hiding tens of millions of CIA dollars in other departmental appropriations? We just don't know.

As Flora Lewis, the widely read columnist (and former student of ours at Columbia), has stated it nicely: "Why didn't we see during the buildup in Vietnam that it was an open-minded

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commitment, as no-longer-so-secret records show, and why did we supinely accept official claims that only another 10,000 or another 25,000 troops would be sent? Why did we wait for the underground press to break the stories of the huge stockpile of poison gas and the trail of heroin along CIA-run routes in Laos into the blood stream of thousands of GIs in Vietnam? Why did we wait for Ralph Nader to find out what's wrong with our autos and for the Surgeon General to find that cigarettes can cause lung cancer and for riots to show how people were living in the ghettos? These are the kinds of questions the U. S. media are having to face, mostly from the young reporters who are willing to look about them as well as look at public relations-type handouts."

As she says, why limit what we don't know to military shenanigans? What about domestic crime? Is there really a Mafia that has its dirty little fingers in just about every racket? If there is, let's open up a massive journalistic barrage in broadcasting and the daily press along the lines of *Life* magazine's great exposé, and when we've done that let's keep after the fearful and the sleepy in every capitol, local or national, until the rot has been exposed and removed. Are colleges and universities in every corner of the land condoning wholesale violations of their own amateur athletic rules, and perhaps even elemental medical precaution, where football is a multi-million-dollar business? We've suspected so for a long, long time. Must we indeed rely on Ralph Nader for the investigative energy that will in the long run make our food safer and our marketing and packaging less dishonest? The challenge has been there since ink was first put to paper on the North American continent. And acceptance of that challenge, it seems to us, is what in the long view the Pentagon Papers have to say to any and all of us who pretend to practice an ancient and noble profession. —R. L. T.

What a Free Press Can Do

"Given a free press, we may defy open or insidious enemies of liberty. It instructs the public mind and animates the spirit of patriotism. Its loud voice suppresses everything which would raise itself against the public liberty, and its blasting rebuke causes incipient despotism to perish in the bud."

—Daniel Webster.

Letters to the Communications Editor

When There's No TV Around

Speaking of R.L.T.'s editorial "This Program May Be Harmful to Your Child" [*SR*, Oct. 9], we decided two years ago that our four pre-teen children could well do without the TV violence and the right-wrong value system (no shades of gray) it espoused, along with the might-is-right thesis. We chucked the TV, with no regrets. Several wonderful things began to happen. We all began talking and relating to one another much more fully. Everyone took to playing an instrument: The oldest boy now plays both violin and clarinet well, and even Mom has learned piano! We play games together, read aloud, listen to music, and sing together. We also enjoy quiet sometimes. We recommend it to all your reader families!

Mrs. Helen Charpentier,
Georges Mills, N.H.

Congratulations on R.L.T.'s editorial! I am writing Senator Taft and Congressman Vanik about the article and the need to apply pressure in the right places to clean up the ghastly national mess.

Joseph P. Owens, Ph.D.,
Professor of Education,
John Carroll University,
University Heights, Cleveland, O.

I wonder if the psychologists working on the Surgeon General's report on the effects of TV programs on children consulted with kindergarten teachers. The last fifteen years of my teaching career were spent in the kg classroom, and as a well-trained observer of children I saw the effects. At 8:30 in the morning I frequently observed, "Well, I'm in for a hard day." Reason? My children were obviously stirred up by the previous night's viewing and lack of a peaceful night's sleep.

I have read numerous articles on the connection between violence on TV and aggression, but there is also another harmful connection that one doesn't find much reference to: the anxiety neuroses. My children were growing up in a fear-ridden community where there was plenty of real violence, and therefore violence on TV was definitely not "cathartic"; simply reinforced their fears. Which is worse: aggressive behavior or inhibition by anxiety? I witnessed this one instance (out of many). In the black corner the "play" developed into a replay of a TV program. Finally a child obviously involved and fearful came to me. "You open the box [coffin]. Some monster or robot was supposed to come out." Now the point is, did this child need the "cathartic experience" of black play? First she was scared stiff of real life violence, then of TV violence, then of the "play experience." This could go on "ad infinitum." Cathartic indeed!

Incidentally, I still don't own a TV.

I wish you would publish some part of this as I no longer want to be one of the silent majority.

Catherine E. Berg,
Cambridge, N.Y.

Two articles in the October 9 communications supplement demonstrate in an ironic way the confusions that surround communications research. In one, M. L. Stein dusts off the aged "green eyeshade" complaints about "chi squares" invading journalism education. The particular villains of his piece are the members of the Communication Theory and Methodology Division (T & M), who, Stein notes, have "strayed far from the concerns of professional journalism" despite their affiliation with the Association for Education in Journalism (AEJ). The other item is R. L. Tobin's editorial reporting that "trained psychologists" have recently come up with rather solid evidence that exposure to TV violence increases physically aggressive social behavior in children and adolescents. Obviously, Mr. Tobin considers these findings quite important to the communications field; this is his latest in a long line of editorials on the topic.

What Mr. Tobin does not report, and Mr. Stein apparently does not realize, is that the dread "communicologists" of T & M are responsible for much of the research on TV violence that has been done recently for the Surgeon General. Mr. Tobin's editorial is based on papers presented at this year's American Psychological Association convention; three of the four papers at the session on TV violence were by T & M members. Another important study, on children's reactions to television advertisements, by yet another T & M researcher, has also attracted wide public attention.

It seems that the green eyeshade (which itself comes in for some mild chiding by Mr. Stein) is accompanied by blinders, which prevent some AEJ members from seeing that the communications industry spreads far beyond traditional journalism. Fortunately their number dwindles yearly. The organization is developing a broader concern with the field as a whole, led in part by its researchers.

Steven H. Chaffee, Chairman,
Committee on Research Association
for Education in Journalism,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

Page Sizes and Universal Formats

May I add a few points to John Tebbel's article "Time to Change Your Page Size" [*SR*, Oct. 9]. The general reason for publications' changing to the more "typical" or "standard" or "universal" size of approximately 8½" x 11" is that standards and universality mean a better profit structure. And, with all the other changes in the field of graphic communication, magazines, as well as newspapers, are having difficulty in keeping their profit structure propped up.

A universal format means that advertisers, art directors, and production people can direct their efforts toward one size. While creative people dislike such restrictions, a universal format *does* save money. For this reason, a universal size is desirable. Why has the industry gravitated to

(Continued on page 98)

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Can a Good Journalist Be a Good Citizen?

by JOHN HOHENBERG

During the New Deal era, in New York City there was a Republican on one of the newspapers, anti-New Deal of course, who fervently believed in the *Literary Digest* poll. He was known, because of the scarcity of Republicans in newsrooms in those parlous times, as the house Republican.

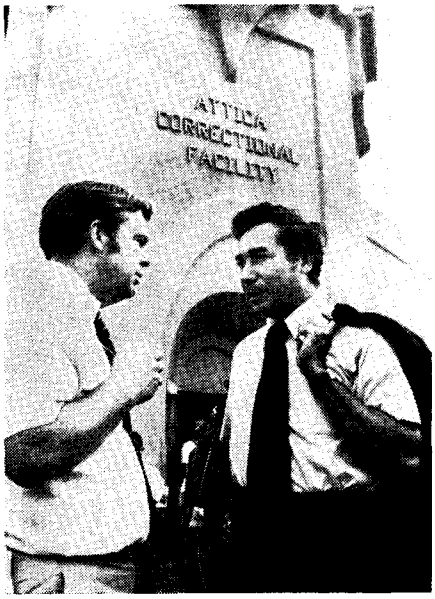
This gentleman, a political writer by fiat of a grateful management, was so famous for his touching faith in the *Digest*'s forecast of a Republican Presidential victory in 1936 that newsmen came from all over the city to bet with him. He accepted everything he could handle, and then some. And when Election Day came, he went down—rather gallantly, I thought—with Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, the Republican Party, and the *Literary Digest*. All bets were paid, with only an occasional uncouth remark to the happy Democrats in the newsroom.

The house Republican, thereafter, proceeded to put the whammy on the *Literary Digest* by sending one Landon button a week, usually by registered mail, to the editor of that unfortunate publication. And when the *Literary Digest* suspended publication, its outraged victim finally avenged himself by making a personal visit to the office to dump a shoebox full of Landon buttons on the dismayed editor's desk.

This is one of the few signs of political activity that I can recall, during a fairly long career of daily newspaper work, that took place in a newsroom and involved people who dealt with the news. Even the American Newspaper Guild's sponsorship of numerous liberal causes and candidates did little, over the long run, to undercut the prevailing notion that a newsroom was, and by commonly accepted ethical practices should be, neutral ground. The Guild's strikes, of course, were something else again, but in the main these developed economic pressures and relatively few generated political issues of consequence.

It is remarkable, in a way, that political confrontations between editors and publishers, on the one hand, and members of their staffs, on the other, have been so few in view of the general conservatism of management and the demonstrable liberalism of a large number of their employees. During the New Deal era, the issue was never really joined despite the griping of Republican publishers that they were being betrayed by all those Democratic political writers on their payroll. I don't recall that anybody was fired for trying to perform some unsolicited, if underhanded, service for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The unflattering truth is that a lot of us were so busy with preparations for Election Night that we forgot to vote on Election Day.

The most famous instance of an outright break between publisher and staff occurred during the 1948 Presidential election with a three-way split on the New York *Post*. To the *Post*'s credit, let it be said that the publisher, Dorothy Schiff, gave space in her columns to those who opposed her support of the Republican candidate, Thomas E. Dewey. There was, first of all, the editor, T. O. Thackrey, husband of the publisher at the time, who supported the third party candidacy of Henry A. Wallace and, next, leading members of the staff, who came out for the Democratic candidate and eventual victor, Harry S. Truman. It is true that there was a revival of the old publishers' charges that the press corps slanted stories during the Presidential campaign of Senator John F. Kennedy in 1960, but once again the allegations were difficult to prove.



—*William E. Szuro, The New York Times*

New York Times writer Tom Wicker and Congressman Badillo at Attica

I have searched in vain for many years for some definitive expression, by either management or members of the working press, that lays down precisely the differences that obviously exist between the rights of the journalist as a citizen and his professional responsibilities to his news organization and the public. In numerous Guild contracts, the only reference to the issue is the familiar agreement that a reporter need not sign an article of which he disapproves and may withhold permission to management for the use of his name.

In routine situations, the matter is generally handled in an individual and private manner. For example, there are unwritten understandings in numerous places that a reporter will not be assigned to cover certain events about which he has very strong feelings, such as executions and the like. It has also become standard practice, in major news organizations, to switch reporters from one candidate to another during important campaigns. While the stated reason is to give the reporter a more rounded knowledge of the contenders and the issues, this also serves as a safety valve against undue partiality.

One of the few written statements of principle on the issue was made in 1927 by Ralph Pulitzer, editor of the New York *World*, during the paper's vain campaign to save Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti from the electric chair. Heywood Broun, the paper's liberal-minded columnist, had written two passionate articles denouncing the Governor of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard University for their actions in the case. Pulitzer then announced that Broun had been "instructed" to turn to other subjects and refused to publish his subsequent articles, except for a final one in which he resigned. Pulitzer wrote afterward:

> It is the function of a writer to write and the function of an editor to edit. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I publish Mr. Broun's articles with pleasure and read them with delight; but the hundredth time is altogether different.
>
> Then something arises like the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Here Mr. Broun's unmeasured invective against Gov. Fuller and his committee seemed to the *World* to be inflammatory, and to encourage those revolutionists who care nothing for the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, nor for the vindication of justice, but are using this case as a vehicle of their propaganda. The *World*, for these reasons, judged Mr. Broun's writings on the case to be disastrous to the attempt, in which the *World* was engaged, of trying to save the two con-

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demned men from the electric chair.

The *World* could not conscientiously accept the responsibility for continuing to publish such articles.

For the theory that the opinions of a columnist are wholly disassociated from the principles of a paper is ingenious but not practical. Mr. Broun himself concedes this to the considerable extent of libel, obscenity, blasphemy and presidential elections. He concedes it to the full extent in signing a contract in which, as the party of the second part, he agrees that he "shall and will carry out the directions of the party of the first part or its executive editors in the discharge of his duties."

I am sure Mr. Broun will be the first to declare that he has never been directed to write a single word against his conscience. The issue is simply whether or not he may direct the *World* to publish his column against its conscience.

Not being privy to the terms of many individual contracts held by writers and broadcasters of consequence who have the privilege of commenting on the news, I do not know to what extent American news organizations still insist that privileged staff members shall carry out "directions." But I suspect, even if such contractual phraseology is used, that it is seldom invoked for highly practical reasons. With spirited individuals, censorship or other forms of discipline would be as unacceptable as they were to Heywood Broun.

In a far more permissive era today, *The New York Times* adopted a different approach in dealing with Tom Wicker's column of passionate protest against the killing of George Jackson, a leader of the convict uprising in San Quentin Prison. Without mentioning the columnist by name, the *Times* promptly published an editorial that questioned very seriously and at some length some of the assumptions he had made about the Jackson case.

And when Wicker subsequently became a member of the negotiating committee that was invited by rebellious convicts at Attica to hear their point of view before their final losing battle with the forces of the state, the *Times* published the news as well as Wicker's own reports and opinions. Editorially, the paper noted drily on one occasion that a Wicker column was not published as scheduled because of his "activities" in the prison. It had merely been delayed.

I doubt, however, if this is a signal that newspapermen and women, in exercising the privileges of citizenship, will be on the whole less conscious in the future that it is, as Pulitzer put the position, "the function of an editor to edit." The line taken by Tom Wicker, while very far from a parallel with that of Heywood Broun in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has nevertheless created more discussion and more interest inside American journalism than any other intramural matter in a long time. Like Norman Mailer, he has aroused an enormous amount of sympathy among younger reporters and students of journalism who lean toward what is known these days as activism in the newsroom.

What Mailer does, however, is one thing because he is in no way responsive to the usual editorial disciplines of the working press; what Wicker does is quite another. In the debate over his Attica role, the split has generally been along predictable lines. Newsmen of an older era, with few exceptions, have argued that he exercised too many liberties; younger ones, too few. And nearly all have overlooked the crucial fact that two other working newsmen were members of the panel of observers at Attica.

This really appears to be the crux of the matter. It seems to me that Pulitzer's statement of the issue is too simplistic for our time. I would phrase it in these terms:

Can a good journalist be a good citizen? Can he accept the responsibilities of citizenship and at the same time discharge his duties as a journalist? Can he participate in an event and still write about it in acceptable terms for his newspaper and for the public at large? And finally, can personal honesty about one's point of view toward any given event replace the quality of personal detachment from the news that older editors described as objectivity?

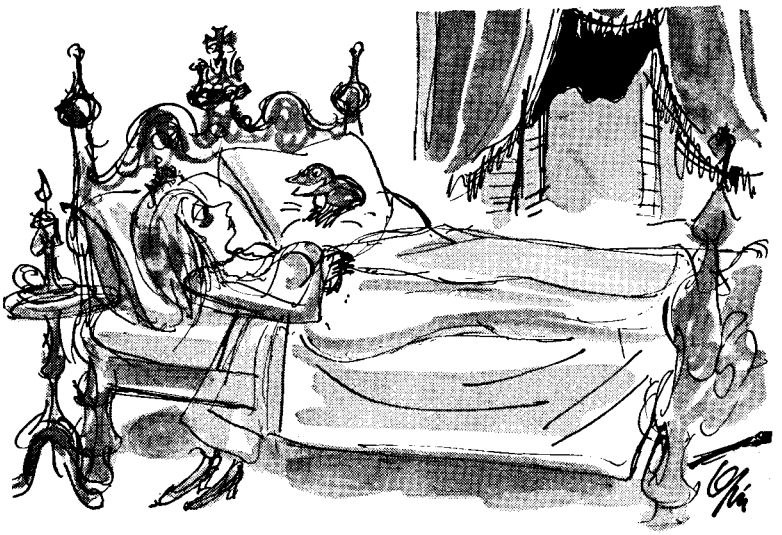
There are no easy answers to these questions. The summary discharge of a young reporter for participating in a demonstration he is supposed to cover really settles very little, except for a single young man. It does not change the attitudes of those who feel, as he does, that what journalism needs is more advocates, fewer straight-down-the-middle newsmen. Nor does it make editors any more trustful toward the newer generation of journalists who place citizenship ahead of professionalism.

In a recent survey of attitudes toward journalism education in the United States, Professor John L. Hulteng of the University of Oregon reported that only 16.5 per cent of 182 editors he queried believed that young journalism graduates were well prepared to cover a strike story without bias, while for political and race riot coverage the percentages fell to 15.4 and 12 respectively. About half the 162 educators he queried showed similar attitudes, the percentages of doubt being 47 per cent on strike stories, 49.4 per cent on race riots, and 56.1 per cent on political stories.

While such findings go counter to my own experience with younger professional journalists whom I first knew in the classroom, they do not shock me. Had such a survey been taken fifty years ago, the response would have been closer to zero per cent. And before the flowering of journalism schools, I don't recall any notable outburst of confidence in the objective reporting of Richard Harding Davis in the Boer War, Stephen Crane in the Spanish-American War, or Ernest Hemingway as a crime reporter in Kansas City before World War I. I could make the list a great deal longer, but that would be belaboring the point.

The fact is that, no matter how much it may be deplored, the largely artificial separation between citizenship and professional conduct has vanished in the American newsroom. And basically I think it is a good thing—and long overdue. The mere fact that a man

(Continued on page 98)



"What do you say we just get a good night's sleep?"

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What's Happening to the Underground Press?

by JOHN TEBBEL

A phenomenon of the past quarter century of social unrest has been the spectacular rise in America of what is usually called the underground press. It reached its peak in the late Sixties and now shows signs of crisis and decline, leaving some unanswered questions as the tide of its popularity recedes. They are questions worth considering in the whole context of the communications business.

Oddly enough, now that the so-called "underground" has passed its bloom, a literature about it is accumulating, as though it were still in full flower. A serious study, *The Underground Press in America* by Robert J. Glessing, was published by Indiana University Press last year, and at least three more books on the subject are on publishers' lists this fall, besides numerous articles in magazines and newspapers. Together, they document a period in American newspaper and magazine publishing all of whose consequences cannot now be foreseen.

Serious students of the subject refuse to use the term "underground press," partly because it denigrates by implication European and Asian proprietors of underground newspapers who have, both in the past and presently, risked their lives to circulate printed dissent, many of whom also lost the gamble. "Underground" editors in this country have suffered some harassment, but most of it has come from local authorities and no one has been summarily executed, as those abroad have been. Indeed, the fact that approximately 6,000 "underground" newspapers have been permitted not only to exist but to circulate more or less freely in America is proof that freedom of the press may be seriously threatened in this country but is still far from dead.

"Alternate press" is the phrase that more accurately describes the publications, mostly newspapers, that serve as an outlet for those who dissent from the Establishment, including what they regard as its press. The range is wide, from the well-edited, investigatory muckraking of magazines such as *Ramparts* and the critical reviews of the Fourth Estate offered by working newspapermen in publications such as New York's new (*More*) and Chicago's *Journalism Review* down to the badly written and edited polemics of the furthest Left.

It is a mixed bag, to phrase it mildly, when one considers that the alternate media include not only such well-known university papers as the Berkeley *Barb* but thousands of newspapers and magazines reflecting radical politics and culture, both black and white, besides 3,000 or so high school papers, and a smattering of peace papers. Not to mention the output of the Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate.

How many people read these periodicals is a question almost impossible to answer. The estimates range all the way from *The Wall Street Journal*'s third of a million to *Newsweek*'s two million and the Underground Press Syndicate's claim of thirty million readers. This final figure is based on the assumption that five million copies of the alternate press are read by an average of six people each.

No one, presumably, will ever determine who is right. Only two papers, the *Village Voice* (which some experts claim is not properly listed as either "underground" or "alternate") and the Los Angeles *Free Press* are ABC audited. The *Voice* has a circulation of 130,000 and the *Free Press* 95,000. Other circulation declarations contained in publishers' statements are more likely to be press runs rather than actual circulation, and since standard marketing readership surveys have been applied to the alternate press in only a few scattered and generally unreliable cases, there is no way of telling accurately *who* is reading these papers. It is safe to say, however, that they are not read simply by the young or the minority groups or the other counter-culturists for whom they are edited. Many find their way into the hands of Establishment readers, and the influence of some has unquestionably changed, and is

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continuing to change, the Establishment press.

In a sense, the wave of the alternate press is a return to early newspapering in America when the revolutionary papers, beginning with James and Ben Franklin's *New-England Courant*, fought the Establishment Tory press and the King's regime itself with a great deal more passion than regard for the truth. After the Revolution, factual reporting virtually disappeared for a time and the press became a propaganda tool in the hands of political parties. While there were papers that could be described as Establishment in the nineteenth century, most were dissenters, if not from the system itself at least from the men who were running it. The radical press of the late nineteenth century and the first decade of this one was, for the most part, devoted more to the rising cause of the workingman than to overthrowing the system. Even the old communist *Masses* would hardly seem radical by today's standards, although it frightened many out of their wits.

Today's alternate press is by and large devoted to radical reform, by means ranging from violent revolution to the evolutionary triumph of the counter-culture. Its spectrum is even broad enough to include the publishers who believe, or say they believe, that freedom of the body is itself a political act—accounting for a rash of pornographic newspapers in the last few years, the top four of which in New York were said to circulate as many as 350,000 copies two years ago. This pornographic press is rapidly diminishing, if not dying, since a generation brought up in sexual freedom is not much inclined to read about it, except for the classified ads designed to bring loving couples and groups together.

There is now probably more counter-culturism than political radicalism in the alternate press, a shift linked to the exaltation of pop culture in recent years and now shifting again as that culture begins to undergo a substantial change. The long-range political transition can be seen in the history of a radical paper such as the *National Guardian*, begun in 1948 as no doubt the first expression of the New Left. By 1967, the last of its founders had gone and a younger, new New Left crowd had taken over, dropped *National* from the title, and adopted a broadly Maoist point of view. Similarly, down the street, *Rat* originally started as a fiery, SDS kind of crusading organ has now, manned by women, become a platform for the Women's Lib movement. The *Village Voice* itself, at the beginning a leftish although not radical vehicle of dissent, is now (much older and quite respectable) the largest weekly newspaper in America and far closer to the Reform Democrats than it is to any radical movement. To young campus intellectuals, it is an interesting antique left over from the Jack Kerouac period.

In his 1970 survey of the underground press, Glessing includes a directory of 456 underground papers, presumably an inventory of the more or less stable leaders among the original 6,000 included at the time the survey was begun two or three years ago. He notes the difficulty of compiling any kind of list in a field of publication that moves so rapidly, where new papers spring up like weeds and die as quickly under the economic bulldozer. Specialist observers confirm this in noting that a substantial number of papers on Glessing's list are already dead, and that the high point of 6,000 is already cut in half.

Among the leaders that remain, from a circulation standpoint—although neither their existence nor their circulations can be guaranteed — are the Berkeley *Barb*, 85,000; the *Black Panther*, with the same figure; the *East Village Other*, 65,000; the Los Angeles *Oracle*, 60,000; the *Realist*, 150,000; and *Kaleidoscope*, 40,000. These are in addition to the *Village Voice* and Los Angeles *Free Press*. Others, with smaller circulations, which are regarded highly by the knowledgeable in this field, include publications such as the *Great Speckled Bird*, in Atlanta, with 12,000; *Old Mole*, in Cambridge, also 12,000; and *Hard Times*, in Washington, whose 5,000 circulation is not a measure of either its excellence or influence. Many observers think that *Hard Times*, founded and edited by Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway, former Establishment writers, is the best of the radical press, although Kopkind denies that the paper is underground, counter-culture, or counter-politics. Glessing calls it "sort of a radical *I. F. Stone Newsletter*," which is yet another measure of how radicalism has changed since the comfortable old days when Stone was considered by conservatives as one of the chief threats to the survival of the Republic.

If the present condition of the alternate press is cloudy, its future is equally doubtful. Its more paranoid supporters like to argue that it is the victim of repression, but there has been remarkably little of it, in spite of the fact that it screams in the face of the Establishment and almost dares it to retaliate. The high school press has suffered much more repression than the other segments of the alternate press, simply because high school students are more vulnerable to reprisal by school and town authorities. The college press also fights occasional sharp skirmishes with institutional authority, and in state universities with legislatures and regents as well, but on the whole it is relatively unfettered, except perhaps in the smaller colleges and the parochial schools. When one recalls that it was only twenty years ago that the number one issue at conventions of college editors was administration control, and compares this with the freedom of today, the distance the campus press has come is apparent.

A far more serious threat to the alternate press is the economic one, a problem it shares with the Establishment. Money troubles afflict both the best and worst of these papers, and there seems to be no answer for a medium that sometimes refuses advertising and, even when it does accept ads, has little chance of getting enough lucrative accounts to pay the printers. The papers also are threatened in many instances by their own editors, who come and go and possess widely varying levels of competence. The best survive, and that may account for the fact that there is beginning to be less pointless obscenity, less windy revolutionary rhetoric, and fewer mindless ruminations on the counter-culture.

At its best, the "underground" has justified that word, in a sense, by its investigative reporting, for which *Ramparts* became the most celebrated, and to date this has been the chief influence it has exerted on the Establishment press. There is a great deal more of this kind of reporting now in conventional papers, and one reason for it is that the alternate press has been digging out the kind of facts that the Establishment papers should have been doing. Their work has reminded the better papers that too often they have been bland or unseeing in their reporting of American society, particularly American government. The alternate press takes the general attitude that politicians are the natural enemy of the people, who have mistakenly elected them, and that political systems are not designed for the public good, no matter what they proclaim themselves to be. If that sounds too radical, one must remember that it was substantially the attitude of some of the greatest nineteenth-century editors. Charles Anderson Dana, for example, who made the New York *Sun* one of the best newspapers in history, flayed every President and administration in Washington from Lincoln to the end of the century with a biting cynicism and contempt that equaled if not surpassed much that is written today.

The prospect is that the alternate press may be much reduced in size and may change in content and tone, but it will survive. And that is a good thing, because the diversity of the press in a democracy is one of the best guaranties of the system's good health.

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THE "OP-ED" PAGE REVISITED

by HILLIER KRIEGHBAUM

Increasing use of "op-ed" pages in U.S. newspapers may be an "innovation" to some, but in fact it is a rebirth of the ideas that vitalized the editorial effectiveness of the New York *World*, defunct since 1931. With a plethora of "colyumnists," as they were called in that period, the *World* printed two facing pages of editorials, commentary, and interpretative articles on current news. Frequently, the page opposite the *World*'s editorials included work of such writers as Heywood Broun and Franklin P. Adams, whose reputations have survived to the present day.

Among the latest of America's metropolitan dailies to adopt this trend is the *Chicago Tribune* and its new "Perspective" page with anti-Nixon cartoons and columns by such syndicated writers as the liberal Clayton Fritchey. For hardline supporters of the ideologies of the late Col. Robert R. McCormick this most recent of changes in the *Tribune* (after, for instance, complete restyling of its traditional capital-letter headlines and makeup) must have come as a considerable wrench.

However, probably the most significant move toward op-ed pages occurred during September 1970, when *The New York Times* moved its obituaries off the page opposite its editorials and letters to the editor and launched its own op-ed page operation. Other papers followed the innovation in that "showpiece of American journalism," and the *Times* began selling its op-ed page articles as a separate service to those dailies that wanted to establish their own.

Despite the *World*'s generation-old tradition, the term "op-ed" currently has several distinct, and decidedly different, meanings. Conventionally it is used to describe that page opposite the one on which the paper's own editorial views are printed. But the *Chicago Tribune*'s "Perspective" is two pages beyond the editorials, not facing. For the Tucson, Phoenix, and Indianapolis papers of Eugene C. Pulliam, the op-ed page, while facing the editorials, is used as space for publishing viewpoints opposite to those stated in editorials, and it carries the heading "As Others See It." At the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the page facing editorials is marked "Dimension, a Page of Background, Interpretation and Commentary," and that is exactly what it is for local, regional, national, and world issues. On a few papers, the op-ed materials are simply columns added to those of the editorial page itself, and if presses and readers would accept tenor twelve-column-wide pages, that would be the way the whole presentation would be made. For these dailies, op-ed is simply an annex without special requirements. The majority, however, have distinctive approaches.

President and Court
'We Will All Become Prisoners'
"We cannot and will not accept the idea that the law can be broken with impunity by those who shout political slogans."
Fad in Catastrophe
OBSERVER
Let Soviet Citizens Emigrate
"The freedom to emigrate, which only a small number of people would in fact use, is an essential condition of spiritual freedom. A free country cannot resemble a cage, even if it is gilded . . ."

Thinking about and establishing op-ed pages is no development that grew up hurriedly after the attacks on some press performances by Vice President Spiro T. Agnew in November 1969, although more than an isolated journalist will confess that these remarks did tend to move leisurely discussions toward rapid decisions to move ahead.

Some newspapers, however, long have had such pages. For instance,

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when the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* remodeled its editorial page in 1962, a daily op-ed page was decided upon. Currently this includes enough space on a regular daily basis for four columnists and a cartoon; on Sunday, the *Plain Dealer* has an editorial page, a full opinion page, and an entire page of readers' letters with cartoons and illustrations. With the Pulliam dailies, the publisher decided about ten years ago that ideas other than the papers' conservative viewpoint, as it is generally perceived, should be presented, especially in Phoenix and Indianapolis, where there are no opposition daily newspapers. Newsmen on the Pulliam papers generally agreed that the move to provide some attempt at balance in editorial opinions had improved the publications' "image," but some of the editorial writers did not welcome the decision a decade ago and are still less than enthusiastic. One contributor to the pages argued that he supported the opposing-viewpoint concept because a reader might read an editorial that he "hates" after he had finished with his favorite columnist on the "As Others See It" page.

When it resumed publication after a nine-month-long strike in August 1968, the *Detroit News* inaugurated an op-ed page, converting a former feature page that had been published elsewhere in the paper into the innovation. The *News*'s philosophy was to provide "a kind of cafeteria" of various viewpoints for readers. To illustrate, in September a column by Gloria Steinem on Women's Liberation ran along with an article by Paul Hemphill, Atlanta author, who discussed the more traditional role of women in the American family.

At *The New York Times*, according to Harrison Salisbury, who was described in the paper's monthly employee publication as one of the "deep thinkers behind the op-ed page," the project was "a long time in the borning—which may be one reason it's such a whale of an infant." He said the idea had been kicking around for six or seven years at the *Times*, and all sorts of dummies and dry runs were made before the decision to start. Part of the rationale for finally launching the op-ed page, Timesmen said, was that the paper's executives felt readers should get something a bit special when the price was raised to 15 cents locally; op-ed was part of the added "special."

What do editors put on their op-ed pages?

A group of individuals in charge of some of the country's better-known newspapers came up with a wide variety of answers during a full day's discussion of op-ed page operations at the annual meeting of the National Conference of Editorial Writers at Pittsburgh in October. The overview pretty well narrowed down to this: anything that will attract and interest readers. The specifics were far-ranging and vastly different.

For instance, one editorial writer struck out at what he considered the overuse of syndicated columnists on political subjects from Washington. He claimed that, more often than not, these represented "a supermarket of hand-me-downs collected at martini factories in Washington." Another member of the NCEW group, stationed in Washington and with his own group of papers printing his column regularly, was inclined to agree with the "martini factory" charge but said they applied to individuals "no more archaic" than the average editorial writers across the nation. Most agreed that too often Washington commentators picked up an idea and bounced it back and forth among themselves without much input in the way of new information.

Many of the NCEW members at Pittsburgh and others elsewhere told of searching—almost desperately, some confessed—for individuals, especially locally, with intriguing ideas that could be passed on to the reading public. For example, among people who have generated such writings in the past were the superintendent of schools, an architect or city planner with a different approach to urban renewal, a professor who specialized in a topic at the top of some current news events, such as China, and a housewife who might be asked to expand a good letter to the editor into an op-ed comment or even, infrequently, a series of columns. As an editorial writer on one of the most highly respected newspapers in the country put it, readers don't eat, drink, and sleep government and politics, but one could not tell that by reading most editorial and op-ed pages in contemporary journalism.

Another NCEW member explained that filling op-ed pages with the repetitious syndicated columns pushed out commentaries that "our own staff members can write concerning matters of more parochial interest" and that he felt would have greater reader appeal. An effort at wider local and regional subject matter has been taken by the two Worcester, Massachusetts, dailies. For instance, a typical September "Analysis and Opinion" page in the *Telegram* included a discussion of Congressional redistricting from its Boston bureau, a widely read local column by Bill Moiles, and a David Lawrence syndicated column on Justice Hugo Black. Its sister paper, the *Evening Gazette*, devoted an entire page, except for ads, to a question-

"It seems like a good idea. I'll see what Mumsy has to say about it."

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and-answer interview with the new acting head of Assumption College about his plans for the institution's future. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* regularly prints a Monday column by a local black, a young businessman who is well known and also does special broadcasts on a Memphis television station. Editors consider him as their liaison with the local black community.

The *Detroit News* buys more than a score of syndicated columnists plus considerable free-lance and stringer articles. A regular column by the Right Reverend Richard S. Emrich, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, is used four times a week; in his three weekday columns he answers questions from readers as "a kind of male Ann Landers," as one *Detroit News* executive said. After the Attica prison rioting, a Michigan law school professor wrote at length on his reactions to that news event.

On the other hand, *The New York Times* with a considerable national circulation seeks to attract attention to its op-ed page by what Salisbury described as "pieces which we hope will be significant, thought-provoking, bright, and pertinent to the multitudinous issues of our age." During the more than a year that it has been operating, the *Times* op-ed page has printed articles by such authors as Vice President Agnew, Jimmy Breslin, Willie Brown, a pupil in the Bronx's P.S. 100 who wrote to Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Angela Davis, Bernardine Dohrn of the Weatherman underground, Senator Barry Goldwater, Herbert Marcuse, Richard Moore, one of the thirteen Black Panthers tried in New York City, Governor Ronald Reagan, Professor Charles Reich of Yale, and "Convict X," a San Quentin inmate.

One reprinted item that aroused considerable controversy and discussion, as reflected in a "blizzard" of mail response, was "A Doctor's Letter to His Son," in which Dr. Paul Williamson, a McComb, Mississippi, physician, told his son, who was about to enter Tulane University in New Orleans:

> If you care to challenge the U.S. Government, this is your affair. If you get killed doing it, this is your affair. You see, there are constitutional ways to change the U.S. Government, and I agree that it desperately needs changing. However, if you choose to try to change it by revolution, expect to get shot. Mother and I will grieve but we will gladly buy a dinner for the National Guardsman who shot you. You see, son, they pretty-up in definition all the things you might want to do. When brought to its basics, it is still just revolution.

In contrast with the diversity of *The New York Times*, some other op-ed pages are utilized entirely to reinforce the opinions of the editorial writers and the publisher. The thinking behind that is that the paper and its staff really believe in what they are saying and thus they are reluctant to undermine their own impact. In those forty-five U.S. communities where there are two or more competing daily newspapers, this argument may have validity, but what about those hundreds of towns where there is only one printed daily voice to be heard? Those at the NCEW sessions were somewhat divided on this question, but the majority of those from one-newspaper localities felt that opposing viewpoints definitely needed to have presentation, not always, however, among the syndicated columnists but definitely in any letters-to-the-editor department.

Among the NCEW members the use of advertising on the op-ed page brought a split reaction. Some wanted those columns for more material of their own choosing; others were willing to let the business and advertising departments sell the space if they could have some of the profits to pay contributors to future op-ed pages. Salisbury had an answer as far as *The New York Times* was concerned: "We *like* it. It cuts down on the volume of articles, enabling us to keep up quality standards. And it anchors the page in the real world."

On most papers, the op-ed page is handled by the editorial page staff, but in Worcester, Massachusetts, in contrast, the news department handles the assignments. At *The New York Times*, four individuals scan the sacks of mail that arrive each morning for the tenth-floor op-ed offices. Yet only a tiny fraction of the unsolicited articles are usable, but some, say those who process the flow, are among the brightest pieces received—and printed.

Thus effective op-ed pages, which are increasing in number, although there is no definitive count yet available, offer in the 1970s an equivalent of John Milton's basic concept of free speech.

One editorial writer summed up much of the situation as follows: "I don't suppose there is any real standard for the page op because circumstances, and budgets, control the page. Everybody has space problems. But a well-turned-out page op can be a classy addition to any paper."

"Attention, male chauvinist pigs . . ."

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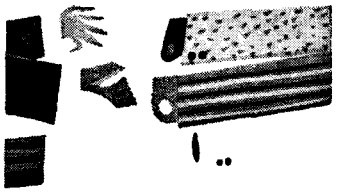
LAMA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

Public Relations



Saving a Small Town

It is now an old and sad story—the moving of corporate headquarters out of the large urban centers. The deterioration of the inner cities and the flight of the more affluent middle class have persuaded many corporations to move either to suburban areas or to smaller cities, too far away to be satellites of the big centers of population. In leaving a major city, a responsible management not only makes certain that all employees are offered posts at the new location, and pays their moving expenses, but seeks jobs as well for those who, for family or other reasons, are unable to follow their company.

But it hasn't been deemed necessary by those corporations moving out of the big urban centers to find new industry to replace the loss to the city—nor does this seem to be expected, because big cities have other resources on which to draw. But what about the closing of a plant in a small town that depends heavily on the company for survival—where the company provides the townspeople with their important source of employment?

This was the problem faced by American Oil Company, which is responsible for national product research, manufacturing, distribution, and marketing for Standard Oil Company (Indiana), of which it is a wholly owned subsidiary. American Oil Company, which is fourth among major oil companies in the total gasoline market, has 26,200 employees. By any reasonable measure it is big business.

Neodesha, Kansas, has about 4,000 inhabitants. More than 20 per cent of its work force, 200 people, were employees of American Oil Company's refinery in the town. The refinery itself was opened in February 1897. But now it was too small to meet the technological competition. Over the years the company tried to overcome the refinery's disabilities. But it could not be made into a profitable operation. Yet closing the doors of the refinery would have caused havoc in Neodesha, for the refinery had a payroll of $2-million annually, and the company's property tax alone amounted to 25 per cent of the town's school taxes. And what of the employees? Ninety-eight per cent of them were forty or older, nearly 50 per cent were fifty or over, with an average age of forty-nine. The average length of employee service was seventeen years.

American Oil began planning to close the refinery in March 1969, well over a year before the scheduled closing. On June 1 a full-time coordinator was appointed by the company to manage the operation and to make certain all went off without a hitch. By early August plans were set to announce the closing date in September. But rumors began to circulate in the town, so the date was moved forward to prevent wild stories and needless distress. Also, the company was anxious to let the employees and the town's leaders know directly what American Oil was planning for the future.

On August 20 the public announcement was made. The company's managers met with union representatives, employees, news media and community leaders. The refinery manager explained the company's intentions and why it had to close the refinery. Simultaneously, letters outlining company plans were mailed to all its employees, suppliers, and potential employers who might be a source of jobs. In addition, a full-page advertisement was run in the local press telling the general public of American's decision.

To help keep the facts from being mangled by the grapevine—always present in all plants and communities—a biweekly employee newsletter was started to keep the workers informed. It told of job placement, interview schedules, employee benefits, and other items relevant to the refinery closing. Stories based on the employee newsletter were run in the local newspaper. The company promised to help all employees find new jobs and to work with industrial development agencies to attract new industry to Neodesha. A job placement center was set up in the refinery, and company specialists interviewed 199 employees who were then on the payroll.

The interviews spanned a seven-day work period. Employees were counseled individually for about an hour, at which time all the facts and opportunities were outlined. All were asked to list their preferences for other company locations. At the same time, each was told of his benefits including hospital insurance, retirement status, severance pay, and moving policy. Interviewers from other American Oil Company locations came to Neodesha with authority to offer jobs. At the same time employee résumés were sent to other companies that might have open spots for skilled workers.

In early September American Oil notified the Mayor of Neodesha, Ernest Wilson, that the company would match funds up to $5,000 with other contributors to a campaign to attract new industry. The company also donated more than 400 acres of land, complete with water, sewers, service roads, and parking facilities as well as its power plant and power distribution facilities, waste water facilities, and its buildings and shops. The value of these came to $2,250,000.

The result of all this was that by April 1, 1970, the day the plant was finally closed, only twenty-eight had not yet been placed in jobs. These were turned over to a private employment agency, with the company paying the agency fee. A study made in August of the same year showed that all former refinery workers who wanted jobs had been employed.

But how is the town doing now that the refinery is closed? According to Mayor Wilson, who led the town's efforts, working closely from the beginning with American Oil, the old refinery is now a new industrial park based on the facilities and land provided by the oil company. All the existing buildings in the park are now occupied by either new industry or expanding Neodesha industry. Mayor Wilson also says that plans now are being prepared for the construction of additional buildings to house other industrial firms. And he estimates that, in place of the 200 jobs lost when the refinery closed, by the end of this year there will be 300 new jobs located in the industrial park. The Mayor also says that total bank deposits in the town have risen to $11.5-million, an increase of $2-million above what they were when the refinery was operating, and that Neodesha retail stores are reporting increased sales through all of 1971.

This is more than the story of how a small town was saved. It is an example to those corporations that just turn the key in the lock of an old plant and try to steal away in the night.

According to Blaine J. Yarrington, president and chief executive of American Oil Company, "it is possible to do good and do well at the same time."

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Reporting from the Ghettos

by M. L. STEIN

Between 6 and 7 o'clock each evening, a motorcycle messenger roars away from an old four-story building at 209 West 125th Street in Harlem. His pouch contains a file of five or six stories developed and written during the day by the staff of Community News Service (CNS), a small but zealous outfit that is trying to help the news media carry out recommendations made by the Kerner Commission three years ago. Appointed in the wake of the race riots of the 1960s, the commission charged that the media contributed to the conflict by neglecting the ghettos and urged them to fill the void.

Since then, newspapers and broadcasters have built up their coverage of minority communities, largely through the use of newly hired black, Chicano, and Puerto Rican reporters. But the effort is still inadequate, a fact that many white editors will admit.

In response to a recent survey by the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, 114 white newspaper editors and forty black editors or executives of black newspapers felt that the American press has improved its treatment of minority group news since the Kerner report. Many of them, however, felt that much more needs to be done in this area.

For the New York City media, CNS offers a unique service that includes the Bronx and Brooklyn as well as the Manhattan black and Puerto Rican communities. It gives its subscribers a file of mostly original stories and leads on a wide range of topics, including community activities, politics, education, housing, poverty and welfare programs, the arts, and crime. Clients also are supplied with a Community Calendar that advises editors about upcoming meetings, press conferences, lectures, and other events in the ghettos.

CNS's small staff of five reporters and three deskmen has come up with some solid beats that have been used as lead stories in the city's newspapers and by radio and television stations. It first reported the occupation of Lincoln Hospital by the Young Lords, a militant Puerto Rican group. CNS also sent out alerts to its clients about an impending riot in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn last May, after the state legislature had slashed welfare aid. When the riot did erupt, Frank Emerson, CNS's Brooklyn man, was already on the scene when the newspaper and broadcast reporters began arriving. Thomas A. Johnson, a *New York Times* reporter, said he got much of his early information by interviewing Emerson.

Recently, both the *Times* and the New York *Daily News* ran a CNS-developed story about three black Israelite students being dropped from an all-white Brooklyn yeshiva, allegedly because of their color. Doris Roldan, one of CNS's two Puerto Rican reporters, was credited with scooping everyone on the appointment of Candido de Leon as president of a South Bronx community college, making him the first Puerto Rican in the United States to head a college.

Community News Service began its operations in January 1970 as part of the Urban Reporting Project administered by the New School for Social Research and partly supported by a $375,000 Ford Foundation grant. It is no longer attached to the New School but still receives Ford Foundation support in the form of a $119,000 grant scheduled to expire in January 1972. CNS also has a $20,000 gift from the New York Foundation.

The two grants provide only half of CNS's $16,000-a-month operating expenses. The rest comes from subscription fees that range from $8 to $200 a week. Only six major news outlets are among CNS's thirty-five subscribers—the *Times* and *Daily News*, WCBS-TV, CBS Radio, and Channel 13, the educational television station. Other clients are weekly newspapers, community organizations, schools, and the Mayor's office. CNS distributes a special school kit to aid teachers in classroom discussions of inner-city social problems. The materials, which are put together by Phyllis Dolgin, a former teacher, include information on drug abuse, health, housing, and other matters covered by CNS reporters.

The organization's director, Humberto Cintron, a bearded, thirty-five-year-old former community organizer, said CNS must acquire more subscribers to survive. "The Kerner Report is just as valid as it was three years ago," he declared. "The major media that claim to be covering the black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods are, in most cases, not doing it. They still think in crisis terms when it comes to our communities. They'll send reporters and cameramen in to cover riots and big crime stories, but only we are providing day-to-day coverage of ghetto community activities and issues."

The organization's policies are determined by a ten-man board of black and Puerto Rican community leaders headed by Manuel Diaz, Jr., vice president of the New York Urban Coalition. Cintron said the board establishes broad guidelines for the news operation but does not attempt to dictate day-to-day coverage.

Part of CNS's problem is its lack of acceptance as a fully professional news agency by the media. The opinion is not without foundation. Compared to

"We'll take you to the beach tomorrow. Right now Mommy is trying to spot some big bad factory putting chemicals into the river."

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the wire services or a metropolitan newspaper, CNS is short on both staff quantity and professional skills and experience. Cintron has degrees in sociology and urban affairs but no news background. He was hired for his administrative abilities. Journalism expertise rests mainly with CNS's twenty-five-year-old city editor, Ron Smothers, a black former *Washington Post* and *Newsday* reporter, and his assistant and rewrite man, Josh Friedman, twenty-nine, white, a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism and a free-lance magazine writer.

Only one of the five reporters has had previous newspaper experience. He is Julio Rosado, thirty-one, who worked for the San Juan (Puerto Rico) *Star*, an English-language newspaper. The others, all young, include Emerson and Barbara Flack, both Columbia journalism graduates; Miss Roldan, who covers the South Bronx; and Edmund Newton, the service's only white reporter, who is assigned to the Lower East Side. The CNS daybook editor is Norma Woodstone, also white, a former magazine writer. All work out of a battered, second-floor newsroom that could be used as a stage setting for *The Front Page*. Reporters' weekly salaries range from $180 to $220 a week.

What the reporters lack in experience is made up by their enthusiasm, energy, and belief in what they are doing. More important for the media, they are plugged into their communities in a way that newspaper and broadcast reporters are not—even black ones. The *Times* has established a Harlem bureau with Charlayne Hunter in charge, but it is the only news organization in New York City to attempt this kind of coverage of the black community.

The close contacts and persistence have paid off in several other CNS exclusives that were picked up by the media. One was a scandal in the New York Municipal Loan Program, designed to rehabilitate old buildings. Another concerned the head of a ghetto clinic who was about to be drafted, leaving many poor families without medical care. The story was picked up by the media, and his induction was subsequently deferred. CNS also revealed the visit to Rome by a group of black Catholic clergymen and lay leaders to discuss with Pope Paul the problems of black Catholics and the church in the black community.

A recent Community News Service packet included stories on the state's mandatory work program for employable welfare recipients, an interview with the mother of a prisoner who died in the Attica prison revolt, and an article about demands made to the New York City Housing Authority by disgruntled tenants of a Brooklyn project. The stories were generally written in a straight style and indicated that the reporter tried to get both sides. At the end of each story is a list of sources and their telephone numbers for editors who want to confirm the facts or get more information. Subscribers said the list is one of CNS's best features and a valuable tool for future reference.

Cintron said that CNS aims at "doing a professional, objective reporting job on all stories. If we have any advocacy, it lies in the type of news we choose to cover in the neighborhoods. We want to truly reflect the communities."

"I suppose we could get more subscribers if we ran a lot of exotic stories about drug pushing and other crimes, but that's not our true perspective," Ron Smothers explained. "We've filed stuff on dope and the hustlers in Harlem, but we feel we have an obligation to give the black and Puerto Rican communities an identity, to keep an eye on city agencies and what they're doing to our neighborhoods, to tell the city about how the people live and how they feel about events which affect them. The regular activities of these communities had never been reported properly."

The daily calendar is delivered to subscribers at 3 p.m. daily and the news file about 7 p.m. by motorcycle messenger. Editors at the *Times* and *Daily News* said they use the file as a tip service, preferring to follow through on the stories with their own reporters.

"We have found CNS to be a very helpful service," said Arthur Gelb, the *Times*'s metropolitan editor. "Our metropolitan reporters have used the information and source list to increase our coverage of minority communities. I think Ron Smothers is an astute, conscientious newsman."

Ed Joyce, WCBS-TV news director, expressed similar satisfaction with the service, but added: "We'd be derelict if we simply carried CNS stories without having them checked by our own people. CNS is not a seasoned news organization, but it has good roots in the city. What we get from them is a rather rough product that needs more work. I would say their leads have generally stood up, although there is a kind of PR enthusiasm to the writing."

Jack Smee, New York *News* metropolitan editor, termed CNS "a worthwhile service for a special purpose.

"We take it as source material," he added. "If they give us a substantial lead, we do the story ourselves. They have made errors, but they are no more inaccurate than other news services. CNS has given us nothing that has been outrageously wrong. I would also say their stuff is pretty well written." The *Post*, the city's third major daily, is not a CNS subscriber.

The *Times*'s Tom Johnson, a black reporter who specializes in minority affairs, said that CNS is "doing a good job and can provide a much-needed service for major media. I have found it helpful in my own work and I've often called them for information before going out on a story. If CNS has a weakness it is a failure to completely understand the requirements of the different media in terms of deadlines and other factors. A seven p.m. file delivery, for example, cannot help us on a hard news story since we are a morning paper."

Director Cintron said CNS is now at the stage where it can think about adding staff members with more experience. "We've got to get over our financial hurdle and become self-sustaining," he said. "But I'm optimistic. I think CNS is at a turning point. We've proved ourselves as a news team. We've also demonstrated that this kind of service is vitally needed in New York. Nobody else is providing it."

"Awesome! Grand! Empty! Free of sulfur dioxide, hydrocarbons, and bugging devices!"

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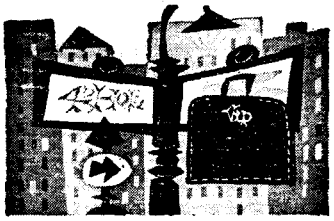
Madison Avenue



Brouhaha over POWs

A brouhaha has broken out over a series of new public-service ads prepared by the Advertising Council, the advertiser-agency-media-supported organization that has turned out such non-controversial campaigns in the past as Smokey the Bear and Love Your Neighbor. The furor has developed over television and print advertisements introduced by the council calling for humanitarian treatment of American prisoners of war in Vietnam and for neutral inspection of North Vietnamese POW camps. For while nobody is opposed to better treatment of the prisoners—any more than they are opposed to such other council projects as fighting pollution, preventing crime, and keeping America beautiful—a group of POW families, aided by some advertising people in New York, has criticized this focus and created its own campaign urging the immediate end of the war and release of the men.

Thus with a counter-campaign to the official Ad Council drive under way—marking the first time in at least two decades that such a situation has arisen—television stations and networks and newspapers and magazines have been thrown right into the middle of the fray. And with the electronic media particularly sensitive to, and gun-shy of, the equal time problem, there seems to be little doubt that either group's ads are being regarded these days as routine filler for unsold time and space.

"The prisoner-of-war question is complicated, but the human side isn't," says Alfred J. Seaman, president of SSC&B, Inc., the volunteer agency for the Ad Council campaign. "The civilized world can agree that POWs should be treated humanely and neutral observers be let in—that's the essence of our whole work. Hanoi becomes responsive to American public opinion when it becomes clear-cut."

"We don't want these prisons inspected; we want them empty," counters Frederic Papert, chairman of PKL Companies, and the adman spearheading the counter-campaign. "Given the non-partisan nature of Ad Council causes and the movements within the advertising agency business to get out of Vietnam, it seems that this particular assignment is all wrong."

The contretemps erupted last May when the twenty-nine-year-old council, currently conducting twenty-five major national public-interest programs, announced "an all-media public service advertising campaign to focus attention" on the more than 1,600 American servicemen who are prisoners and missing in action in Southeast Asia. There was confusion right from the start as to the names of the sponsors who requested the council to take on this campaign about the plight of the captured men, with such fairly well-known outfits as the White House, the American Red Cross, the Department of Defense, and the Department of State mentioned in various quarters as being among the backers of the idea.

The client in this case, however, is now generally believed to be the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. The league, which says it has a membership of 3,000 relatives, has long been in favor of such an advertising campaign and is firmly backing the Ad Council's proposals because, in the words of Mrs. Joan Vinson, former national coordinator, "the prisoner issue is not a political issue, it's a human issue. We only want to know who they are, where they are, and how they are."

After the council's position concerning the prisoner ads became public, a splinter association called POW/MIA Families for Immediate Release contacted a few New York agency executives for assistance. This loosely knit group, which claims to have the support of some 350 relatives, wanted to get its point of view about troop withdrawal across to the public and came to Madison Avenue for professional guidance.

"We feel that the 'Write Hanoi' campaigns are no longer effective—it's time for something else now," says Sheila Cronin, a national coordinator of the immediate-release activities. "Our ads are directed at emptying the camps, while their ads are aimed at maintaining them," adds Valerie Kushner, another member of the group.

Through the voluntary efforts of Mr. Papert and other agency and service company officials, ads were created in which Miss Cronin, Mrs. Kushner, and the parents of another captive in North Vietnam talked directly about their loved ones and asked viewers and readers to write Washington requesting fast action to end the war. These one-minute televised messages and one-page print ads were shown initially in New York in August.

When they saw what the Families for Immediate Release were doing, the National League and the Ad Council counter-counter-attacked. First the league wrote a letter to its members (which, incidentally, erroneously asserted that all council campaigns require White House endorsement) noting, "We are very surprised and shocked that anyone could disagree with these ads."

Then SSC&B showed storyboards and sample ads for its campaign—also making use of the case history approach—to the council's board of directors and received the unanimous approval of the approximately 50 per cent who attended the September meeting. Finally it sent a tape recording outlining its approach to the advertising, although the ads themselves weren't included, to the league's annual meeting in Washington.

With both groups having taken off the gloves, the battle escalated. Families for Immediate Release sent letters to 700 television stations (publications and radio stations received similar communications) demanding equal time if the council's spots were used, with a return post card enclosed for the managers to state their intentions. Citing the equal-opportunities provisions of Section 315 of the Communications Act and implying that the Federal Communications Commission's fairness doctrine for contrary viewpoints would be breached by giving free time to only one side's announcements, the group threatened legal action against stations refusing to give equal time.

On the other hand, the Ad Council asked for a declaratory ruling from the FCC that its spots were non-political, in order to assure hesitant station managers that they would not be under fire from the government for going along with the campaign. It also sent scripts and storyboards of its sample spots around for clearance by the three TV networks—where the response thus far has not been overwhelming.

At this point, the puzzle as to who, if anyone, will get the estimated $25-million worth of media support for their prisoner campaign is still up in the air. Just like so many other facets of the Vietnam War, the advertising dichotomy on this highly important, emotionally charged matter has resulted in more questions than answers and has given Americans still further food for thought.

—Leonard Sloane

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Good Citizen

Continued from page 88

or woman earns a living as a journalist should not be a disqualifying factor toward participation in the benefits, and penalties, of American citizenship.

I will grant that there may be some reason for laws that exempt journalists from jury duty, although the rationale always has seemed to me to be rather fuzzy. But I fail to see the justification for office regulations, still in existence on some very good newspapers, that forbid members of the staff from serving as members of school boards or participating in the work of their communities on anything but the most unofficial and even furtive basis. Moreover, the rules for outside writing and public speaking—usually extremely restrictive—might undergo review on numerous publications.

I remember the horrified reaction when I made such observations about journalism and citizenship recently before the editors and staff of a respected newspaper during an otherwise pleasant visit. An older staff member at once challenged me: "Do you mean to say that I can be a member of the Democratic or Republican State Committee and still write politics for my paper?" I replied that I didn't mean anything of the kind.

There are perfectly clear lines of professional conduct, commonly accepted by sensible editors and staff members of reputable newspapers, that can be observed with propriety to ensure that good journalists *are* good citizens. This certainly doesn't mean that sportswriters can cover track meets, boxing matches, or trotting tracks they publicize any more than it means that a reporter can cover a strike while in the pay of the company or the union, or that an aerospace writer can praise a new missile made by a company in which he has an interest. Such conflicts of interest cannot exist in journalism any more than in any other profession; in fact, Pulitzer Prizes have been won by the Chicago *Daily News* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* for exposing this kind of wrongdoing.

But certainly, the journalist must be allowed to do more as a citizen, particularly on the community level, than has been possible on numerous newspapers in the past. In this respect, the young activists do have a case and their arguments are difficult to answer. But when there is a clear conflict of interest between the dictates of good citizenship and good journalism, a personal choice inevitably must be made. The pattern has been recognized for years. It was used as long ago as 1952 by a somewhat older activist who, rather than write editorials in favor of his paper's candidate, in whose cause he did not believe, simply arranged to be relieved of writing all political editorials for the duration. This act of abnegation does not seem to have injured either the professional credentials or the credibility of the innovator, John Bertram Oakes, the editor of the editorial page of *The New York Times*.

It is at least an indication that self-restraint is still a useful quality in so highly competitive a profession as journalism, as well as an ornament of good citizenship.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 86

the 8½ x 11? Mostly because of the inherent designs of equipment. Printing presses are designed to print paper of specific sizes, and paper mills produce paper in specific sizes. Out of these restrictions there is obviously a size that is more economical to buy and print than other sizes. So, when monetary profit becomes more significant than other kinds of profit, management favors the dollar.

Still other equipment is involved. Consider the thousands of copiers now used to copy information from publications for interoffice and interplant communications or for multicopy filing. In this area alone, there is a multi-million-dollar capital investment that cannot be profitably changed to accommodate larger formats.

Another area of increasing investment is microfilm and microfiche equipment. As a communicating and information-conscious society, we are using photographic methods for the storage and retrieval of printed matter. While this may be a transitional phase to the more sophisticated computer storage systems, film in some form will continue to be an interface with many uses. And the fact is that here, again, microfilm systems are less expensive when designed for a universal format.

Finally, there is irony in this current trend of change since all sizes in the United States are destined to change again in the next few years. Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans has recommended to Congress that the United States should change to the metric system within the next ten years. This means that the so-called typical universal 8½" x 11" format of magazine will become 210 x 297 mm, which is approximately 8¼" x 11¾". Pages will be a little narrower and a little longer.

Mr. Tebbel should save his title and use it again next year.

SELAH BOND, JR.,
Editor, *Graphic Arts Progress*,
Rochester, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1e *(Great Gatsby)*, 2i *(Swann's Way)*, 3g *(Visit from St. Nicholas)*, 4j *(20,000 Leagues . . .)*, 5a *(Dover Beach)*, 6h *(Haunted Palace)*, 7d *(John Gilpin)*, 8b *(Alice in Wonderland)*, 9f *(Rappaccini's Daughter)*, 10c *(Knight's Tale)*.

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(Continued on page 102)

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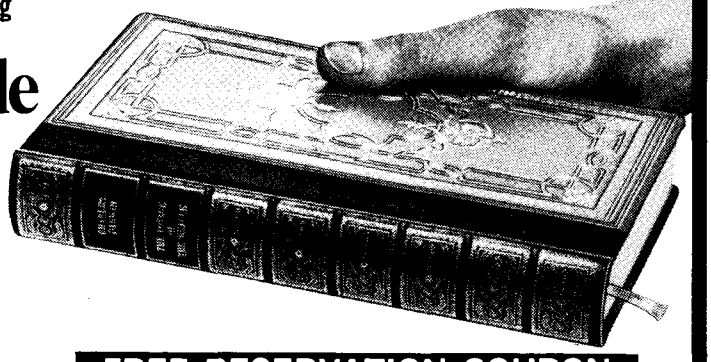

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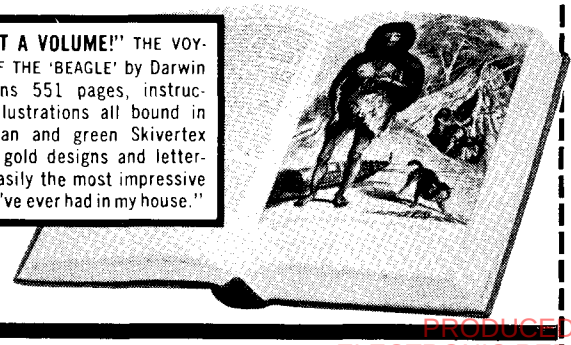

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ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels *and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and han*dling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

(Continued on page 104)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 103)

TEACHERS. TOP MAINE CAMPS — Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

FREE-LANCE WRITER to interview nurses and prepare articles for professional journal. Send published samples (returnable). Box E-45.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner, 203-853-1519.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal service; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; forward looking integrated communities. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, 216-751-2155.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY—9 rooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, custom kitchen. Trees, 2-car garage. 40 minutes NYC bus, train. Call evenings 201-746-5419, SR Box E-23.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK—English manor, brick, stone, 1/3 acre. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, solarium, artist alcove. Twenty minutes Grand Central. $49,000 and assume $16,000 at 5¾%. 914-668-2835. Professor Skalafuris, 215-543-1540.

ORSON BEAN'S SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA house for sale. Beautiful living or good investment. Box E-66.

For Sale—Furnished

COSTA DEL SOL, SPAIN. Villa outside Mijas, 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, large living, dining rooms, 1,500 square meter garden, magnificent views, pool, garage, separate studio with bath. Fully furnished. £32,500. Details: Harbledown, Mijas, Malaga.

For Sale/Rent

JEWETT, N.Y. ski chalet. Near Hunter and Windham Mountains. Great skiing. 4 bedrooms, sleeps 10. Sundeck with magnificent view. Fireplace. 2½ hours from NYC. Call business hours, 212-WO 4-7180.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

TORTOLA, B.V.I. 3 bedroom, 2 bath, house on beautiful private beach. Fully equipped. $250 weekly. Maid available. Bolger, 215-561-1004, weekdays.

For Winter Rental

SKI VERMONT — Season 11/20-5/1. Brand-new contemporary home, all-electric. 3 bedrooms, 2 full baths. Modern kitchen and laundry. Everything furnished including linens; ½ day week cleaning. 9 acre site, dramatic view. 4 miles south of Wilmington. Rental limited to one family use. $3,500 plus $500 security. Box E-62.

ASPEN—Convenient. 4 bedrooms, 5 baths, sauna, garage. SR Box D-995.

CHARMING 33 ACRE FARMHOUSE proximity Magic, Okemo, Stratton. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Ski season rental, $2,000. Box E-47.

HOUSE TO SHARE

NEW ORLEANS—Elderly widow's charming home; exchange nightly presence. SR Box E-44.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

CALPE (ALICANTE) SPAIN terrace apartment. Sleeps 4. $60 monthly until April. SR Box E-52.

APARTMENT FOR EXCHANGE

VISITORS WISH exchange rent their modern Monte Carlo apartment for elegant East Manhattan apartment, preferably midtown. April, May, 1972. Call 212-787-0679.

THEATRE FOR SALE

PICTURESQUE BARN THEATRE, located Midwest lake resort near expressway. Lots of parking, consistently profitable, management will stay. Agent, Box E-40.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

MAD RIVER VALLEY—Outstanding building lots, 1-5 acres. Panoramic views. Mad River Realty, Warren, Vermont 05674. 802-496-3481.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SABBATHDAY HARBOR, Islesboro Island, Maine. The former Drexel estate in Islesboro has been made available for partition into a few parcels for fine summer homes. There are only six shorefront properties available, of 2 acres each, with 170 to 300 feet on the deepwater frontage, being offered at $15,000 to $22,000. There will also be two hilltop parcels with incomparable views, 3 acres at $7,500 with the use of a private sand beach and deepwater moorings. Deeds will contain restrictive covenants to protect this unusually attractive environment. Excellent terms. Only 10% down ($750 to $2,200), remainder at 7¾% over 7½ years. Call Whitecaps, 207-667-5956 or Box 45SS, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 764B, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

OWNER seeks associate, direct-recruit Connecticut special education camp. 914-SP 9-8551.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 03560.

THINKING ABOUT moving to Mexico? And not sure about life South of the border? Get the new book that tells you everything you want to know about: real estate, business and investments, cost of living, education, recreation, clothing, climate, language and customs, shopping, food and beverages, medical facilities . . . and much, much more. Ask your bookseller for "A Guide to Living in Mexico" by Betty & Don Gilmore ($6.95), or write PUTNAM, 200 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10016.

RETIRING? Seek a better climate? Let us recommend impartially 12 or more places ideal for you, based on your interests, health, income, etc. We have personally investigated 1,500 active retirement facilities. Send today for free questionnaire. Richard S. Brown, Director, Active Retirement Council, P.O. Box 465, Evanston, Illinois 60204.

VACATIONS

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies, Pool. Brochure.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

JAMAICA, W.I. Exotic, new, 4 bedroom house, large living room, dining room, patio, pool. Completely staffed for relaxation, comfort. Montego Bay area, vicinity Round Hill. $1,500 weekly, December 15th through Easter. $750 weekly out of season. SR Box E-54.

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VACATIONS

ARIZONA IS A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT for the family. Take them to The Wigwam for the Holidays! Located in Litchfield Park, just minutes from Phoenix (and any last minute shopping). The Wigwam is especially beautiful at Christmas, from its colorful accommodations to the gala round of recreational activities planned to keep the entire family happy throughout their stay. And, Dad, don't forget the two Robert Trent Jones golf courses for your pleasure. For further information, rates and colorful brochure about this "perfect gift," contact: Reade Whitwell, Vice President, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Telephone: 602-935-3811.

INFORMALITY AND TRANQUILLITY—Ideal for families: large de-luxe connecting rooms, double beds. Let the family explore 365 beaches—join them or lose them; enjoy an Antigua Rum Punch in bar or patio; or a hammock to relax. Continental dining; island famous barbeque; breakfast on your balcony. Write Blue Waters Beach Hotel, Antigua, W.I. Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson, NYC.

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Remarkable resort. Idyllic coconut beach. Efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

THE VERY BEST TIME of year is now, for truly superb golf on your choice of several challenging championship courses at this sunny sea island on South Carolina's famed plantation coast! Here you'll also enjoy tennis, horseback, cycling, fishing, sailing, beach sports, heated pools. Our oceanfront inn offers unequalled dining, luxurious accommodations, gracious service. New color brochures about the Inn and adjacent Beach Villas. SHERATON-ADVENTURE INN, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

SUNNY BARBADOS — Incomparable INCHCAPE, casual living on year round southeast coast, cooled by Trade Winds, coral beach, limitless sea views. One-two bedroom guesthouses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included, May-November $80-$150 week; December-April $150-$275 week. Susan Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854. 301-299-9530, 948-5030.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

ENJOY CARIBBEAN SUN . . . very modest rates . . . TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE, Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

ESCAPE to a thrifty vacation under the Florida sun. Lakeside Inn has everything for relaxation. Disney Hideaway 45 miles away. Folder, rate schedule available. Richard Edgerton, President, Mount Dora, Florida 32727. 904-383-2151.

ST. THOMAS, V.I.—Apartments on spectacular Sapphire Bay accommodating one to three couples. Linens, maids, one to three baths. $45 to $80 per day winter rate. 516-MA 1-6238.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York. 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

BAYFRONT-UNIQUE—Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515. Fall from $85 week. Also Christmas, Winter Season. Apartments, too. Brochure.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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VACATIONS

FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT RENTAL? ME? Why not? Cheaper than a good hotel, plus exciting cruising on inland waterways. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-23, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE. Discover cross country skiing. Explore 40 miles of trails at your own pace. Experience the beauty of Vermont's winter without crowds and noise. Excellent instructors, equipment sales and rentals. Enjoy Austrian and American cuisine in the hospitable lodge of the renowned Trapp family. Call or write for our new booklet. Dept. 517, Stowe, Vermont 05672. 802-253-7545.

BAHAMAS-MARSH HARBOUR-ABACO. Charming 2 bedroom, 2 bath, house. Unsurpassed sea to sea location. $200 weekly. Boat available. George Empson, Box 335, Wall St. Station, New York, 10005. Telephone: 212-797-6228.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

LESLEY FROST is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box E-28.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

STUDIES ABROAD

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FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and photography, unique context for study and realization. Praestegaard, F/S 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History. Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

TRAVEL

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIAL — Mexico — Christmas. Rail tour December 17th, 1971-January 2nd, 1972. Mexico's "Grand Canyon," Mexico City, Puebla, Cholula, Veracruz, Merida, Progreso, Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Teotihuacan, air conditioned "Pullmans," private lounge and diner, American style menus, bottled water, anthropological experts. Cost from El Paso, lower $540. Repeated February 25th-March 12th, 1972. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, California 94701.

LONDON—LESS THAN $100 BY JET. DC 8's, 707's. No time limit on when you can travel. No age limit. No extra charges. Call 212-759-5340 or write for full details. Flight Management Ltd., Suite 202, 11 East 47th Street, New York, New York 10017. London Office: 28 Conduit Street.

TRAVEL

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

LOOKING FOR an interpersonal, cross-cultural experience that provides professional and personal rewards? If you're between the ages of 24 and 45, speak a second language, and would enjoy helping a group of U.S. students explore one of 35 countries next summer, consider Experiment leadership. Expenses plus honorarium. Write: Leadership, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1Q, Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANGUILLA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*An-GWIL-la.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

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JOURNEY THROUGH TIME down Mexico way, Baja peninsula and Sierra Madre mountains. Free brochure, Mitch Williams, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

AMERICAN, living, working Majorca, will find you living quarters. Davis, Fornalutx, Majorca, Spain.

GREECE: THE MAGIC SPRING. Harper, $8.95; Epic of Latin America, Doubleday, $12.50, by John Crow. Beautiful gift books.

GOING ABROAD NEXT SUMMER? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 34 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special projects and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

MEXICO CRUISE. Sail aboard the last Windjammer to exotic tropical ports of La Paz, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco. Swim, scuba and adventure. 28 days-$785. Trade Wind Cruises, Box 176, Dept. 100A, Palos Verdes Estates, California 90274.

VENTURETREK in remote parts of West Africa and Southern Sahara. Parties organized to go, winter and spring. Write Explorers "A" Ltd., Box 161, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140, for Brochure S.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1962

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Capricious; fluctuating	3 8 18 32 49 98 88
B. Marked by inhumanity or tyranny	115 126 19 73 103 136 168 174 72
C. Type of rich pastry	75 81 96 106 120 134 140 153
D. Shows	169 87 133 152 13 20 34 40
E. Decisive confrontation	53 57 64 137 144 157 178 16
F. County, S central Republic of Ireland	54 84 155 6 14 66 71 125 25
G. Dark or dim; depressing	109 148 159 165 5 27
H. Toughened, tempered	41 51 82 86 128 177 179 23
I. Beginning to exist or develop	129 91 95 28 58 108 124
J. Wife of Ikhnaton, aunt of Tutankh-amen	142 4 36 69 135 161 173 182 52
K. Reflective	62 138 163 50 121 183 172 79 89 99
L. Upright noble	31 37 42 47 150 171 92 181 9
M. Eng. composer (1857-1934; "The Dream of Gerontius")	22 39 154 176 48
N. Beef, heft	145 113 131 15 156 101 61 30 44 107 12
O. Evergreen shrub of China and Japan, bearing red berries	33 147 164 118 7 85
P. Noting a nail 3 in. long	102 114 170 158 76 146 21 59
Q. Indeterminate; unorganized; formless	149 68 78 160 45 63 97 119 26
R. Messes around, goldbricks (2 wds.)	17 29 112 111 55 38 65 166
S. Turk	60 80 2 130 11 117
T. Knotted (*heraldry*)	123 139 141 100 105
U. Glass marbles streaked with colors	116 127 151 162 104 90
V. Retarded	77 93 110 10 122 83
W. "They fool me ____ of my bent," says Hamlet. (3 wds.)	1 67 132 70 143 167 74 46
X. One to be relied upon, esp. in emergencies	35 56 180 175 43 24 94

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 W	2 S	3 A		4 J	5 G	6 F	7 O	8 A	9 L		10 V	11 S	12 N	
13 D	14 F	15 N	16 E	17 R		18 A	19 B	20 D	21 P	22 M	23 H		24 X	25 F		26 Q
27 G	28 I	29 R	30 N	31 L	32 A	33 O	34 D	35 X		36 J	37 L	38 R	39 M	40 D		41 H
42 L	43 X		44 N	45 Q	46 W	47 L	48 M	49 A	50 K	51 H	52 J	53 E	54 F	55 R		56 X
57 E	58 I		59 P	60 S	61 N	62 K	63 Q		64 E	65 R		66 F	67 W	68 Q	69 J	
70 W	71 F	72 B		73 B	74 W	75 C	76 P		77 V	78 Q	79 K	80 S		81 C	82 H	83 V
	84 F	85 O	86 H	87 D	88 A	89 K	90 U	91 I	92 L	93 V	94 X		95 I	96 C	97 Q	98 A
99 K	100 T	101 N		102 P	103 B	104 U		105 T	106 C	107 N	108 I	109 G		110 V	111 R	
112 R	113 N	114 P	115 B	116 U	117 S	118 O	119 Q	120 C	121 K	122 V	123 T	124 I		125 F	126 B	127 U
128 H	129 I		130 S	131 N	132 W	133 D	134 C	135 J	136 B		137 E	138 K	139 T		140 C	141 T
142 J	143 W	144 E		145 N	146 P		147 O	148 G	149 Q	150 L	151 U	152 D	153 C	154 M		155 F
156 N	157 E	158 P	159 G	160 Q	161 J	162 U	163 K	164 O		165 G	166 R		167 W	168 B	169 D	
170 P	171 L	172 K	173 J	174 B	175 X	176 M	177 H		178 E	179 H	180 X	181 L	182 J	183 K		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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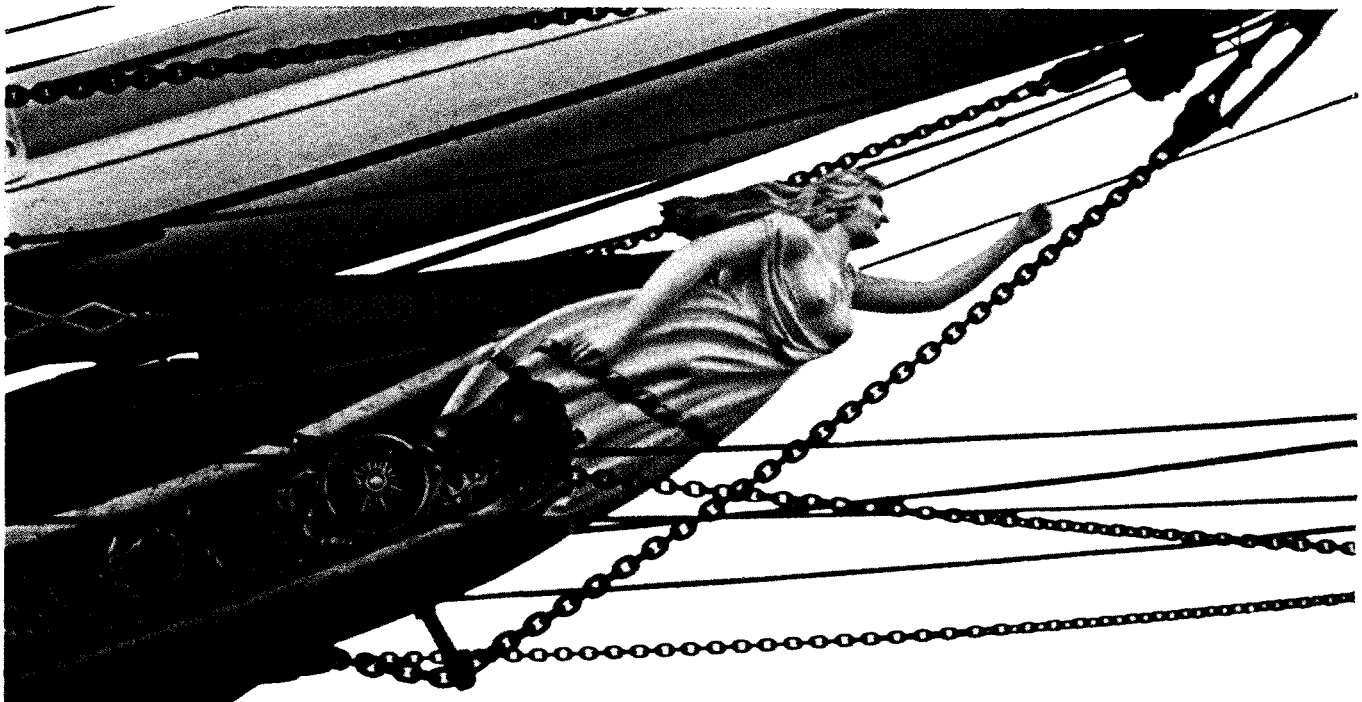
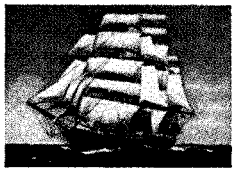


"Weel done, Cutty Sark."

For over a century, millions of people have known *Cutty Sark's* reputation and how she earned it. But few have ever known why her owner gave her such a curious name. And still fewer have known why *Cutty* carries a buxom and beautiful witch under her bowsprit. Here's the story.



For exact replica of antique 3-pint "Liverpool" Cutty Sark pitcher, send check or money order for $4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P.O. Box 56, New York, N.Y. 10046. Offer void where prohibited.

Tam O'Shanter, the superstitious farmer in Robert Burns' poem, saw a coven of witches dancing in a graveyard one night. Dazzled by the antics of one of them – and by the brevity of her short skirt (in Scots dialect, a cutty sark) – he cried: "Weel done, Cutty Sark," and started a chase that was nearly the end of him. The witch Nannie, his beautiful pursuer, became *Cutty Sark's* figurehead. Her skirt gave *Cutty* her name.

The "canny wee mon," Capt. John Willis: Ship's Master, *Cutty's* owner, and, like most Scots, devoted student of Robert Burns. He made a fortune from *Cutty Sark*. He loved her as none of his other ships. But he sold her the moment he saw the steamships cut her profits.

***Cutty Sark's* century-old reputation** is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste...and the character only Cutty Sark can offer. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

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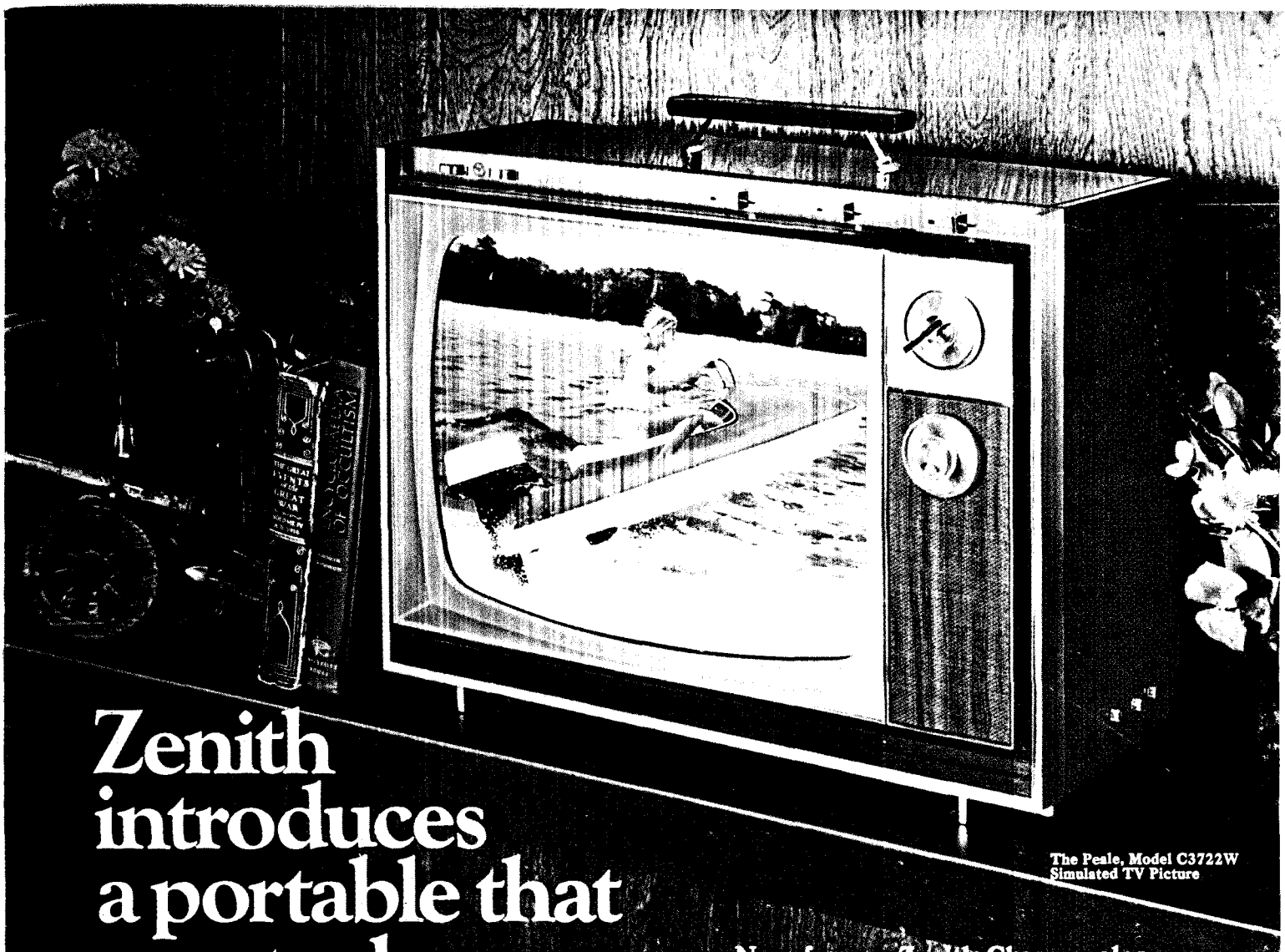

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Simulated TV Picture

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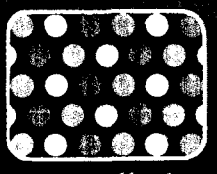
Its totally advanced Chromacolor system features Zenith's dependable Handcrafted chassis and patented Chromacolor picture tube—the first tube to fully illuminate every color dot on a jet-black background. To bring you a color picture so good, you really have to *see* it, to see why it's become the standard of excellence.



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